The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL 3—NO 34 PORTLAND, OREGON SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, 1884 PRICE—TEN CENTS

RAILWAYS AND STEAMBOATS.

O. R. & N. CO.

EXCURSIONS

Season of 1884.

STEAMER WIDE WEST

Will leave Ash St wharf for Astoria until further notice TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 6 A M, SATURDAY at 2 P M. Leave Astoria WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 6 A M, and SUNDAY at 5 P M

TICKETS FOR ROUND TRIP, $2 50.

WIDE WEST will touch at St. Helens, Kalama, Cathlamet, Brookfield and other landings, where she will receive passengers. Connects at Astoria with the I. & R. Co. steamers. WIDE WEST also connects with steamer for the Seaside House at Fort Stevens Hotel. Fare $4 75—good until Sept 15.

PUGET SOUND AND VICTORIA.

Daily, except Sunday, steamer leaves Ash street wharf at 7 A M. Round Trip Tickets for Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria:
Portland to Tacoma and return ....
Portland to Seattle and return ....
Portland to Victoria and return ....
Good ... Monday, Wednesday, Friday, with steamer North Pacific.

TO THE CASCADES BY WATER.

Steamer leaves Ash st wharf daily except Sunday at 5 A M, arrives at Portland at 5 P M. Round Trip $...

MULTNOMAH FALLS,

WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Round Trip Tickets

Trains leave East Portland (O. & C. Ferry) at 8 25 A M, arriving at Multnomah Falls at 11 A M. Returning, leave the Falls at 4 15 P M, arriving at East Portland at ... Fare ...
Take tickets before going on train. Excursion tickets will be sold ... aboard boats or trains without tickets will be charged full fare.
A. L. MAXWELL, ... Freight and Pass. Agent. A. L. STOKES, ... Agent, Ash st. wharf.

Oregon R'y & Navigation Co.

OCEAN DIVISION

LEAVE PORTLAND AT MIDNIGHT	LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO AT 10 A.M.
Oregon Thursday July ...	State Thursday July ...
State Tuesday July ...	Columbia Tues July ...
Columbia Sunday July ...	Oregon Sunday July ...
Oregon Saturday July ...	State Friday July ...
State Friday July ...	Columbia Wed July ...
Columbia Wed ...	Oregon Monday July ...
Oregon Monday ...	State Saturday Aug ...

Right reserved to change steamers or sailing days.

RAIL DIVISION.

Transfer steamer connecting with Atlantic Express leaves Ash st wharf at ... daily at 11 40 A M. Pacific Express arrives at Portland daily at 11 40 A M.
Main Line Passenger Trains run daily, connecting at Wallula ... for points on N P R R.
Through Sleeping Cars—Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between Portland and St. Paul.
Emigrant Trains leave East Portland at 8 25 A M and arrive at 4 to ... daily.
Emigrant Sleepers are run through to St. Paul without charge ... Heron Mon ... and St. Paul ... emigrants ... Express trains.

MIDDLE COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
Boat leaves Portland for Dalles at 7 A. M.
Boat arrives at Portland from Dalles at ... P. M.

Leave Portland for	Mo	T	Wed	Th	Fri	Sa
Astoria & Lower Columbia	6 A M	6 A M	6 A M	6 A M	6 A M	6 AM
Dayton Or ... Salem,	7 A M		7 AM		7 AM	
Corvallis				6 AM		

Tacoma and Seattle ... 00 P M daily
Victoria ... except Sundays.

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION—EAST SIDE
Between PORTLAND and WEST STAYTON, via ... & C. R. R. to Woodburn.
Train for West Stayton leave Portland at 7 30 A M ...
For Brownsville via Lebanon Junction leave Portland at 4 P M on Monday Wednesday and Friday

WEST SIDE.

BETWEEN PORTLAND, SHERIDAN AND AIRLIE via O. & C. R. R. to Whites.
Leave Portland at 8 A M. Returning leave Airlie for Portland at 8 05 A M
Freight for all points on Narrow Gauge Division will be received at ... Portland by the O. & C. R. R. East and West Side Division respectively

General Offices—Cor Front and D Street
C. H. PRESCOTT, Manager. A. L. STOKES, G. F. & P. Agent.
A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agt.

GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE

Northern Pacific Railroad.

278 MILES.

The Shortest Line to Chicago and all points East and the ONLY line running THROUGH trains between

Portland and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

RIM MEER

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

Is the Only Line Running

PASSENGER TRAINS
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS
PALACE DINING CARS, (meals 75c)
LUXURIOUS DAY COACHES
EMIGRANT SLEEPERS, (free of charge

FROM

WASHINGTON AND OREGON POINTS

TO THE EAST

See That Your Tickets Read

VIA THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.
& ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS

And Thereby Avoid Change of Cars.

Leave Portland at 11 40 A M daily, arrive at Minneapolis or St. Paul 1 25 P M fourth day.
Connections made at St. Paul and Minneapolis to points East, South and Southeast.

PACIFIC DIVISION

Leave Portland (O. R. & N. Boat) 1 00 P. M., arrive New Tacoma 9 45 P M, connecting with O. R. & N. Co. steamers for all points on Puget Sound.
CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Paul.
A. D. CHARLTON, Gen'l West'n Pass. Agt., No 2 Washington St., Portland.
A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agt., Ash street dock.

Oregon & California R. R. Co.

On and after June 28 1884 trains will run as follows
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.
Eastside Division.
Between PORTLAND and ASHLAND.
Mail Train
LEAVE ... ARRIVE
Portland 7 30 A M | Ashland 5 40 A M
Ashland 4 20 P M | Portland ... P M
Albany Express Train
LEAVE ... ARRIVE
Portland 4 ... P M | Lebanon 9 20 P M
Lebanon 4 45 A M | Portland 10 ... A M
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars leave Portland Mondays ... Returning leave Ashland Tuesdays and Fridays.
The Oregon and California Railroad Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East side Division from the foot of F st.
Westside Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND and CORVALLIS
Mail Train
LEAVE ... ARRIVE
Portland ... 00 A M | Corvallis 4 30 P M
Corvallis 8 30 A M | Portland 3 20 P M
Express Train.
LEAVE ... ARRIVE
Portland 5 00 P M | McMinnville 8 00 P M
McMinnville 5 45 A M | Portland 8 20 A M
Close connections made at Ashland with stages of ...
Tickets for sale ... at company's office, corner F and Front streets. Tickets at principal points in California can only be procured and baggage checked at company's office.
... Freight will not be received for shipment after five o'clock P M on either the East or West Side Division.
R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERS, G. F. & Pass. Agent.

WHILE WE MAY

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full they turn at our demands
So often they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times they do
So many things for me for you—
If their fond wills mistake
We may well bend not break

They are such fond frail lips
That speak to us Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times
Or if they speak too slow or quick such crimes
We may pass by for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow or quick or out of place but dear
Because the lips are no more here

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast or bruise some reed
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed
We may be mute
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way
We will be patient while we may

So many little faults we find
We see them for not blind
Is love We see them but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me
But just odd ways—mistakes or even less
Remembrances to bless
Days change so many things—yes hours
We see so differently in suns and showers
Mistaken words to night
May be so cherished by to morrow's light
We may be patient for we know
There's such a little way to go

—[illegible]

VERTUMNUS

Sunday and sought for Him
Through dusky aisles untracked and dim
Through cultured field and orchard sweet
Mistake his dying feet

That I crossed a sylvan glade
Where the green brier would have stayed
Whilst looked as it would speak
In wild-service white and meek
I laid my face its coolness laid
Since the dew on bended blade
And toward the sun a spark in ... eye
Flushed and eager I sped by

Sped by as I sped by—
Til mid noon was in the sky
Whilst rested on the swale—
Started stalk awoke from sloth
Which swayed it to and fro
Till its fellows swayed arow
Whispers no breathed sound and been
Shimmering whispers fine and thin

As on as I ran on—
Eyes grown bright and some green won
Sweeping leafy firs wide spread
Silently and hazel shed
By my feet its umbered mast
Like a shower of acorn cast
... low its clusters blue
... elvish glances threw

... when I the chase began
... the evening bound I ran
... but a rounded day
... three had slipped away
... times the clue I missed
... to pause to look and list
... times unweeting trod
... past the merry masking god

—Edith M Thomas

THE PARADOX OF TIME

Time goes you say Ah no
Alas, Time stays we go
Or else were this not so
What need to chain the hours
For Youth were always ours
Time goes you say—ah no

Ours is the eyes deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low
We pass and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee
Alas Time stays—we go

Once in the days of old
Your locks were curling gold
And mine had shamed the crow
Now in the self same stage
We've reached the silver age
Time goes you say?—ah no

Once when my voice was strong
I filled the woods with song
To praise your rose and snow
My bird, that sang is dead
Where are your roses fled
Alas Time stays—we go

See in what traversed ways
What backward fate delays
The hopes we used to know
Where are our old desires?—
Ah! where those vanished fires
Time goes you say—ah no

How far how far O Sweet
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even glow
Now on the forward way
Let us fold hands and pray
Alas Time stays—we go

DAWN

Above the face of the quivering sea
Emerged the dawn
Rays of light stole up in the sky
And the night was gone

Away—with the fear of a follow ... flown
With hurrying feet
Hid in the shades of the forest ... a less
Safe retreat

Legions of stars that had watched were lost
Out of sight
... the helm of the advancing Day
... fled the Night

... wind blew from the edge of the sea
... the gates of the East
... splashed the tide on the feet of the land
... the light increased

... the glittering ... myriad ... stars
... up from the sea
... dons and pennants and lances of light
... splendor to see

... flags were upheld in ... sky
... there
... ht ... gleam ... red and clear ... the morning air

... from ... owing ... prose
... ingly ...
... the sea grew ... flashed ... for ... feet
... upon

—[illegible]

BABY'S LETTER

Chicago Tribune

This is baby's letter
Sent with love to Auntie ...
And many many kisses
Where the blots go ... from ...
Ah baby you have stumbled
On that happy subterfuge
For lovers draw a line around
And blots for kisses use

I suppose these many angles
Are pleadings to "come home"
Or maybe quests to bring him
Toys from where'er I roam
And the long marks on the margin
Where the concentrated thought
Held the pen in perfect measure
With unbounded love are fraught

Baby Annie reads your letter
O'er and o'er between the lines
Hears your voice in rhythmic murmur
Like the breeze among the pines
Sees the little form and features
Presses kisses on your lips
And from this your precious letter
Most exquisite pleasure sips!

..., July 1884

EYES

Soft brown eyes soft brown eyes
Witching but false your glances fell
I loved and trusted all too well
You wrought me woe but made me wise
Soft brown eyes soft brown eyes

Sweet blue eyes sweet blue eyes
A little while shone your pure light
Around my path Now out of sight
Shine afar 'neath brighter skies
Sweet blue eyes sweet blue eyes

Clear gray eyes clear gray eyes
Your glance still tries not all in vain
To wake new joy to soothe old pain
O you I love O you I prize
Clear gray eyes clear gray eyes

—M N T

NO MORE OF LOVE

... of love and yet methought it sweet
... the last light of a midsummer day
... tender with my love mid mellow hay
... through some aisle of ever whispering wheat
... very pleasant in the noontide heat
... make love chains of daisies as we lay
... beneath an elm that shades the waterway
... where the river and the mill race meet

... love and yet I held it dear
... the calm cool night ... on to converse
... and man and man ... at her the nurse
... and her paramour the silver sphere
... the grand and measureless career
... passionate suns athwart the ... n verse

MY FIRST CANOE VOYAGE

Sing, phil away row
O'er the waters so blue
Like a feather we'll float
In my gum tree canoe
—[illegible]

Who first originated the sport of canoeing will never be known Mr McGregor of Glasgow, is accredited with the first canoe voyage in European waters in his "Rob Roy" but I incline to the belief that the plucky Scotchman merely revived an old amusement instead of inventing a new one If we go back to the Augustan era, we find Mr P Virgilius Maro's poem, the Eneid commencing with

"Arma, virumque cano

Which means that the man at arms was fond of traveling about in a canoe He did not have a Racine Shadow weighing seventy eight pounds it is true, but he probably paddled about the muddy waters of the troubled Tiber chafing with its shores in a boat hollowed out of an oaken log fashioned from a fallen specimen of the *Quercus Etruscensis* and had a good time of it as he went along tying up to the bank whenever the head tides ran against his pleasure and impaired the speed of his paddling The bungoes of the Spanish and Mexican races the birch barks of the northern Indians and the *balsas* of the Peruvian natives all look to buoyancy as the chief attainment and regard speed as a secondary consideration Here it was that as a worshipper of the antiquities I came to be a Racine canoe sharper and paddle my light St Paul on the waters of the beautiful Willamette in front of our fair city

It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening of Sunday July 20th that four little veneered canoes of yellow birch built on the Racine models might have been seen swiftly paddling down the Willamette river One of these was a St Paul and the other three were Shadows When they got abreast of Ash street dock they drew up in a line and were taken aboard the favorite Astoria packet Mountain Queen one at a time The five men who were to accompany them went up on the deck and secured their passage of Maxwell as they came aboard the boat for a quiet pipe before going to bed Besides their fishing rods and shot guns there were rolls of blankets done up in canvas hammocks and boxes of canned goods needed for a camp when they might be overtaken by night fall or a trackless forest where neither pheasant nor grouse flitted through the dreary hemlocks and where no silvery trout flashed through the falling waters As they were about to retire Sam Carlson mate of the boat passed through the cabin and paused to speak with the eldest of the party

"You take these canoes from Kalama over to Chehalis and launch them there How far do you calculate to go in them?"

"Down to Gray's Harbor to Hoquiam certainly and perhaps to Peterson's Point but there is nothing positive about that part of it" replied the commodore of the mosquito fleet

"Well I wish you all the good luck in the world" said the big burly fellow, "but I fear you have a risky job ahead You will get home all right of course but I never expect to see those little boats again"

It was [illegible] o'clock and a trifle after when we landed at Kalama and transferred our four tiny canoes to a freight car marked Chehalis This train was to leave at 9 15 but there was a special train on the road [illegible] Robert Harris president of the Northern Pacific company and his guests and our train had to await its arrival before we could pull out At 10 15 along came the Wide West with a party consisting of Messrs C H Prescott Frank T Dodge C A Dolph and one or two others who were to meet Mr Harris and accompany him to Astoria At last the special train came in sight and dashed proudly up to the depot [illegible] Pullman Conductor Clough waved his hat to the engineer of the freight train and called out "all aboard" Frank Dodge began with "Fare thee well and if forever" when C Dolph interrupted him by saying "Tom [illegible] remember the words of Cardinal Wolsey to Oliver Cromwell 'keep your brace and be firm'" Mr Prescott's parting words impressed me deeply as with quivering lips and a voice husky with emotion he grasped my hand and said "Tom we may never meet again but remember that a rolling stone is its own reward and virtue gathers no moss" And away we dashed through forest and over stream till the train halted at Winlock station for lunch where the party was waited on by a buxom looking lass who left no [illegible] unnoticed Then the train rattled over the Olequa summit and down the long steep grade of Napavine and across the Newaukum It had been the intention of our party to launch in the latter stream but the low water was such an obstacle that we decided to unload at Chehalis station where we arrived at 1 20 and camped for the night Our camp was on the bank of the river a quiet and sluggish stream and close beside the sawmill of Clark's W Prindle [illegible]

Charley and I [illegible] at the [illegible] and I [illegible] supper [illegible] to a neighbor [illegible] and at the last glow of twilight we had finished supper and the dishes were washed [illegible] At 4 20 A M on Tuesday morning I awoke first and after a frugal breakfast the canoes were packed and launched for the trip It was dull and tiring [illegible] paddling as there was no [illegible] in our favor It was nearly 10 o'clock when we got away and at 1 we halted for lunch on a beautiful green bank where we got about two quarts of wild raspberries and a farmer's wife gave us a quart of rich milk yellow with cream An hour later we were paddling along four abreast till we came to a jam where Pam and Charley got out and began to shove the logs out of our way This cost an hour's delay and then we glided on noiselessly down the sluggish stream till [illegible] we passed the old stage station at the mouth of the Skookum Chuck recalling days that can never come back again It was after [illegible] when we reached the first rapid, a small gravel bar where my St Paul shot with ease far in advance of all the rest, as Charles and Rob had halted for a shot at a flock of pigeons The next rapids were a good deal stronger and divided by an island Pam and myself took them with ease but Russ got hard and fast and had to get out and drop his boat over them When Rob and Charles came along they went on the wrong side of the island and capsized their boat

It was nearly 7 o'clock when I sighted the mouth of a small slough about four miles below the Skookum Chuck and decided to camp there for the night Pam went out and killed a brace of pheasants and by the time the other three got up the fire was blazing and we set to work drying the blankets Charley picked up about about half a peck of mushrooms within half a mile of camp and Rob raised us each a saucer of blackberries These with corn bread and broiled pheasants constituted our evening meal and at 9 o'clock next morning after a breakfast of trout fried with ham and Saratoga chip potatoes we glided once more down the river At 11 o'clock we shot a long and rocky rapid and went through it in the finest style all four canoes taking the water in a trifle over the side but not enough to necessitate unpacking Half an hour later we encountered a broad and shallow low place and I deemed it necessary to make a portage In doing this my valise was left behind and this [illegible] and the hire of [illegible] We named the place Valise rapid and passed onward to a bayou divided [illegible] river caused by two islands so that neither of the three channels was available We then had to get out and drop our little boats through with their painters and this was somewhat slow work It was [illegible] when we reached Dr Burke's place one and a half miles above Independence where we had decided to camp for the night Here we found the greatest profusion of raspberries and while I was making a fire Charles and Sam took their rods and caught a big string of trout Mr Burke came along and helped us to milk butter and eggs and we had a glorious supper That night we hired two horses [illegible] to send Charley and Russ back after the lost valise on the following day and Rob and I went over to hire a teamster to haul our canoes around the big jam which lies at the lower end of Grand Mound prairie It was singular to note what a degree of ignorance prevailed among the people along the river in reference to this obstacle to navigation At Chehalis one man told us that it was five miles down the river while another who had lived eight years in the valley was positive that it was not over two miles below the mouth of the Skookum Chuck And yet upon the removal of this obstacle by the government depends the future value of that entire section of country The farmers of the Chehalis valley are not particularly anxious for the proposed branch of the Northern Pacific as it would oblige them to ship their produce to Portland or Tacoma for a market They would prefer shipping to the new mill town on Gray's harbor where they would have less competition and [illegible] a better price for their produce

While Charley and Russ went to recover the lost valise Rob and I went down to make arrangements for hauling the canoes and baggage around the big jam the upper end of which is two miles below Mr Burke's house On our way down we stopped at Mrs Van Patten's and got some buttermilk which we found to be more palatable than beer Crossing the river at Independence we walked out through the woods to the house of a halfbreed living on the Chehalis reservation with whom we made a bargain to haul us around the jam for $6 which occupied the greater part of the day He hauled [illegible] on his wagon and carried two of the canoes at each trip putting the last of the load in the water at 11 M and never scratching any of our pretty little boats As the team passed the Indian school on the reservation the children were given a few minutes recess in order to let them see the tiny craft that were making the long voyage from the Newaukum to the sea They all predicted that our boats would be smashed and we would be drowned before reaching Hoquiam The jam is really a series of jams three in number the lower one being much the largest and the upper one the smallest [illegible] the river [illegible] last year that a hundred yards more would have finished the work but just as the work was stopped [illegible] near Chehalis station [illegible] which made the [illegible] jams [illegible]

I [illegible] the jam [illegible]

It was half past five o'clock when I awoke in a regular Oregon mist and I called up the boys for an early start We were forty six miles from Montesano by the bends of the river and about twenty eight miles by land and as this was Saturday morning I was determined to reach Montesano before dark So we were all aboard and paddling for dear life at six o'clock in the midst of a drizzling rain the only real unpleasant weather that prevailed during the entire trip The river was now gradually deepening [illegible] carrying our canoes [illegible] over rapids [illegible] At 8 o'clock we halted on a gravel bar and unpacked the grub box [illegible] A fire was soon made beside a stranded forest monarch and we had a royal [illegible] which we brought from the farm house and a dozen fried trout washed down with delicious coffee [illegible] At 8 45 we were once more afloat darting along through forests of firs and vine maples of unequaled beauty The river which was dull and sluggish at Chehalis had become enlarged by its tributaries into a swift and cold stream of almost incredible clearness, and when we hauled up at noon for a lunch of [illegible] ham, Sweitzer cheese hard tack and claret we cast the fly and secured a dozen pretty mountain trout for frying and several big fellows for broiling At 1 20 we were once more afloat and at 3 30 had passed the mouth of the Satsop There is a town called Elma, that lies some distance back from the river and its proximity was indicated by a large grist mill on the bank of the river run by a turbine wheel Here we saw a demoralized looking steamboat called the Bay Center a cranky craft with gear [illegible] engine and a compound whistle like the Willamette Chief's [illegible] reminded me of one I had when I was [illegible] years old built of tin which cost me fifty cents We were [illegible] a densely wooded country and every [illegible] camp on the banks The little children would come out on the bank and clap their hands with glee as the tiny boats drifted by them four abreast [illegible] the water was still or dashed over [illegible] rapids where the current ran swiftly It was growing evident that we were leaving the most beautiful part of the river behind us after passing the Satsop for the reaches were long and gloomy and the rapids had long since ceased to be dangerous The up stream breeze too had a smell of the sea in it as it invaded our nostrils and the water began to taste a trifle brackish as we dipped our fingers in it occasionally The [illegible] slowly and the sun was hiding behind the woody hills that towered above us [illegible] a few loggers [illegible] returning home [illegible] floated slowly against the incoming tide [illegible] And as the Montesano mill whistle blew for 6 o'clock and announced the week's labors over our tiny craft landed at the hospitable arm of Mr F L Wade where we spread out our tents for the night and lay down to such a repose as no house dweller ever knew

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear and we heard the deep whistle of the Governor Newell as she cast off her lines and dashed down the river toward the beach We all felt like sleeping later than usual and it was nearly 8 o'clock when we sat down to our repast of broiled trout and rabbit stew winding up with blackberries and cream Then the canoes were loaded up and we started off for Montesano where we found two Richmonds in the field The old town lies on the river bank while the new town larger and more ambitious lies a mile back on the brow of a maple clad hill Everybody that I knew in the place had either gone [illegible] or gone to church so we were all among strangers save one young man who served his time in my employ when I published a country newspaper With him for a guide I managed to get into the back door of a store and replenish our almost exhausted *commissary* Then embarking once more we paddled down to the mouth of the beautiful Wynoochie river some fellow in our party insisted on calling it the Ginochi where we caught some magnificent trout and picked the finest black berries we had seen along the entire route This bids fair to become the greatest piece of dairy country on the Pacific coast and already boasts some elegant farms On Wednesday morning we broke our last camp and stood down [illegible] for Hoquiam We reached Cosmopolis at noon and thence to Aberdeen three miles had the hardest work of the entire cruise paddling against a stiff breeze and a flood tide so that we all concluded to lay over [illegible] when the tide should turn As we had [illegible] game in the larder we went up to the hotel and bought three pounds of beefsteak for our supper the first piece of butcher's meat we had tasted in nine days And at 7 o'clock we shoved out for Aberdeen on an ebbing tide while the moon brightened all our surroundings with a sheen of glory At [illegible] after an hour's paddling we caught a glimpse of Simpson's big mill and we turned our prows into the Hoquiam river against a very still current At half past 11 I stood in the [illegible] parlor of genial George [illegible] and he bade me and my little crew a hearty welcome My first canoe voyage was at an end The four little boats were hauled up on the bank [illegible] the wharf [illegible]

On the [illegible] traveled by our little [illegible] I incline to the belief that it must have been at least 110 miles by the river [illegible] Dan St Germain to haul our boats [illegible] around the jam and he [illegible] 180 pounds [illegible] on his wagon [illegible] But the distance actually [illegible] owing to the tortuous bends of the river that my belief is that we traveled 120 miles rather than the distance above given For instance we paddled two hours from our camp below Skookum Chuck to the [illegible] occupied by Mr Carr [illegible] the road directly all the way [illegible] when we alighted at the Ford place we found ourselves just one and a half mile by land from the old ferry at the mouth of Skookum Chuck At Burke's place eleven [illegible] paddling from Chehalis station we were [illegible] miles from Centralia which is three [illegible] by railroad But the trip was [illegible] enough for anything [illegible] If a man were to give me $100 and tell me to go off and be gone two weeks [illegible] I should not know what to do [illegible] to bring about as much mingled mirth and excitement as this little voyage on an inland river has given every one of our five lads [illegible] Yes indeed [illegible] forget the frosty [illegible] at my temples and fancy myself once more [illegible] tramping the Jersey marshes with the companions of my schoolboy days And for this [illegible] which banishes [illegible] and brings new life into [illegible] I am truly thankful

We had two pleasant days [illegible] with Mr [illegible] at the Hoquiam mills the property of the [illegible] millionaire A M Simpson [illegible] more [illegible] shipbuilding [illegible] the Pacific coast than any [illegible] placed at our disposal his [illegible] Hoquiam [illegible] clear as [illegible] we were unable to reach the rapids [illegible] take a trip on the steamer Gov [illegible] at the mouth [illegible] would [illegible] accepted but [illegible] Gipsy [illegible] We saw her dumpy [illegible] masts [illegible] up the south [illegible] on Wednesday [illegible] knew she would return the day following [illegible] Captain Whitcomb's kind invitation Accordingly at noon on Thursday we were all aboard with three out of our four little barks [illegible] having sold his to [illegible] the little Gipsy stood out to sea Never was there a trip so replete with joy health and [illegible] and now that it is an accomplished fact, that the six long months of anticipation which we spent in projecting it when Gerald [illegible] first got out his canoes is forever ended it seems to me like a holiday at school [illegible] at Newark, where the all elms are waving as they did forty years ago

The Gipsy ran into Shoalwater bay as she [illegible] there for the night As we went in we passed the wreck of the grand British ship [illegible] whose captain [illegible] into Shoalwater bay under the supposition that he had found the way to Portland He got in over the bar all right though his ship was drawing nineteen feet of water [illegible] he started out again but struck on the sands and his vessel became a total wreck The Gipsy ran into North Cove just inside of [illegible] Point and as the tide was far gone Cap Hall decided to anchor for the night After supper we all went ashore and inspected the life saving station and its apparatus Returning to the vessel all hands got out hand lines and fished for tom cods until near midnight It was a heavenly sight with the mellow harvest moon silvering every wave while Arcturus and Aldebaran careered proudly through the azure zenith Beside us the beautiful little tug Hunter rocked quietly at her anchors and from our own deck arose the refrain from the lips of a quartette who could not find it in their hearts to go to bed

Sailing sailing
Over the trackless main—
Full many a stormy wind will blow
Ere Jack comes home again

We reached Astoria next morning at 10 and stood away for Portland against a stiff current The Gipsy [illegible] Queen or a Columbia by any means, but she is a good little ship for the work in which she is engaged It was past midnight when we reached Portland and I walked once more within the portals of my own sanctuary And now you ask me how I enjoyed it? My answer is better than I can tell Canoe travel has but one disadvantage the labor of occasionally paddling against a heavy current as we did up Wednesday between Cosmopolis and Aberdeen But it is an exciting sport and calls for coolness and industry at all times in order to make the trip an enjoyable one My own ideas of Racine canoes have been greatly changed by this trip of 150 miles more or less If I had the time to spare I would go out for another just such raid next week taking a canoe to Roseburg and paddling down the Umpqua to Gardiner As for safety, nothing can surpass them and as for strength I am sure our tiny craft came over places where there was less than five inches of water in the river and stood thumps that would have punched a hole in any lap streak boat built of three quarter plank I have another good cause for becoming an enthusiast in this matter for although I have had the appetite of a lion all through the trip yet I have managed to reduce my avoirdupois just eight pounds in twelve days I never can hope to rival Mr Alden of the New York *Times* as a humorist but I shall be very apt to become as enthusiastic a lover of paddle and portage life as he has been The sport is one that is free from vice and comparatively inexpensive, and yet I can name nothing more conducive to health The next canoe trip down the beautiful Chehalis that is made by a Portland party there will be more than four canoes in the fleet The long journey is ended, and the little boats are once more housed in La Chapelle's boathouse where I should like to have them inspected before they are painted or varnished anew And now seated once more at my desk, with pen in hand and pipe between my teeth, I confess to a disposition for plotting another canoe raid when 1884 shall be gathered into the mausoleum of the silent centuries and another year shall call us to new duties from which we shall seek a fortnight's respite when the roses bloom again

M

AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The New Market boards have been filled during the past week with Ben Cotton's troupe the principal features of which are himself and his little daughter Idalene The veteran pioneer minstrel is in a streak of hard luck having been quarantined on the steamer Mexico at Victoria for three weeks and losing some of the best time on the road And when he did get ashore he had to fall in behind Cole's circus at nearly all the points he touched—all of which was far from profitable to Benjamin of the King Plant Ben Cotton is a rare genius—one of the exceptionally great performers In 1862 he and Billy Birch were the two great cards in San Francisco and hard indeed it was to say which of the two was the great favorite Then it was that he introduced "Abraham's Daughter" on which he completely broke up old General Babbitt and half a dozen other officers from the Presidio by his singular method of lightning drill Time has dealt kindly with him indeed He sings as well at 60 as he did at 40 and as for his motions he gets on and off the stage in better shape than any man in the business to day not even excepting Emerson or Birch Most of his early rivals in the black art have crossed the shadowy river ahead of him—Horn Backus Dan and Jerry Bryant, Ben Mallory and George Christy among end men and Sher Campbell Billy Barker and Tom Prendergast among vocalists—but old Ben is the same artistic delineator of the aged contraband from away down south This evening is his last appearance in Portland and we hope the veteran may have a full house

Next Monday we are to have Charlotte Thompson in Jane Eyre a dramatization of Charlotte Bronte's great novel It is hard to say a word for Miss Thompson at this late day people must see her and judge for themselves It is some years since we saw her at the [illegible] in a round of her best parts but we formed a very high estimate of her at that time She is an actress of high culture and excellent stage presence and although the weather is hot and people have been pretty well surfeited with all sorts of entertainments yet we predict for her a good reception She is capable of playing any part well and has for years ranked as one of the best leading ladies on the American stage

The Tivoli troupe are playing to good business in Victoria and are not likely to come back to Portland until the sultry August weather is cooled by crisp September breezes and the maples begin to turn to purple and gold Bessie King always was a favorite with the British residents and Louise [illegible] has made a palpable hit

The report that the Bijou Opera troupe would return here from San Francisco to play "Blue Beard" and "Belle Helene" seems to lack confirmation Bald headed gentlemen may as well remain at Clatsop and Ilwaco until the end of the season

Mr R G Ingersoll profanely known as "Pop Bob" the man who has the chronic misunderstanding with divine Providence—will appear and lecture at Mechanics Pavilion the 11th 12th and 13th of this month He will naturally attract very large audiences from his great renown as a speaker

Two Thirds for Blaine

Irish World

At the Columbian iron works, Adams street Brooklyn when running full handed over 400 men are employed and where now have less than 100 two thirds of whom are for Blaine and against Cleveland and the free trade policy of the democratic party Mr Michael Smith a molder employed there said that he was for Blaine for ever since the democrats in congress introduced their free trade bills last winter [illegible] at the iron business is all unsettled and hundreds of men have been thrown idle If Cleveland should be elected it would completely demoralize our trade throughout the whole country Mr James McEvoy said "I don't take much interest in politics but I think it is a lot of aristocratic snobs that are running Cleveland who want to turn all our trade over to England A few weeks ago I met Mr Moore a boss molder in Williamsburgh and he told me that he had enlarged his place and made arrangements to employ a great many more men but that this tariff legislation had made business so bad that he had to let some of the old hands go I was in hopes that the democratic convention would have nominated Benjamin F Butler and that business would have started up lively but the nomination of Cleveland the tool of monopoly has put every workingman of sense against him

I W Reporter—But Mr McEvoy they say Mr Butler will run

Mr McEvoy—He don't stand the slightest show even if it was thrown in the house of representatives so I shall vote for Blaine

"You won't find any Cleveland men in this place" said Mr Francis Thill proprietor of the Empire State flint glass works at Clymer street and Kent avenue Brooklyn "There are 180 men employed here and I don't believe you will find a single Cleveland man amongst them Glass men everywhere know what they may expect from the democratic party and they will not trust it in power It is not necessary to explain the theory of free trade and protection to these men They know that if free trade was introduced in this country that these doors must close up That's all there is about it Moreover they are redhot for Blaine Forty thousand glassmakers are holding a convention in Pittsburg It is cloudy weather for Cleveland in Pittsburg"

A correspondent from Heacham Hall Norfolk writes to *Notes and Queries* The only portrait of Princess Pocahontas which was ever painted was engraved by Simon de Passe As she died in March 1616 and the volume containing the engraved portrait was published soon after we can fix within narrow limits the date of both It has never been discovered who painted this portrait It somehow came into the possession of the Rolfes of Tuttington, and from them passed into the family of the Elwins of Booton hall near Aylsham It is said to have once hung on the walls of Heacham hall which is not improbable as the Rolfes of Heacham were the relations of Pocahontas I should add connected by marriage with the Elwins

EDWARD GILBERT

It is a pleasant duty for one who came to California in pioneer days to write a few words about the pioneer journalists among the many noble and generous spirits who founded the Pacific branch of the American republic And to a man who has taken upon himself the biography of a set of men so utterly isolated from all men of their own ages and times at the opposite side of the continent that but for speaking the same language and worshipping the same creator they would have passed for a different race of people, to a man entrusted with such a task, I repeat there are some few things that entwine themselves about the memory of an honest man that endear his work to him far beyond all the *eclat* that attaches itself either to the possession of wealth or the distinction of rank In this lies the difference between love and admiration One could admire a self educated man like Elihu Burritt or a great inventor like Thomas Edison, but love is reserved for men like Baker Broderick and the subject of the present sketch, men who preferred death to the abnegation of a principle When the architect of a colossal fortune passes away, all that places him above his fellow man is his no longer and he becomes like those he outstripped in the fierce race for wealth, mere dust in name as well as in condition But the heart's pulses—those silent inward monitors that make men love honesty and detest vice as synonymous with cowardice—they put on the panoply of battle and place themselves as sentinels beside the graves of the honored dead, to keep their memory and preserve their perennial beauty when our departed friends have attained a peace which no sorrow can destroy Whether I do this in a spirit of fulsome panegyric upon a man whom I never saw I leave those to judge who have survived the exciting era in which he gave up his pure and exemplary life

Edward Gilbert first congressman from California in the national house of representatives was born in 1818 at Cherry valley Otsego county in the state of New York His parents died when he was ten years old leaving young Edward in the care of an aunt who also died before he was fourteen The lad was thrown upon the world without a protector at an age when most boys feel like playing at marbles or football but young Gilbert was then ready to begin the battle of life He worked three years as a roller boy in the office of the little local paper of his native county, where he continued until 1839 when he resolved to seek a wider field of operations for his strong heart and busy brain Accordingly he started for Albany on a canal boat with his worldly possessions tied up in a small leather sack The second day after his arrival in the state capital saw him at work on the *Argus* then edited by Edwin Croswell afterwards famous as a politician, and still later secretary of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company Six years afterwards while acting as assistant foreman Gilbert was called to a desk in the editorial room on account of Mr Croswell's departure for Washington and the readers of the paper were suddenly aware of the presence of a new mind at the bellows" His style was novel being terse and plain avoiding high sounding expressions and seeking out the shortest and crispest of Saxon Croswell got the paper every day while at Washington and saw that young Gilbert was a writer of no ordinary capacity and determined to advance him But all his plans came to naught for in March 1846 he was one of two young adventurous fellows engaged in raising volunteers for the Mexican campaign At this time the government had authorized Jonathan D Stevenson to raise the first regiment of volunteers from New York and fearing that two Albany companies would not be accepted they agreed to unite and Frisbie became captain while Gilbert was first lieutenant

On the 26th day of September in the same year the regiment sailed from New York around Cape Horn in three transport ships called the Loo Choo Thomas H Perkins and Susan Drew James H Lappeus for many years chief of police in Portland was a private soldier in Frisbie's company, and he is only one of the many who have told me of Gilbert's superiority to all the other lieutenants in the regiments and most of the captains The regiment arrived at the Presidio on the 29th of March 1847 where they heard that the Mexican war was over and peace proclaimed Joseph L Folsom senior captain of the regiment had been ordered to act as collector of the port and had appointed Lieutenant Gilbert as his deputy This position he held up to the disbanding of the regiment August 15 1848 when it was found to be impossible to prevent the desertions that were daily taking place It became necessary to select a civilian as collector of the port until the revenue laws of the United States should extend all over the newly acquired territory The late General Mason was acting as governor of the territory and appointed Mr Gilbert who declined it and it was given to one Harrison who soon got rich out of it The mines had an attraction for everybody and Gilbert went up to Michigan Bluffs where he remained about a month and got sick so returned to San Francisco Had his health been good in the mines he might have been alive to day like his old comrades in arms Frisbie Naylee and last though not least old Colonel Stevenson himself

At this time there were two newspaper establishments in San Francisco the *Star* owned by Samuel Brannan and edited by E C Kemble [illegible] the employ of the Indian bureau and the *Californian* owned by George C Hubbard and others Gilbert bought out Hubbard's partners in the *Californian* and then the three jointly purchased the *Star* from Mr Brannan And the two papers were consolidated under the name of the *Alta California* which is to day the oldest daily newspaper on the Pacific coast the first issue appearing on the 4th day of January, 1849 In the summer of the same year he was chosen a delegate to the constitutional convention at San Jose, to take preparatory steps for the admission of his adopted home into the great sisterhood of states Like his fellow delegate Mr David C Broderick Mr Gilbert was for a free state first last and all the time How well these energetic and high strung men succeeded in their laudable ambition has long since been part and parcel of their country's history Alas that both of them should have been cut off in the noon day of their usefulness and by the same bloody code that steals the cloak of honor to hide the dagger of the assassin, and that palters with the hope of true courage to bind it at its feet with a cruel and crafty skill

After the admission of the state into the Union Mr Broderick was elected a state senator from San Francisco county at the first general election held in the state, Peter H Burnett being elected governor and John McDougal as Lieutenant Governor On assembling of the legislature Mr Broderick was chosen president pro tem of the senate After adjournment Governor Burnett resigned and "John" became governor under the provisions of the constitution This made Mr Broderick acting lieutenant governor of the state In the meantime Gilbert had gone back to his desk in the *Alta* office evidently believing that "the post of honor is the private station" and devoted himself to the labor of journalism for which he was so exceptionally qualified by nature A positive man in all things his aggressive spirit led him to attack every scheme that had for its object the taking of money from the public treasury without a just equivalent When the water front scheme came up, Gilbert attacked it with all the vehemence he could command Reuben Maloney, a noted lobbyist, was talking about it one night with Broderick, and said "Oh, Ned pretends to be very earnest in his enmity to the proposition but I guess that $50 000 would fetch him cleverly enough"

"Bah" retorted Broderick, "you don't know what you're talking about Money has no value to Ned Gilbert I sat in the constitutional convention with him at San Jose and I know he could have put $100 000 into his pocket as easy as not, and nobody the wiser for it But he would not go back on his honest convictions"

"I would like to try him on anyhow" said Maloney

"You had better let him alone" replied Broderick with an impatient frown, "you go down there and begin talking coin to him and he'll kick you into the street"

Nearly two years rolled away and another election was held John Bigler being chosen governor of the state During the early part of his administration there was a large immigration across the plains, mostly by the route now traversed by the Central Pacific railroad Most of these were in a destitute condition and reported great suffering among those who were behind them, as the first teams had eaten off most of the grass and the Indians had been very industrious in their depredations upon the trains A bill appropriating $50,000 for the equipment of an expedition for relieving the unlucky ones was introduced in the assembly and went through both houses under suspension of the rules Governor Bigler signed the bill and appointed Col. James W. Denver to command the expedition Denver was then state senator from Trinity a thorough man of the border and well versed in the dangers of frontier life as well as the habit of arms The expedition left Sacramento in the beginning of winter and was not without its own share of hardships Of course, under these circumstances it could not reach every case of destitution and suffering between the Truckee and the Humboldt, and this led to many utterances of censure by the half-naked and more than half famished immigrants some of whom crossed the Sierras near the Big Trees, and others by the northern route more commonly known as the Henness Pass

Naturally enough the press throughout the state took up the outcry against Bigler's administration and blamed him for the whole of it Openly it was charged that $3000 worth of whisky had been bought of one house in Sacramento and charged to the state as vinegar, and that not a single gallon of it had crossed the Sierras eastward. Governor Bigler was also charged with having bought expensive jewelry for his daughters and costly furniture for his house out of the appropriation made for the expedition all of which was not only false but cruel for there was never a woman who cared less for ostentatious display than did Mrs. Bigler To the astonishment of Broderick and several other of the governor's friends the *Alta* took up the cry, and animadverted severely upon Bigler and everybody connected with him either socially or in politics Col. Denver felt very much injured by these articles and addressed a letter to the Placer *Times* then published by General B F Washington, in which he alluded to Mr Gilbert in equally offensive terms and the consequence was that Gilbert sent a challenge to Denver demanding an apology or a hostile meeting As Gilbert made no mention of apologizing for what he had written Denver instructed his seconds to send back acceptance and negotiate terms for a duel On the third night prior to the encounter Mr Gilbert was walking down Clay street near Montgomery and met Mr Broderick face to face in front of the Arcade gambling house Broderick asked

"Is it true Mr Gilbert that you have challenged Colonel Denver, in spite of the fact that you are no kind of a shot?"

"Yes I sent a challenge"

"Well Gilbert you'll get killed Denver is a mortal shot and you cannot escape"

"I don't care" replied Gilbert "I would as soon be dead as resting under such language as Denver has applied to me"

The parties met at Oak Grove fourteen miles southwest of Sacramento on the 2d day of August and the general being the challenged party had selected rifles as the weapons and the distance forty paces to wheel and fire at the word General Denver just the day before the duel was told by a close and intimate friend of Gilbert's that the latter had never fired a rifle in his life He expressed his surprise at this as Gilbert was a man of more than usual military education but told the friend he would spare him one round The seconds placed their principals in condition and from Gilbert's awkwardness it was evident that he had never before handled a rifle The first fire was something wholly too quick for Gilbert's want of drill in the habit of arms and the bullet came a good deal nearer killing Denver's seconds than the general himself General Denver now sent his seconds to Mr Gilbert's seconds to say that he had done all a man could do under the circumstances that Gilbert had challenged him and that he had purposely thrown away his fire in order to bring about an amicable adjustment that the language he had used in reference to Gilbert for which he had been challenged was no more abusive than the language which Gilbert had printed in reference to the relief expedition of which he had been the commander and that if Gilbert would apologize for what had been printed, he would retract what he had spoken If not he must defend his person against Mr Gilbert's weapon To this message Gilbert returned a defiant rejoinder to the effect that he would rather be carried home dead than apologize for any statement published by him in the *Alta* concerning Governor Bigler or any of his friends Denver included

Of course there could be but one sequel to such a message The principals were again placed in fighting position by their respective seconds and at the second fire poor Gilbert fell mortally wounded and expired shortly afterwards The result of the duel was not known in San Francisco until the following day when the newly born city was almost universally draped in mourning for the gallant young journalist Deep and loud were the expressions of grief on all sides and popular indignation found severe vent against Denver, why I cannot rightly understand True he killed Gilbert True likewise he was a man fully accustomed to the habit of arms as men and Gilbert was not But it should have been borne in mind that Denver was well aware of that fact and risked his own life to afford Gilbert the chance of retraction, which the latter refused to do It should also be kept in mind that Denver was the challenged party and would have shot Gilbert dead at the first fire had he been a man of as coarse nature as Judge Terry And as Denver said in his verbal message after the first fire the language used by him in conversation about Gilbert was no more offensive than the wording of Gilbert's articles on Bigler and his friends in which the allusions to Denver were so pointed that no man who knew him could fail to recognize the force of the description

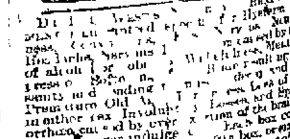
Poor Gilbert fell a victim to the imperious custom that prevailed in the era of which he was a moving figure and a factor of the highest vital power He was the soul of honor and a man of the strictest personal integrity That he was frank and sincere in what he wrote which led to the fatal meeting Denver's friends ever affected to disbelieve Strictly as he acted on the defensive throughout the melancholy affair it has lain like a cloud over General Denver's whole life He will die in the belief that personal enemies of his own took advantage of Gilbert's confiding nature and imposed upon his almost boyish credulity The popular mind of California has long since begun to regard him with a degree of leniency which is but long deferred justice to a misrepresented man As for Gilbert he is not dead, but sleeping the rest of the brave. Honest and fearless, his impress upon the journalism of the Pacific coast has survived his death to this very day and is still manifest in the manly and vigorous tone that pervades the entire Pacific press He was a man of lofty principle and pure heart and California has never ceased to mourn for him as one who "should have died hereafter"

M

Villard Returns

NEW YORK Aug 2—[Special.]—Henry Villard returned from Europe yesterday

NERVOUS DEBILITY



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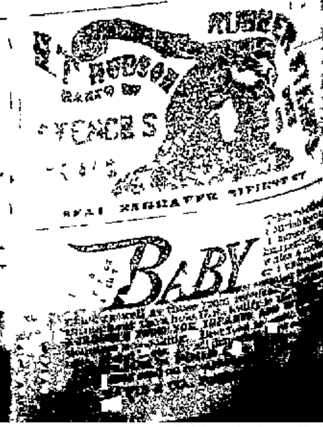

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A NAMELESS POEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring Nature's universal throne;
Her woods—her winds—her mountains—the intense
Reply of Hers to Our intelligence!

I.

In youth I have known one with whom the Earth
In secret communing held—as he with it,
In daylight and in beauty from his birth;
Whose fervid, flickering touch of life was lit
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth
A passionate light—such for his spirit was fit—
And yet that spirit knows not, in the hour
Of its own fervor, who had o'er it power.

II.

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,
But I will half believe that wild light fraught
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore
Hath ever told—or is of a thought.
The unembodied essence, and no more,
That with a questioning spell doth o'er us pass
As dead of the night-time o'er the summer grass?

III.

Doth o'er us pass, when, as the expanding eye
To the loved object—so the tear to the lid
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?
And yet it need not be (that object) hid
From us in life—but common—which doth lie
Each hour before us—but *there* only, bid
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string,
To awake us—'Tis a symbol and a token.

IV.

Of what in other worlds shall be—and given
In beauty by our God, to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven
Tho' not with Faith—with godliness—whose throne
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER.

I had been spending a few days in the west of England, and was returning to town and hard work again. I traveled by the Flying Dutchman, which train I entered at Bath. As the smoking carriage was inconveniently crowded, I sacrificed tobacco for the sake of room and took my seat in an ordinary compartment, which it seemed I was to have all by myself.

Just as the train began to move, however, my solitude was broken in upon. The door of the carriage was thrown open, and a man sprang hastily in. Before he closed the door behind him another followed in still greater haste. As the carriage passed the guard, who waited on the platform, ready to jump upon his van, he gave the breakers of by-laws an injured look, but said nothing. In another minute we were dashing along at top speed.

Wondering how people could be so unphilosophical as to run time so closely, and risk life or limb for the sake of a minute, I turned to look at my traveling companions. The first comer had thrown himself into a seat opposite me, at the end of the compartment farthest from the platform. He was a tall, strong man of about 40, dressed in a dark tweed suit. His face was strikingly handsome, and his remarkably brilliant eyes at once attracted my notice. The second man, who sat in the opposite corner, was of very different appearance. He was short and stout; his attire was plain black.

As neither of my companions made any remark to the other as to their narrow escape of missing a train, I concluded they were unacquainted, and that their simultaneous late arrival was but chance.

After traveling some little way in silence, the tall man asked very politely if I objected to smoking.

"Not at all," I said; "light up by all means."

"I am ashamed to make such a request, but could you give me a cigar? I came away in such a hurry that I left my case behind me."

I handed him a cigar and a match, and then, as the third occupant of the compartment raised no protest, I followed my opposite neighbor's example contentedly enough.

A small civility like this generally breaks the ice which exists between English travelers, so as we smoked we talked on various topics. My new friend was a fluent and polished speaker, and was evidently well up in the questions of the day, many of his remarks concerning which showed originality and shrewdness. I congratulated myself upon meeting with so pleasant a companion.

The man in black did not join in our conversation, so we took no notice of him for awhile. At last, happening to look once or twice in his direction, I found that although his eyes were half closed, he was watching us intently, but furtively.

This inspection did not appear to trouble my new friend, but I, who am somewhat of a nervous temperament, found this fixed and inquisitive gaze positively annoying. Thinking that its cause might possibly be our breach of good manners in smoking without having asked his permission, I expressed a hope that our cigars were not offenders.

"Not in the least," he said quietly, but with his eyes still turned toward us. My friend in the tweeds leaned over to me. "Please don't take any notice of him," he whispered.

"Do you know him, then?"

"Oh, yes; I know him very well indeed. In fact I must apologize for bringing him into a carriage that was occupied. He is a madman—you needn't be in the least alarmed."

"A madman!" I said, startled by the information so coolly given.

"Yes. I am taking the poor fellow up to town. Let me introduce myself. I am Dr. Wolfe of the Southmead asylum. Perhaps you have heard my name?"

Of course I had; and as he spoke I looked at him with growing interest. Dr. Wolfe and his admirably conducted establishment were all but world renowned. Now I understood why I had noticed the piercing brilliancy of his eyes.

It was the power of these organs which gave him that extraordinary influence over his charges which he was reported to exercise. As I looked at his strong limbs and noted his self-possessed manner, nervous as I am, I felt no uneasiness in traveling with a maniac, so long as the doctor was with us. Nevertheless, it was unpleasant to be stared at so.

"How came it you so nearly missed the train?" I asked, still in a whisper.

The doctor smiled.

"One of the poor fellow's peculiarities is that until a train is in motion he will not enter it—even then he will only follow me. I am obliged to humor him; but of course you understand that my men were behind him to make sure that he followed me," and he gradually raised his voice to its ordinary pitch. No doubt the eminent man knew his own business best, but it struck me it was injudicious to speak of his patient's idiosyncrasies while the poor fellow was within earshot.

"Can't he hear us?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Yes; but he does not understand a word we say. One form of his mania is that he fancies himself some one else. He would never imagine we were discussing his case. I dare say at this moment he is Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Spurgeon or Henry Irving."

Thus assured, I ventured to glance at the madman, and for a moment our eyes met fairly. In spite of Dr. Wolfe's assertion the expression in the unfortunate being's eyes told me he comprehended every word that was spoken. The strange look he flashed upon me was full of a maniac's cunning. I again began to feel nervous, and wished that the doctor would look a little closer to his patient.

However, I resolved to make the best of it. I turned my back on the unhappy man and tried to think no more about him, but to enjoy to the full the advantage of conversing with the pleasant-spoken and celebrated Dr. Wolfe.

"You have a great many patients under your care?" I asked.

"A great many," replied the doctor, with a graceful wave of his cigar. "The responsibility is enormous—enormous."

"It must be," I said. "Your patients are of all ranks in life, I suppose."

"From the very highest. I have now four dukes under my care."

"Four dukes! Ah, foreign ones, I suppose?"

"Three are foreign. The fourth is the duke of ——" (here he whispered a great name to me). "He is commonly supposed to be dead, but the truth is he has been with me for ten years."

Dr. Wolfe might be skillful, but he certainly was not discreet. However, it might be he was joking, and that his duke was but a self styled one.

"What painful histories and irresponsible criminals you must have met with in your experience," I observed.

"Terrible! terrible! The finest careers, the happiest lives wrecked by the demon of insanity. Our poor friend in the corner," he added, in a voice of deep sympathy, "has an awful past. He went to bed one night as sane, apparently, as you or I. In the morning they found him raving and deluged with blood. He had cut the throat of a wife whom he adored, and strangled his twin babies, who were sleeping in the same room."

I shuddered at the horrible tale, and with morbid interest, glanced once more at the poor wretch near us. Again I caught that eye, full of diabolical cunning. Mad he might be; but he was clever enough to deceive even the learned doctor as to his obliviousness to what was passing around him. Heavens! I would not have spent five minutes alone with that homicide for a fortune.

I could not help feeling curious as to the state of mind of a creature who had done such a fearful deed. "Does he feel no remorse?" I asked.

"None—they never do. He's happy as the day is long. Strange, isn't it?"

"Very strange, but very merciful. Is his case hopeless?"

"Oh dear, no. I can cure any madman with my treatment. Indeed, I am now perfecting a new system which I mean to try on a large scale. The result will, I am sure, be so successful that one day I shall open the doors of my asylum and restore 500 men and women to the outer world."

I wished him all success, but thought that if self confidence and appreciation of one's own skill were necessary in order to rise in the profession, Dr. Wolfe must be somewhere about the top of the tree.

"I suppose all the cruel old treatments are done away with?" I asked.

"Utterly exploded. Rational treatment, kindness, indulgence even—that's the only way to succeed. I myself find music one of the most useful agents. I have musical boxes all over the place; each of my keepers is taught to play the flute or some other instrument. The effect on my patients is simply marvelous."

"Saul, or David, or some one, was soothed by music," I said, wonderingly, "so I suppose it must be good for a troubled mind."

"Simply marvellous, especially when we hit upon the melody suitable to the case. One lady, a victim to religious mania, can only be soothed with 'Yankee Doodle'—the most violent of all my patients weeps like a child when his keeper tootles 'Come into the garden, Maud.' Strange psychological fact, isn't it?"

"Very," I said, doubtfully, and wondering if Dr. Wolfe, casting aside his professional gravity, were practicing on my credulity. He took no notice of my unbelieving accent, but continued puffing his cigar so serenely that I was forced to think he spoke in good faith.

The poor murderer in the corner still gazed at us intently. I scarcely liked to put the question to the doctor, but I felt, in case of the wretch growing restive, I should like to know his favorite melody.

"Do you find insanity on the increase or on the decline?" I asked.

"Most decidedly on the increase. Even now I am thinking of building a new wing, to accommodate the people who will sooner or later occupy it."

"May that need not be due to your great reputation?" I suggested—professional men dearly love a compliment like this.

The doctor waved his hand in assumed self-depreciation. "Not altogether," he said. "There are men and women by the hundred—apparently in full possession of their senses—whom I have known for years, and marked as coming—let us hope for their own sakes—under my care."

"But, Dr. Wolfe, surely you cannot foretell insane persons?"

"Most undoubtedly I can. That is one of my greatest discoveries; allow me—one moment."

He lent forward, and for the space of half a minute, looked straight into my eyes. I was too much surprised to speak. Then, resuming his former easy attitude, he asked with an air of commiseration—

"Any of your family insane?"

As I stated before, I am a nervous man. The perspiration formed on my forehead. My heart beat rapidly.

"No; none at all," I stammered. Yet, even as I spoke, it flashed across my mind that I contributed yearly a small sum toward the maintenance of a distant relative, one whom I had never seen but who had been in an asylum for many years.

"You are quite sure?" asked the doctor, with a puzzled air.

I trembled in every limb as I confessed to having a third or fourth cousin who was mad.

"Ha! I was sure of it," said the doctor, in a compassionate but triumphant voice. "There is—another proof of the infallibility of my predictions. You must always go a long way up the pedigree to find the source. Now, if you will trace back——"

"Good heavens!" I cried, "you can't mean to tell me that I shall ever go mad, Dr. Wolfe?"

"Certainly you will, unless you happen to die first," he answered cheerfully. "I never met with a case I could diagnose more satisfactorily. But what then? Come to me; you will be kindly treated, and most likely will be happier than you are now. Meanwhile, let me take down your name and address; and if you can give me another cigar I shall be much obliged."

I sank back unnerved and speechless. My eyes were riveted on the speaker's face as fixedly as I have seen a felon's eyes riveted on the face of the judge who has just drawn on the black cap. Words will not describe the state of my mind. I believe there is no man living who, in some crisis, some misfortune, some deep grief or mental depression, has not asked himself the question, "Am I losing my wits?" or "May I not lose them?" Who, then, can wonder at my horror and despair when I heard the greatest authority in England—the man against whose fiat there could be no appeal—declare that I was destined to go out of my mind? I seemed to be in a ghastly dream, and as I lay quivering and gaping with fright, I saw, or fancied I saw, a twinkle of fiendish exultation in the eyes of the silent lunatic at the other end of the carriage.

The bland doctor—the bearer of the bowstring—took no notice of my natural agitation. He simply held out his hand for the expected cigar. I positively hated him. I tried to frame a prayer that when the awful hour which he so surely predicted did come, my particular mania might be homicidal, and that the nearest and most convenient throat to cut might be that of Dr. Wolfe.

At last I faltered out:

"But you may be mistaken; the wisest are liable to err."

"I never make a mistake; certainly I could not mistake such clearly defined symptoms as yours. Why, my dear sir, I can look into the eyes of a child in the cradle, and say: 'If that child lives, and I live long enough, I shall see it put under restraint.' That is why I must enlarge my asylum—so many cases which I marked down in early infancy are now getting due."

This was perfectly awful! I gazed helplessly at the glib speaker. I felt like one in a mesmeric trance.

"And let me tell you," continued Dr. Wolfe, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, but gradually speaking louder as he proceeded, "it is not only so far as regards human beings that I have the power of detecting the sleeping symptoms. In the brute creation—nay, even in inanimate objects, I can find them, and foretell what must happen. My journey to town to day is partly to inform the president of the board of trade that I have detected undoubted symptoms of approaching insanity in the huge steam roller used in Bath to crush the stones in the roads—symptoms of the worst, the most dangerous type. The consequences will be frightful when the machine's mania is fully developed. I ask you, sir, did you ever picture a steam roller in a frenzy—the destruction to life and property when such a ponderous mass of metal becomes uncontrollable and exercises its stupid strength to the detriment of respectable citizens? Who is to check it? They may send for me, but what can I do? What padded room will be strong enough to restrain its mad and unreasoning rage? No, sir, not a moment must be lost. Immediately steps must be taken, and it will be my duty to urge Mr. Chamberlain to issue an order for its destruction before its fury renders it too late."

As he finished this extraordinary statement, I heard something very much like a chuckle proceeding from the outer corner of the carriage. I turned, and once more encountered the eyes of the supposed lunatic. In a second I knew the whole truth. Fool that I was to have been bamboozled by an artful madman, let alone being frightened out of my senses by his ridiculous assertions. Even the feeling of relief I experienced did not compensate for the annoyance of having been so completely tricked. The condition of the two travelers were absolutely reversed. The glib, self-styled doctor was the patient; the poor creature whose hands were said to be red with the blood of his amiable wife and twin babies was either Dr. Wolfe himself or some one in his employ. Now that the scales had fallen from my eyes, it was curious how different the man in the corner looks, and I cursed my stupidity in misreading his knowing glances.

The expression of relief which crossed my face doubtless showed my late tormentor that he had committed himself. He relapsed into silence and pretended to be asleep, though no doubt his fertile, but erratic, brain was busy hatching some other preposterous scheme, in order to facilitate the escape I felt sure he was trying to effect. I said nothing, but awaited the upshot with some anxiety. Looking at his powerful frame, it seemed doubtful if the united strength of myself and the man in the corner would suffice to overpower him if he turned restive.

I knew we must be getting very near Swindon. The impostor must also have known it, as he began to fidget about. Presently he whispered:

"In case the poor fellow grows troublesome, I may rely upon you?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied. Just then the shrill whistle sounded.

"Do you happen to have a key about you?" he asked. "I should like to lock the door this side."

"The door is locked," I said, leaning my arm on the window sill. At the same time I noticed that the man in black had edged up two seats nearer to us.

As the train steamed slowly along the wide platform, an elderly man, with a face full of anxiety, peered into our carriage; then laying his hand upon the door handle, he ran side by side with us till we came to a halt.

"Swindon! Swindon!" shouted the porter. The tall man began to show signs of great agitation. He glanced from door to door, twisted his fingers nervously, then turning his eyes to me beseechingly, tried to stammer out a few words. Suddenly he made a dash for the door. I stood up ready to render what assistance I could. My aid was not wanted. The man in black barred the way fearlessly, and, grasping the other by the arm said sternly:

"Now, Mr. Leicester, no nonsense! Sit down at once!" His words had a pitiable effect upon the madman. He cowered into a seat and covered his eyes with his hands. Poor fellow! I forgave him freely for the pangs he had caused me.

The carriage opened, and the man in black exchanged a reassuring nod with the gentleman outside.

"Now, Mr. Leicester," he said, in kinder tones, "if you will behave yourself we will go up and dine with my old friend, Dr. Smith, and return by an evening train."

He led his unresisting patient from the carriage. On the step he turned. "Could you wait until the next train?" he asked. "I should like to see you and explain matters."

I waited. In half an hour's time the man in black reappeared. He was profuse in his apologies. He told me that business had that morning taken him to Bath station, where, just as the train was about to start, he caught sight of one of his patients (who had evidently evaded his keeper) entering a first class carriage. Without a moment's hesitation he followed him as he ran down the platform, calling out to his man to telegraph to Dr. Smith at Swindon to meet him with help. The rest I knew.

"Is he violent?" I asked.

"Sometimes. It was just touch-and-go when the train stopped. I was glad to see him sit down again."

"But why not have stopped the train at once?"

"Then we must have had a scene. I know you will pardon me when I say that such an outburst on his part might absolutely destroy what chance of recovery he has. I only act in my patient's interest, so you must forgive me."

He made this request so earnestly that I forgave him unreservedly.

"Besides," he continued, "it is only now and then that he shows insanity. I thought you would find him simply an agreeable and intelligent companion. For a clever man he is, and had his reason been spared, he would have ranked high as an imaginative writer. Unluckily, to-day, with some idea of facilitating his escape, he took to romancing and tried to stand in my shoes. Had you not found out the truth, I believe the reports you would have spread about concerning my system would have ruined me." And the doctor laughed heartily.

"Good by," he said, shaking my hand. "When you come again to our parts, be sure and call upon me, if only—" here his eye twinkled—"to be assured as to the state of your mind, and the chances against those sleeping symptoms ever developing."

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

How Two Georgians Won Beautiful Brides in New Mexico.

There are in Atlanta, Georgia, two young people who have had a most remarkable courtship and marriage. They are Mr. P. Montgomery of Social Circle and his bride, nee Miss Ruth Norma Lacy, daughter of Mrs. S. C. Lacy of Vermejo, New Mexico. Mr. Montgomery is a prominent young business man of Social Circle, who learned of the charms of the fair westerner through relatives of the young lady. A letter of introduction was secured little more than a year ago, which Mr. Montgomery forwarded. A correspondence ensued, which resulted in the young Georgian taking a three-thousand-mile trip to the mountains of the territory for his bride. After traveling across plains for some distance his journey ended at the foot of a chain of the most rugged and picturesque mountains for which that lovely country is famed. A handsome country house, surrounded by fertile fields, was the home of the young lady, whose face he had seen only in fancy. He met her, and it is but fair to say that his extravagant dreams were fully realized. She was just 16, though larger than the Georgia young ladies of that age. In her lovely western home she bloomed a rare and radiant maiden. Her hair was dark and gracefully crowned a shapely head and broad brows. Her eyes were deep blue and her cheeks were tinted with the most delicate glow of summer sunset. It is needless to say that this most unusual but exquisite combination of western beauty with a young lady's rare qualification of mind and heart took the breath from the young Georgian. One evening the young lady remarked: "We will have a shooting 'match' to-morrow." That quite pleased the young man. The next morning he appeared early on the scene, swinging a faithful thirty eight-calibre six shooter, which in Georgia was considered a big pistol. A moment later the lady appeared as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew, and swinging in her nimble fingers a forty-five caliber nearly two feet long. A small mark was put up forty feet away. Bang went the young man's pistol six times, and the mark was not even grazed. The young lady raised the heavy engine of death and sent six balls as straight as an arrow to the very heart of the mark. Horses were ordered, and long rides were taken amid the most gorgeous scenery of that bewilderingly beautiful land. The young Georgian found his charmer to be a most accomplished rider, fearless of the wildest broncho, and perfectly at home in any position in her western land. Miss Lucy had a charming sister, three years her senior, Miss Ecce Homo Lacy, in the meshes of whose charms Mr. L. M. McGuire, also of Social Circle, became willingly entangled. It became arranged that the two young Georgians should wed these two charming young ladies. Mrs. Lacy is a widow, with cattle upon a thousand hills. Her wealth reaches the snug figure of $500,000, and the marriage of her daughters was an event of importance. Their home was eighteen miles from the railroad and it was determined to have the double marriage as romantic as the courtship had been. An excursion was run up to the lovely little town of Trinidad, Colorado, seventy miles away, and a thousand friends of the young couples assembled at the opera house to witness the ceremony. The two young couples appeared on the stage under the escort of Mrs. Lacy and Captain Kelly. The latter was Montgomery's business partner at Social Circle. Three ministers were present. Among them was Rev. Mr. Simmons, of Social Circle. After the connubial knots were tied the bridal party retired to the Grand Union hotel, where a magnificent banquet occurred. At Raton, New Mexico, they were tendered a ball, and 500 people danced on the floor at one time. The presents to the young couples were exceedingly handsome. The happy young people then bade farewell to the west and started for Georgia, stopping en route at various places. To-night the young couples have a reception in Social Circle, to which 1000 invitations have been sent out.

Law for the Rich.

Pall Mall Gazette.

It is bad enough that people should be able to argue, as they always can, with plausibility, that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich. But it is simply disastrous when such charges can be made with truth. Yet this is the position in which we are placed by sentences like that just passed on Lord St. Leonards. Who believes for a moment that if the offender in this case had not been a peer he would have been let off with seven weeks' imprisonment? or—worse still—that the sentence would have been deferred so as to enable the prisoner to escape all the severer and more humiliating incidents of his penalty? To have to submit to degradation may be greater punishment for a man in Lord St. Leonards' position than it would be for persons of lower station; but is not his guilt greater also in committing a degrading crime? The one consideration should be regarded as a set-off to the other. But, according to our present ethics, social position may be thrown into the scale in an offender's favor in considering the nature of his punishment, but it may not be weighted to his disadvantage in estimating the gravity of his offense. But then, of course, we must not forget the importance of releasing the noble lord in order to enable him to perform his legislative duties in deciding the fate of the franchise bill.

TRUE GHOST STORIES.

Remarkable Experience of Four Literary Ladies—A Tall Woman in Black who Vanished into Thin Air.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

In 1870, '71 and '72, in a house on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, there lived four ladies, all of them writers, and all but one of them (Miss Rebecca W. Easterbrooks, an author of considerable promise, who died in 1873) now alive. Their names are: Miss Caroline B. Le Ross, teacher of elocution at Vassar college; Mrs. M. F. Butts, a well known writer and journalist, who resides at Westerly, R. I., and Mrs. Eleanor Ames, better known to the literary world as "Eleanor Kirk." These ladies are willing to attest the truthfulness of the following narrative:

It was a pleasant brownstone cozily furnished abode, bearing every external and internal indication of peace and comfort. There was nothing to distinguish it from other houses on Columbia Heights, save that its inmates were all bread winners, and so occupied the day and evening as to leave very little time for the claims of society. Three of them were contributors to

THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

These ladies worked and did not entertain much. The other ladies in this aristocratic locality entertained more and did not work. But there was a greater difference between them, one so puzzling, so entirely off the common so exciting, so opposed to all known laws, as to furnish a constant theme of speculation, and persistently to worry and alarm the members of the household. This house on Columbus Heights was even a more wonderful place than that of John Wesley, or of the grandfather of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Our four literary feminine bread-winners displayed no seeking after the supernatural, and had there been inclination for such seeking there was no time for it.

Two of the ladies, sisters, occupied the front alcove room on the second story, and a third occupied the back room on the same floor. The performance opened one night about 12 o'clock, soon after they had moved into the house, with

THE SOUND OF SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS

in the two rooms. A light was struck and the noise ceased. The doors leading to the hall were locked, and no intruder was visible. The gas was turned down again, and silence had reigned for a few moments, when the same singular shuffling was distinctly heard, accompanied by a new sound, like the dragging of a stiff silken skirt on the carpet. This was followed by loud knockings in different parts of the rooms. Sometimes these raps were on the beds, sometimes on the doors, and again on the floor and the window panes, and winding up with a whack, a crash and a bang. With fear and trembling the gas was again turned up, and with the same result as before "Nothing nor nobody anywhere." A midnight conference was held, and when the ladies again retired the gas was left burning full blast. All was quiet, but upon waking in the morning a strange sight met their astonished eyes. Chairs were turned upside down, bureaus were dismantled, cushions and mats, hair pins and hair receivers were

STREWN ABOUT THE FLOOR.

and worse than all, the garments, which had been carefully arranged for the morning, together with all the slippers and stockings—in fact, all the paraphernalia of three wardrobes—were scrambled up and churned together that it was almost impossible to separate them.

This was a house warming with a vengeance, and the quartette of bread-winners met at the breakfast table in a state of wonder and nervous anxiety impossible to describe. A careful inquiry as to the kind of night that had been passed by the other members of the family elicited nothing unusual. On this occasion no one had been disturbed but the ladies on the second floor and the occupants of the adjacent houses, who called in to ascertain the cause of it. These exercises proved only to be an overture; or, during the whole year spent in the house there was literally no rest from these strange phenomena. About three nights in a week the same noises were heard on the second floor, with the same aggravating mixing up of clothes and overturning of furniture.

One day about the 1st of June the lady of the house, returning from her New York office, rang the door-bell. The door was immediately opened—indeed, quicker than a flash—by

A TALL, STRANGE WOMAN IN BLACK.

She wore a large cameo pin at her neck and on her head a three-cornered piece of lace, trimmed with lavender bows. There was nothing in the least ghostly about her appearance, with the exception of the singular way in which she backed from the vestibule into the front parlor.

Wondering who this woman could be who had taken upon herself the office of door-opener, the breadwinner followed her instantly into the parlor. Nobody there. Up stairs, down stairs, in every nook, closet and crevice the seeker hunted and peered without the least trace of a human or spiritual being. In short, there was not a person in the house save she who had just entered. Even the servant, finding that she needed some article for dinner, had locked the doors and gone out to get it. This was the first and last visible appearance of this particular spook upon the scene.

But afterward it was impossible to partake of a meal in peace. It was a common proceeding for the table to tip at one end in such a manner as to send the dishes in a heap together, without respect for gravy boats, butter dishes, soup tureens or coffee pots, although, strangely enough, nothing was ever destroyed, and no one was ever hurt in these out-of-the-way performances.

A guest at the table was the signal for a grand demonstration. The most awful knocks would be heard under his or her plate, the table would lurch, creak, and dance about like something alive, much to the mortification of the bread winners, each of whom had a deep-seated abhorrence to being classed among spiritualists. Not one of them was even credulous. From first to last every instance was carefully weighed and sifted, and the supernatural was the last theory to obtain. But

WHO TIPPED OVER THE TABLES?

Who dragged stiff silken fabrics over the floor in the dead of the night, when exits were carefully locked and bolted? Who rang the bells and banged the doors? Who so persistently mixed up the wearing apparel?

The most aggravating feature of the whole remarkable business was the stealing or the hiding of valuable articles, for the invisible thief or thieves always returned the things that were taken. One was never certain that an article of dress could be found unless it was on the body of the owner. Cloaks, shawls, dresses, hats, gloves, in broad daylight, under one's very eyes, would suddenly disappear, and no amount of hunting would bring them to light. So it came to pass that the ladies were frequently obliged to borrow clothes from each other, and neither knew in the morning what description of dry goods would be worn in the afternoon. The invisible presences were especially partial to back hair. It was never disturbed on the head, but on the dressing case, or when hung over a gas fixture, or when lying in a drawer, it was certain to walk off. Indeed the only way to insure the presence of the necessary back hair was to keep it pinned in one's pocket or buttoned to one's dress while the natural hair on one's head was being combed.

One morning one of the ladies forgot to be cautious, and left her valuable back hair on the dressing case for a moment. She was entirely alone in her room, with her door bolted. "I turned around," she said, "and as I did so immediately bethought myself of the switch. I turned back again and

THE THING HAD GONE."

A pair of six and a half gloves could be worn by a five hand, and a cloak for a small person could be stretched to do service for a larger one, but a black switch could hardly be worn on a blonde head. In other words, it was not an easy matter to borrow one.

To go to New York to one's place of business minus a switch was hard, but this bread-winner was game, and, moreover, furiously angry. She made up her mind that she would not be bluffed. In place of the good-sized and symmetrical French twist which usually adorned her intellectual skull was a nondescript bunch that gave it a strange and ancient appearance. "For mercy's sake," she remarked to her friends as she walked out of the house, with flashing eye and a scarlet face, "do let's move away from this horrible place. I have borne everything before this. I have worn other folks' clothes, I have been out of this house many a time with old boots on, and once I went to report Beecher with one boot on of my own and one shoe of somebody else's, but to have to go to New York without my back hair is a little too much."

Such wails were constant. Occasionally coaxing and entreaty would avail, but only occasionally. To beg some invisible power to return the boots, or the hat, or the dress which were to be worn on a business engagement was rather an uncanny piece of business, but was sometimes successful.

At these times the articles would be literally fired at the owner's head. They would come from the corner of the room or from the ceiling, but how or by whom was

AN IMPENETRABLE MYSTERY

unsolved to this day.

It was in those days that the ladies regularly reported the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher. They sat together at a small table immediately in front of the pulpit. One morning, when busy with their work, very distinct raps were heard upon the table, continuing for five minutes, or more, when the table began to lurch and pitch about, and finally slammed itself violently against the platform.

The bread-winning reporters were forced to finish their work on hymn-books in their laps.

At the evening service the table was like any other well-behaved piece of furniture. Not a sound was heard. But on the following Sunday morning it was again alive and full of mischief.

As soon as the first demonstration occurred the bread-winners very quietly removed their work to their laps again.

But this made no difference.

Without a hand near it this animated piece of wood went through its wonderful gyrations, and with as much apparent method as a soldier at drill. An unusually stirring remark from the desk was sure to be immediately appreciated and applauded. Up and down, backward and forward, the lively table would jump and tilt, striking occasionally against the platform, with a series of whacks that could be distinctly heard all over the platform.

These manifestations continued until they attracted as much attention as the minister. This was a little too much publicity for the bread winners, and the table was finally relegated to privacy, and the backs of hymn-books were used in place of the misbehaved piece of furniture.

As in the case of Solomon and the queen of Sheba, the half has not been told; but these incidents are vouched by bread winners to be literally true.

An Italian Love Story.

Correspondence of the Paris Morning News.

For once, if you like, we will leave politics out of the question. Indeed, it would be difficult for men to do otherwise. I am writing you in the midst of a forest—from this good old village of Vivario, surrounded by honest folks, who think more of their work than of politics. The latest newspaper that I have read is seven or eight days old; the most interesting news travels slowly to this beautiful spot; the inhabitants who are too busy to gossip, have a horror of chit-chat, and are scarcely more talkative than the tall pines and myrtle bushes. So I will tell you a village story, and I am going to relate it just as it was told to myself, scarcely an hour ago.

As you may well imagine, a young girl and a youth are concerned in the story, and consequently love is the theme. The youth, a little shepherd of the forests of Palneca, loved a young girl of Santo-Pietro, the cool mountain village where the fashionable ladies of Ajaccio go to spend the summer. The young girl also loved the youth. They had told each other so, and had pledged themselves to one another, and I think that from time to time they kept their promise, for never in the memory of shepherds were the flocks of Palneca so often seen grazing on the pastures of Santo-Pietro. But the end of all this, the upshot of all these promenades, was certainly marriage. They believed so, at least, as though since Romeo and Juliet the course of true love had always run smooth.

At the first word of marriage the father of the young girl, the fated Capulet, flew into a terrible passion, so terrible that for several days after the flocks of Palneca did not dare to wander near the hillside of Santa Pietro. But on the fifth day the young girl who knew her classics fell ill, and then was repeated the great scene in the "Itanizau"—the cruel father at the bedside of his dying daughter, and far out in the country the plaintive notes of the shepherd's reed pipe. At last the father relents:

"We will see about that," he said, "after he has drawn his conscript's number, and has served his time. I do not want you to have a husband who will be compelled to leave you as soon as you are married."

How came it that in this country, where there is no telegraph, the shepherd an hour afterward knew what had been said? The fact is that, on entering the village, he had only one idea uppermost in his mind—escape from his term of military service. The shepherds of Palneca are not lacking in resources, and ours in question was by no means stupid. The next day, while cutting wood in the forest, he, as if by accident, gave his right hand a smart blow with his hatchet and severed three fingers. Now let the military examination take place! He went home and tended his hurt as well as he was able; and when the wound was healed and he had been rightly and duly exempted, he went to Santo-Pietro and bravely repeated his offer.

"I am not going to serve in the army," he said, "for I am sure they will never take me. You can marry us now."

But the father stopped him by a word.

"Never," he cried, "will I give my daughter to one who is maimed."

And it was apparent by his tone of voice that he meant what he had said. In spite of his daughter's illness he remained inexorable. It was clear that this old man did not like a maimed son-in-law. He made but one reply to the prayers and tears of this young girl.

"Never, you thoroughly understand, never! And don't let him come hanging around here any more. Cripples ought to marry cripples. Let him marry the little blind girl of Palneca, or the hunchback of Sant' Andrea."

The young girl did not reply, and not once during her illness did she speak of her shepherd. When she was convalescent she was seized with a longing for the forest and the open air, and every day took long walks by the hillside of Palneca by the road that her flocks knew so well. One morning after a long search she again came across the little shepherd, pale and haggard, like a shepherd tired of this world.

"Show me your wounded hand," she said.

He showed it to her bashfully, and piously she pressed it to her lips.

"Show me," she said to him again, "the hatchet which wounded you." He took it and showed it her. Then raising it and placing her hand on a stone:

"This is how you did it, isn't it; this is how the accident happened?"

And before the shepherd was able to reply the hatchet had fallen, the stone was reddened and beside it lay the three fingers of the pretty maid of Santo Pietro.

"Now, shepherd," she said, "show me how you healed your wound."

And together they returned to Santo Pietro, he with tears in his eyes and she radiant. What could the father do? Had he not imprudently said that cripples ought to marry cripples? He cursed them and married them. The wedding was celebrated two months ago; for I repeat that this unlikely story occurred but yesterday, as it were, and in our own skeptical century.

Boating Costumes on the Thames.

Pall Mall Gazette.

If the evidence given yesterday before the select committee on the preservation of the Thames is to be believed, the life of a riparian owner is no longer worth living. The song of the birds is now replaced by the whistling of steam launches, the banks are hidden by boat houses, some of them seventy feet long, and finally the constant bathing and the "costumes of boating men" make it "impossible for ladies to use the river." Now, with regard to this latter point, no doubt the daring mixture of colors in most boating costumes is what the esthetics would call "impossible," but we suppose what is objected to is not so much that the boating men wear too many colors but too few clothes. But then ladies generally do no not row, and if they did they would be more tolerant. The truth is that in all these complaints there is a great deal of exaggeration. Except on Saturday and Sunday you may row for miles and hardly see any one. And for the rest, great are the advantages of a blind eye, and many the uses of the parasol.

A Boy and a Catfish.

The Rock Falls *News* has the following good fish story: On Friday of last week a boy named Forbes, living in Rock Falls, was fishing from the dam and hooked a catfish. He was unable to pull it in, and after struggling awhile the fish turned and started down stream. The boy went over the dam head first, holding on to the pole, and started for the Mississippi river, the catfish in the lead. As they went past the paper mill some of the workmen saw the boy in the water and went to his rescue in a boat. They overtook him opposite the island, near the old bridge, and took him into the boat. He was still holding the pole and hooked to the line was the catfish, which they captured. The boy weighed 85 pounds and the catfish 35 pounds 9 ounces. Thus it is demonstrated that a catfish can get away with more than twice his weight of boy. The boy says he would have followed the fish to Rock Island before he would have given him up.

IN THE CIRCUS.

Exciting Incidents of Show Life on the Border.

THE YOUTH DRESSED AS A WOMAN.

Performing with Two Dead Men Under the Seats and the Tent Full of Smoke—The Landslide.

A contributor to the New York *Sun*, writing from Tombstone July 1, says: The arrival of the strolling frontier circus in this town the other day brought together two old ring men who had not met before in several years. Dan Dement, now laid up here temporarily, was once the manager of a circus in which Henry Tollifer, a performer in the concern at present exhibiting in this city, was clown. The way they came to be separated was developed in the course of an extended comparison of notes at the hotel the other evening. The performance at the circus now here was in full progress. The striped mule had just been led around the ring for a young woman to mount, and the clown, who had got off a few jokes with a local application, had taken his position on a barrel to await developments, when a voice was heard coming from one of the top seats:

"Is that you, Hank Tollifer?"

Everybody turned toward the speaker, who proved to be Dement. He was standing up with his head, which otherwise would have gone into the canvas, slightly inclined. The clown jumped down from his perch, and looking up to the man who had addressed him, answered:

"That's the name I used to carry."

"Come up here, then, and shake."

The clown made his way up to Dement, recognized him in time, and after a hearty interchange of salutations, resumed his place in the ring. When the performance was over the two men met at the hotel and renewed their acquaintance.

"How did you know me with my paint on?" asked Tallifer.

"Know you! I'd know you in Alaska. Your voice was familiar, in the first place, and in the second, that gag of yours about the placer diggings gave you away. I hadn't heard that joke since the time the landslide struck us at Las Animas."

A CROWD QUICKLY ASSEMBLED

On the porch of the tavern, and all hands having had something in the way of liquor, Dement observed: "We meet some very queer men in this business. Now, Tallifer and I campaigned it in this country when there were precious few people here but Indians and prospectors. We were broke up finally, and haven't seen each other since until now. The circus that we were with was organized over in Sonora, and we drifted northward until finally we got across the line into the territory. We had what was considered a good show and a big show in those days. I was the manager and the ring-master, and sometimes I did a little tumbling; I sold tickets, too, and bossed things generally. Tallifer was the clown. There were two or three other performers, besides a few Mexicans, who did the heavy work and took care of the stock. One of the performers was a young man named Denning. We picked him up in Sonora, but we didn't pay him much. In those days nobody asked where anybody came from. He was there. We wanted a man, and he said he could do a few acts and could learn others, and so we hired him. He kept pretty quiet the most of time, but that was not unusual in this country.

"He did work for us until we crossed the line. When we struck American soil he began to drink. At first his dissipation was not enough to bother us much, but the night we opened at a camp near where Calabasas now stands he took us all off our feet. We had about 200 men in the tent, and the first ride around had been completed. I had been selling tickets, and, having finished that business, I went into the dressing room, and was preparing to make my appearance in the ring when I heard a couple of shots, followed by two more. There was nothing extraordinary about that, although I may say I was somewhat surprised. I was just going out to see what the trouble was when Tallifer here came running into the dressing room, with his eyes bulging out, and gasped:

"'Denning!'

"'Well, what's up?' says I, 'drunk?'

"I ran out into the ring just in time to see Denning in full costume, with a revolver in each hand, make a jump for the seats on the left of the dressing room door. The tent was full of smoke, everybody was yelling, and most of the men had

GUNS IN THEIR HANDS.

"'Fair play!' shouted somebody, and then all took up the cry, and there was a perfect roar, 'fair play!'

"I must confess that I was speechless. I did not know what to do, to say, or to think. I didn't have to wait long. The whole thing was done in an instant almost. There was a great scattering in the vicinity of Denning. Then came two shots so close together that they sounded almost like one, and a second later there was another report. The smoke obscured the combatants, and for a few moments no one could tell whether the trouble was over or not. Just then some of the fellows on the top seats raised the canvas a little, and, the wind coming in, the smoke was soon dissipated. At the foot of the seats lay Denning, his white and gold tights and spangles stained with blood, and his revolvers by his side. I raised him a little, but he was dead. There could be no question about that.

"'What's all this about?' I asked, 'who did it? Where is he?'

"Three men were carrying a rough-looking man, with a big beard, down the steps. They laid him out in the ring. He too was dead, with several bullet holes in his clothing, which was coarse and well worn. No one knew his name. He had been in the place several days and had said something about going on to old Mexico. Men who sat near him at the show said that when Denning entered the ring this man drew a revolver and fired at him twice without saying a word, and that Denning responded instantly with two shots, drawing his revolver from a belt which lay at the foot of the center-pole. The rest of the performance I had seen myself. Tallifer here was in the ring at the time and got one of the bullets aimed at Denning in his leg, which caused him a good deal of trouble after that. We searched everything that both men had to see if we could unravel the mystery, but the only clue we got was a photograph of Denning found in a well worn pocket book in the dead stranger's coat. On the back of his photograph, which had the name and number of the artist, but not the city, was a little writing descriptive of Denning, we presumed, though it did not tally with him, as we had known him very well. One thing is certain. The man was looking for Denning and found him."

"The worst part of that affair," said Tallifer, "was they made us go on with the show, with those two men laid out under the seats. I had a bullet hole through the calf of my leg also, but that made no difference. I had to do my funny business all the same, and never had a more appreciative audience."

THE LAS ANIMAS LANDSLIDE.

"What about that Las Animas landslide?" some one said.

"That's what broke up the Great International and Transcontinental Circus," said Tallifer. "Dan and I lost each other after that upheaval, and this is our first meeting since then. The truth of it is just this. We had met with some reverses, and business didn't seem to be first class. Our resources were limited, and just what to do we did not know. 'If we could only get a woman to join the party,' I said one day, 'we could make big money.' It was like wishing for a sacred elephant. Every one said that a woman would be a great card, but in a country where women were so scarce that money could be made by exhibiting one in a circus, it was not so easy to get one. We all thought the matter over and gave it up. 'It's no use,' every one said. Finally, after a long period of silence, I mused: 'If we could only find a boy, we might fix him up, and he'd do. We've got somewhere in the packs two or three costumes for ladies.'

"'A capital idea,' was the response, 'but where will we get the boy?'

"That was almost as much of a poser as the other one, but we made up our minds that the next young fellow we came across would have to be Senora Somebody or other, and travel with the show. We didn't have long to wait. At one of the mining camps where we stopped we noticed a slender young fellow with big eyes and curly hair and a fair complexion. He was a sort of hanger-on, and didn't seem to have any regular business, though he worked around more or less for the men, and made himself useful. He accepted our proposition after a good deal of persuasion, and we agreed that he was to go with us when we moved, and on his part it was stipulated that from the time we started he was to be a woman. The next place we opened at was Las Animas. We had no bills or anything of the kind, but we took pains to give it out that we had

A LADY PERFORMER

Who was celebrated the world over for her beauty It was a great scheme. The tent was crowded not only the first night, but every night thereafter, the same men coming night after night The boy looked well in the costume we gave him and under the lights he was really a pretty sight The first night, as soon as he entered the ring the whole crowd got up and yelled and then every man of them made a rush for the center howling and saluting. They all had to shake hands and say a word or two and get some response Two or three times we tried to clear the ring but unsuccessfully. Most of the men would go out, leaving a few behind who improving the opportunity would engage her in conversation. Then the others would straggle back again until the hubbub was as bad as ever. They all had to tell her where they came from how many sisters they had, the tender regard they entertained for them and two or three even went so far as to assure her that they had mothers back in the states somewhere as if she might get the impression that they had grown on a sagebrush on the alkali plains. We finally persuaded them to leave and with many a "God bless you!" and "Just call on me if you get scared!" they resumed their seats. This sort of thing went along for a week, and we were looking upon our fortunes as made when trouble came upon us

One of our Mexicans got ugly and after a fight or two with different members of the company we dismissed him He then circulated the report that our lady was neither more nor less than a boy picked up by us on the border and that we had been playing a mighty mean trick on the camp A delegation was sent to us to make inquiry and in an evil hour believing that we might as well put up stakes and move on anyway I admitted that the fair performer was a lad The men went away laughingly and we thought nothing more could come of it. We determined however to move on and that evening we passed in packing up everything The boy had donned men's clothing and was as busy as any of us We left the tent standing and about midnight rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep Some time later we were rudely awakened by a thundering crash It was raining hard and everything about us seemed to be slipping away. I grabbed the center pole and fell with it, I don't know how far When we struck bottom we found everything in inextricable confusion Most of our mules were either disabled or killed and all our stuff was broken and ruined I searched around for the men Presently I found Dan and he and I, though badly bruised set out to find the others. Some of them had not gone over at all, and were safe and sound on the original site of the tent The boy we discovered at last half covered with mud and gravel and insensible. I lifted him up and gave him a little brandy, and he soon revived When daylight came we found that our stuff would not pay to move and we left a good deal of it where it was. We didn't show any more that season Dan went off somewhere and the boy and I paid off the others and they scattered I shall always believe that those miners started that land slide but they said they didn't If they wanted to break us up they took a very effectual way to do it

"What ever became of that boy?" asked the gentleman carelessly

"Boy" responded Tallifer with emphasis, "she turned out to be a woman by thunder, and she's been my wife these three years"

LONG BRANCH STYLE

A Woman with Sixty Dresses and a Dude who Rivals her

Long Branch Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer

This is a great hotel At present it shelters not only a woman with forty brand-new complete costumes but a—well God made him, therefore let him pass for a man—with sixty spick span fresh suits nine horses and four servants The lady in question is Mrs Fraley of St Louis wife of the grain speculator. Of her wardrobe the whole of the house is aware, not alone because it is dazzled three times a day and between meals by innumerable toilets but because though occupying an extensive suite of rooms two of which are turned into a wardrobe the corridor into which they open has a wainscoting of trunks varying in size from alligator hat boxes to the huge togas opening like chests of drawers When Mrs Fraley who is a large woman with blonde hair has astonished us the twentieth time with a stunning combination of hat parasol gloves stockings and she will start for pastures new and over again as is the mode with women of fashion For example there arrived this morning a lady who has been doing Saratoga with fourteen trunks and who looked like a miracle of chocolate satin sprinkled with gold, and trains which by the way are very fashionable, and in this case cut low enough to display golden silk stockings On her head was perched a coquettish turban trimmed with a dozen gold and brown rings

As the masculine wearer of five dozen different costumes Mr E Berry Wall, of New York I am told he first became famous through his infinite variety of clothes and his leading that amusing young friend Lord Abercromby, $7000 I cannot vouch for the truth of it but it is said that he and Mrs Fraley regard each other in the light of bitter rivals though the latter has the advantage for she can wear diamonds in a dozen different ways while Mr Wall is obliged to confine himself to studs, pins and sleeve buttons of blazing stones

While I write I can see through the window the St Louis matron getting into her carriage for a drive She has on a wonderful gown—peach colored silk covered with immense damask roses of crimson velvet pile, the underskirt is flounced alternately with crimson velvet and rose point the end of the corsage is concealed by a mantle of the brocade, a tiny bonnet of lace and crimson pompons covers her flaxen puffs rubies and diamonds tremble in the ears. Mrs Fraley steps into her satin lined carriage with a dexterous touch arranges her skirts and settles herself among the cushions, under the shade of a white lace, satin lined umbrella. Presently Mr Fraley's valet rushes out with a vast bouquet of red roses Then the lady gives the signal the liveried footman hops on the perch at the back and the liveried coachman in front starts up the span—one pure white and one jet black steed with huge yellow collars around their necks to the manifest detriment of their appearance

Ristori's Plea.

I met one day last week an old lady who told me this story of Ristori of whom she spoke in terms of the most devoted friendship. The story has never she told me been printed before

Mme Ristori was playing in the city of Madrid in the Royal theater She had carried the audience away in the act by her great power the curtain had fallen on the first act, and unusually long applause occurred. No one could understand her absence The time came and passed when she should have resumed play What was the meaning of her absence? As she was passing from the stage, in the wings stood a poor woman, who caught her garment.

"Madame" she said "do you hear that bell now tolling?"

"Yes"

"That bell tolls for the death of my husband; he will die at sunrise to-morrow Won't you" she implored the woman "plead for me? The queen sits in the box yonder"

The great tragedy queen went to the royal box and begged for the life of that man—a man that she had no particular interest in simply because he was going to die. Ristori pleaded so well with the queen that with a pencil she wrote his reprieve, and he was saved Meantime the truth had crept among the audience and when the curtain rose again the whole audience sprang to their feet. Tears ran like rain Hats and handkerchiefs were waved Shout after shout went up from the multitude—not for the tragic queen, but the woman infinitely greater—the woman who pleaded for a life and not in vain

Robert, a bashful young student of recently summoned up enough courage to escort a young lady home At the breakfast table next morning his father said

"Well my son did you go home with any of the girls last night?"

"Yes" said Bob

"Who was she?"

Robert hesitated but finally blurted out "I thought it was Annie Warren, but when we got to the turn of the road she went into Ella Ham's house"

"Bawl should think you might have told by the sound of her voice," said his father.

"Neither of us said a word," said Bob, blushing and stammering

"While the old mystical superstitions are dying out" says the London Graphic "superstitions of science are beginning to superstitions of ignorant or half educated minds with pernicious an effect People are not afraid of bogeys or portents in the sky but they quake at the mention of miasma in the system The man who is too wise to see calamity in an overturned salt cellar sees no folly to ascribe gigantic evils to a dish of strawberries or a packet of cigarettes."

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING AUGUST 3 1884

A STRANGE SINGER.

Joy's the shyest bird
Heard ever heard.
Swept and silent when he sings
Do no seek to see
Lest the vision be
But a flutter of departing wings

Straight down out of heaven
Drops the fiery leaven
Sending, shining, in his breast
Never never long
Canst thou bear the song
All too high for labor or for rest.

Patience ... singing
With a folded wing
Long contented in a narrow cage
Patience in the nest
Hour by hour we rest
Brooding under things in waiting

Sings a duo and sweet
Nestles right at thy feet
Close about thy door thy ... and call
One who will not stay
Draws thy heart away
Later I seen It is more than all

—Earl Spencer

TOLD AT THE JUNCTION.

Several years ago while reading medicine in the office of a country practitioner at C—— I formed the acquaintance of an honest good hearted old chap by the name of Tom Lee flagman and switch tender at a railroad junction two miles below the village It happened in this way. One warm sultry afternoon in summer after trying in vain to concentrate my thoughts upon the work before me, I closed my anatomy and strolled off down the track for a breath of air. The road ran through deep, rocky cuts and overhanging with many a cool retreat from the burning rays of the sun, and I wandered aimlessly along now stopping to rest on some mossy bank, or throwing stones at the large eyed frogs in the slimy water of the culverts until finally I found myself within a short distance of the junction Just ahead of me was a flagman's shanty built under a jutting rock which protected it from sun and gave it quite a picturesque appearance Seated on a bench outside the door was the switch tender a plainly dressed, hard featured old man with a short grizzly beard covering the lower part of his face, which gave him a rather fierce aspect A stubby pipe which had evidently seen hard service was tightly clinched, upside down, between his teeth His head was tipped back against the side of the shanty and his eyes were closed in peaceful slumber His practiced ear, however, trained like that of most railroad men to acuteness, quickly caught the sound of my approach and he awoke with a start that sent the pipe rolling on the ground and almost caused him to lose his equilibrium on the narrow seat and tumble off it. "Are you not aware my friend," said I addressing him "that it is a dangerous thing for a switch tender to go to sleep at his post?" "Eh! what! you don't mean to say that I was asleep do you, young fellow," he growled good naturedly while stooping over to pick up his fallen pipe "Oh, no" I answered with a smile, "only a slight drowsiness consequent upon the extreme heat of the weather" "Well sit down and rest yourself anyhow!" and he motioned to a seat on the bench at his side which I gladly accepted I have always had a great fondness for studying human nature especially in its rougher element, and have often spent hours in thus listening to the crude logic and quaint expressions of some poor unlettered being whose whole life had been one of ceaseless toil with far more of the shadow than of the sun My friends have ridiculed me on my peculiarity in this respect but all to no purpose It is a part of my own strange nature for which I could offer no explanation Every life teaches its own lesson and points its own moral and no life is so humble but what something may be learned from its observation The afternoon was far advanced ere I terminated my visit and parted with my new found friend promising to come again at the first opportunity which I did on the following night and many nights after At a certain hour of the evening the through express with a long line of baggage, postal, sleeping cars and coaches came up from the city below and went thundering by on its way north I generally limit my visit to the time of its arrival, and one night just as I was setting out for home the old man who was putting up his lantern let fall the remark in an offhand way that he always dreaded the approach of that train "Why?" I asked greatly interested. "Because it calls up sad recollections, boy, that I can never choke off." I at once surmised an interesting story and insisted on hearing it but the hour was late and old Tom was obdurate so after exacting a promise of it on the morrow, I bade him good night and left. The next evening I was on hand early in expectation The old man was sitting in his accustomed place outside the shanty The night was clear and warm and nothing disturbed the stillness but the low sobbing of a freight engine on the siding a short distance down the track. "It is a sad story, my boy, but you may perhaps be interested in it" he remarked by way of preface while he lighted his pipe Then after a short pause marked by vigorous puffing he commenced "This junction was a lively place once compared to what it is now It was the stop over or changing point for all the freight trains and the wildest engines on the road They would often lay here for hours at a time waiting for orders and a clear track The sidings were always full then but the rapid growth of the towns below, with their extensive freight yards has taken the business all away from here, and now I have little else to do but tend the regular passenger and through freight trains The boys used to make my shanty a kind of hanging out place They liked to stop here it gave them a chance to rest and stretch their legs after being cooped up in the cabs Firemen, brakemen and drivers I knew them all and loved them too I tell you boy," and the old man laid his hand impressively on my knee "there's no better or braver men that walk, than these same railroad men, generous and brave every time I've been among 'em a good many years and I know of what I speak I was always a great favorite with them and there wasn't a man in the lot who wouldn't have risked his life to have saved mine and—well I'm not telling tales but old Tom wouldn't have done for them. There was one young fellow in particular Joe Norton a freight engineer he was born and brought up in the village above and a likelier lad never stepped on the foot board of an engine. He was not over handsome, but he had a good face one you could pick out in a crowd and depend upon every time He was a noble fellow and every inch a man, steady as clockwork and brave as a lion. He was a favorite with me from the start I took a sort of fatherly interest in him and loved him as if he had been my own boy, and he returned it, for he did, he confided everything in me and sought my advice on all subjects and I, in my poor way was only too willing to give I lived for that boy, yes I lived for him! He's sleeping now up there on the hill beyond the village, and my old heart lies there with him Do you know, my lad" and he removed his pipe from between his teeth to give his words more emphasis "that the great secret of life is to live for one another to help each other all we can, no matter though my life be one long record of blackness and error and God knows it has been, if I can lend a helping hand now and then to some poor fellow more unfortunate than I am, if I can make his burden lighter and his life a trifle happier then surely my life will not have been altogether in vain That's the principle I go on boy and it's not a bad one to follow either But to continue from the first time I knew him, the lad had a great liking for a young girl in the village up there He was constantly singing her praises and talking to me about her, so that I came to know her pretty well, I never saw her but once Joe had been up on the branch one day with a load of freight, and on his way back through the town had picked her up and brought her down to the junction Just for a ride, he laughingly told me but I knew better, the sly rascal had been telling about me and the little minx had taken this means to get a peep at the old man and make his acquaintance I heard 'em a coming up the track Joe was blowing for the switch, so I went out and threw her over and I was just getting my flag ready to let him know it was all right when he blew again and he kept on blowing all the way down I didn't know what to make of it at first and thought the boy must have gone crazy for there was my signal right there in plain sight, however, the mystery was soon explained As they shot past me onto the siding I saw a girl's face at the window She was running the engine and had one hand resting on the lever Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and she was laughing in great glee over my discomfiture Joe was standing close behind watching her with a proud glad light in his eyes, while his imp of a fireman, with soot begrimed face, was leering and grinning at me over the side of the tender As soon as they stopped she jumped down from the cab and walked back with Joe to where I was standing I recognized her at once from his many descriptions and we were soon the best of friends laughing and talking together as if we had known each other for years

Joe was proud of her I tell you and every time he glanced at me it was with a self confident air as much as to say that he was not far from wrong in praising her She was a handsome lass and no mistake She had the most wonderful hair I have ever seen It was black and glossy and fastened in a coil at the back of her shapely head while in front the stray locks hung in careless profusion over her broad, white forehead and above a pair of black laughing eyes that were never still

There lay her power, you could look right down into them they were deep deep and fascinating They were eyes that unless handled with care would play the devil with any man's heart but she was a good girl bright as she was pretty and possessed of a charming disposition My old heart went out to her at once and I could not help loving her just a little for Joe's sake and he, poor boy why, bless you lad, he loved every hair of her head

Well things ran along smoothly until the end of summer when I began to suspect that all was not right with Joe There was evidently something on his mind that was weighing down his usual buoyant spirits He went about like one in a dream he talked little and would sit here for hours at a time with his head resting on his hand brooding over some secret trouble while as for her he never so much as even mentioned her name now I tried in vain to reason with him, I coaxed him and threatened but all to no purpose I could do nothing with him one way or the other True he would occasionally make an effort for my sake I thought to brighten up a little and look as if nothing had happened but lord the contrast was so great between that and his usual light heartedness that it only made it all the more painful to me

The other lads had told me all the particulars and my poor heart ached for the boy I knew what it meant to a man who loved with his whole soul, the way Joe did and I feared for the consequences It was no child's play with him it was a matter of either life or death It seems that a fellow up there had been paying the girl considerable attention He was the son of a prosperous merchant handsome smart and fascinating but with a bad reputation I had heard of his doings, and knew that no good would ever come of his going with her Flattery and fine manners backed by wealth and social standing are powerful levers in the hands of unprincipled men and many a poor girl has been deceived and her life lessened by just such means

Well this scoundrel poisoned her mind in some way with his lying tongue against Joe until she finally dropped him altogether Joe was always a little sensitive and being naturally quick tempered and headstrong may possibly said more than he ought but anyway, that's where the trouble began You couldn't blame the girl poor thing It turned out afterward that she loved him all the time, but those women are queer creatures I never could understand one of them yet A man never could understand a woman anyway As for him" and the old man's eyes glowed with fierce anger, "I swore that if ever he crossed my path old man as I was I'd make him wish he'd never seen the day on which he was born Joe never went to the village now I asked him why he didn't go up and see the girl and have a talk with her "It would never do Tom, it would never do I might meet him" he answered and the words came slow and distinct while his fingers tightened convulsively "and it were best that he and I should never meet" Well things went on from bad to worse the boy was actually broken hearted I can't say that he neglected his work in any way but it was all done mechanically, absent-mindedly he had no heart in it I don't believe he knew what he was doing half the time, and it was dangerous very dangerous not only for him but for others Ordinarily he had the coolest head and the steadiest nerve of any man on the road but he wasn't himself now and I feared for his safety every time he hauled out The boys all noticed it too They liked Joe and favored him all they could but such things soon get to the ears of the bosses, and one day the rumor came that he was to be laid off and a new man put in his place To tell the truth I was glad of it I had tried in vain to get him to give up and go away somewhere for a change but he wouldn't listen to me at all Now, he would be obliged to go and I knew it would be the best thing for him as the rest would do him good This was pretty close onto the end of the month and one day he got orders from the superintendent to come down below and shove some freight up the track The grade is pretty steep from here to R—— ten miles above and whenever they get a heavy load on, it takes an extra engine to help them over Joe was sitting here when the word came

Suddenly he turned toward me with a strange light in his eyes a light I did not like and after gazing at me earnestly for a moment he said "Tom do you believe in dreams? Do you think there is any such thing as a presentiment of coming danger?" Now I'm willing to acknowledge that in common with most railroad men I am a little bit superstitious but thinking that Joe had something of the kind on his mind now I thought it my duty to try and laugh it out of him so I said as boldly as I could

"Why nonsense boy! no person in his right senses ever believes in such stuff, anyhow, it's all foolishness utter foolishness, and I don't know what you mean by such talk" "I mean just this" he continued, without once taking his eyes off mine "I had a strange dream last night My engine had jumped the track and caught me under it, under a mass of iron and steel with escaping steam on one side and a blazing fire box on the other Oh God it was terribly real I cried out in bitter agony and awoke trembling in every limb It makes me shudder even now to think of it and it will all come true Tom it will all come true I feel that it only foreshadows the approach of some great danger which I can neither prevent nor escape but I am ready for it ready and waiting I've courted death a thousand times and after what I've suffered Tom, it's welcome now in any form and the sooner it comes the better"

"Hush! boy you're not talking like yourself now and I won't listen to you," said I beginning to get a little provoked at him "If you keep on like that I shall begin to think you've clean gone mad, anyhow Throw off such nonsense and go about your work like a man The idea of a smart young fellow like you losing his head over a fool of a—"

"Have a care Tom! have a care how you speak of her" says he, all of a sudden breathing hard, while his eyes shone with a fierce glitter "or I shan't be accountable for what I do You've been a good friend to me and I don't want to hurt your feelings in any way if I can help it I don't deserve the kindness you've shown me, Tom, I don't deserve it, I'm not worthy of it but if things had gone different with me you'd never have had cause to regret it As for her" Tom and his voice grew husky with emotion "if ever you see her again tell her I loved her through it all Dear girl God grant she may never suffer as I have done I was really the one to blame She was too good a girl for a rough fellow like me and I ought never to have encouraged her I might have foreseen the consequences but I was blind blind to everything in my great love for her She was my idol, my queen, but it's all over now and I hope she may be happy As for me—Oh God!" he groaned, "will nothing ever quiet this throbbing heart and quench the raging seething furnace in my brain!" and he clasped both hands to his head and strode rapidly off toward his engine Well, I was scared I didn't quite like the looks of things, but I thought if I let him alone for awhile he might work it off and be all right again After he'd got about I went around to where his fireman was oiling up the machine and calling him off to one side out of earshot of the cab I said to him "See here Mike I want you to keep a sharp eye on Joe this trip he's not feeling just right and I'm afraid something may happen to him if he's not watched" "That's all right Tom I knows all about it he's wrong here" and he placed the tip of his dirty finger on his forehead "and all I got to say is that a man's a fool to lose his head over a girl like ——" "Never mind that" says I "but as I tell you and mark my words if any harm comes to the lad through your carelessness I'll make you pay for it and don't you forget it" Well the afternoon wore away and evening approached It was just such a night as this warm and pleasant and the stars were out so that I could distinguish objects at a great distance I knew Joe would be along soon for he was already overdue by some little time, so I lighted my lanterns and placing them here and there where they would be handy sat down to watch for him As the time passed and no sound of his whistle reached my ears I began to grow uneasy I couldn't understand it There was certainly nothing to detain him at R—— and he should have been back long ago I walked down to the track and listened—all was quiet—I could hear nothing The silence was ominous I even got down and put my ear to the rail but there wasn't the least sound or the slightest vibration I began to grow alarmed, I thought something had happened to the boy sure Suddenly it occurred to me that it was about time for the Montreal to be here I stepped quickly into the shanty and glanced at the little clock that hangs there by the door It lacked just thirty minutes of train time Well thinks I there's no use looking for him now he won't be fool enough to start back until the express goes by and even if he should attempt it the station agent at R—— would hold him for on a heavy thing, has to get out of the way of the regulars and give them a clean track as they always have the right of way Just then I heard a shout and looking out of the door I saw the telegraph operator running toward me from his little box of an office down the track there by the tavern

He was waving something in his hand and my first thought was of Joe "Tom for God's sake quick" he exclaimed as he rushed up and threw a message into my hand I snatched up my lantern and read "Joe is coming down the track wild Gave me the slip at R—— Stop him at the junction or all is lost! Jake—"

For an instant I was dazed completely stunned my worst fears were realized but I knew there was not a moment to lose and with the blood surging through my veins I seized my lanterns and rushed out into the night

Some of the boys were hurrying toward the shanty to see what was the matter, but without giving them time to inquire I thrust the lanterns into the hands of two of them and shouted—"Down the track for your life Jack and stop the express and you Ned up as far as you can and stop Joe on his way down." They were railroad men always ready for emergencies, and knew in a moment what was up so they started off on a run in opposite directions while I sprang to the switch The express was due here at any minute and already I could hear a far away whistle down the track, while in the north my practised eye caught the reflection against the dark sky of the blaze from the smoke stack or fire box of an engine which I knew must be Joe's but my God! what a head of steam he was carrying He was feeding his own furnace and running a race with death If the Montreal could only get here first, I thought I could run her on to the siding out of the way, but no I was too late Joe was already in sight wind I could along the track The express would surely stop, but would Joe? that was the question would he mind the signal or would he keep right on and rush headlong into the waiting train? No native I shuddered to think of it At the last moment I could turn the switch and throw him on the siding, the siding ends abruptly with a deep ditch on the further side at such a rate these thoughts flashed through my mind in the instant Oh God it was terrible And must I do it? Must I sacrifice my brave boy my poor Joe? Was there no help for it? I cried in bitter agony Down the track the man with the lantern had come to a standstill The express had seen the signal and was coming up slowly Up the track the other had taken his position directly in front of the rushing thundering locomotive that was sweeping down upon him and was swinging his lantern violently God grant he could stop him If Joe would only slow down I thought, perhaps Ned could jump on and wrest the throttle from him but it was one chance in a thousand Nearer and nearer came the engine The man in front sprang quickly to one side The critical moment had arrived I clung to the switch with both hands and strained my eyes peering through the gloom Suddenly there was a burst of steam a roar and a shower of sparks He had reversed the engine God be praised! he had seen the signal and was slowing down The impetus however still carried him along

The man with the lantern dashed it to one side and was chasing down the track after him Would he catch him? The engine had almost come to a standstill A few leaps more and he would be in a cab Oh! how earnestly I prayed that he might be successful I could just distinguish his form in the darkness He had one foot on the step now and was about to spring aboard when there came a rush of steam, the engine jumped her length and the man was rolling in the ditch beside the road Joe had seen him and in his delirium had thrown the throttle wide open, and was coming down the track at a terrible speed I could see the ponderous machine swing from side to side in its headlong rush and my brain grew dizzy I reeled and would have fallen had not both hands been glued to the switch in a vice-like grip God be merciful, I groaned The men yelled to me to run for my life, to get away from there—Never! I would die there first They laid hold of me and would have dragged me back, but I fought them off I was wild I was desperate I wanted to die there with Joe, my Joe, my poor brave boy It would have been a mercy to me then but God in his infinite wisdom had ordered otherwise and it was not to be

I scarcely know what happened It was quicker than words can tell A great engine sprang past me on the siding There was a sad, pale face in the cab A calm, sad face, but the brown eyes that I loved shone with a strange unearthly light as he gazed down on me One look and that was all but boy," and the old man's voice dropped to a whisper "it was a look from the other world, a look that burned so deep into my brain that were I to live a thousand years I could never root it out There was one terrific roar an explosion, and all was over I was knocked down deafened and stunned Kind hands picked me up and laid me here, and it was some time before I came to my senses when I did I got onto my feet with difficulty and tottered feebly toward the wreck I was going to find Joe but the boys stopped me and led me gently away They had found him pinned under a fragment of the fire box torn and crushed beyond recognition and thought it best that I should not see him And perhaps they were right My poor old brain could not have stood the strain upon it and it were better that I should remember him as I had known him in the past but it was terrible to think of being separated in such a manner and never to see my boy again—my poor Joe I've never been the same man since The blow struck too hard Young fellows like you soon forget a grief you outgrow it It simply ruffles the surface for a moment like a ripple on the water and is gone but with men like me, whose loves are strong, death only makes them stronger and the griefs the harder to bear

The boys felt pretty bad over Joe's sad death for he was a favorite with them all They draped their engines in black and went about with sorrowful faces for many a day, but now comes the strangest part of the whole story—the girl up there do you know was almost broken hearted when she heard the news she cried and took on so they could hardly do anything with her I knew it She loved Joe all the time and now that he was gone she refused to be comforted It was too bad and poor girl I felt sorry for her She suffered deeply enough for her part in the matter and insisted on taking all the blame upon herself She's living up here yet and comes down to see me once in a while and we have some good visits together She's taking a great interest in me and has done a great deal toward brightening my lonely life The lads all like her too and they tell me that of all the graves up there on the hillside not one is more frequently visited or more carefully watched over than Joe's

As for the lying scoundrel who was at the bottom of the whole affair, she refused to have anything to do with him whatever after the accident and he left the town And it was well for him that he did for the boys all had a sort of bitter grudge against him and there might have been trouble had he staid He's gone now, nobody knows where and may my curse go with him and follow him"

"Here comes Tom!" I interrupted as the sound of a whistle reached my ears and the headlight of the Montreal express swung into view far down the track I stepped out from the shanty and Tom followed with his lantern "Don't stand so near boy" he continued "the suction will draw you under" On she came The rumbling increased to a roar The track shown like two silver threads before them and I could see the glittering pistons churn back and forth in the heated cylinders with lightning like rapidity as the huge machine with its Cyclopean eye swept toward us It was a thrilling sight We instinctively drew back A flash a blur of lights and faces and they were gone, while we were smothered up in a whirl of steam smoke and cinders I caught sight of the dark form of the engineer crouching in the dim light of the cab, with head and shoulders protruding from the window, and his skull cap drawn tightly down over his eyes to keep out the sparks that were falling in showers around him, while another dark form was shoveling coal into the open mouth of the furnace I watched them disappear in the distance then I turned to bid my friend good night, the old man was weeping bitterly

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Brooklyn, N Y now has 700 000 population.

Comfort in Traveling.

When a man now slips off his stiff Derby hat or his straw hat in the cars and fits a black or gray silk cap to his head a woman can start from home with the soft hat made of the same material as her traveling suit, or of mohair or pongee made over a soft frame called in the turban shape or like a fez As it is covered with a veil, it's not distinguishable from a bonnet and is vastly more comfortable for the head Naps can be taken without removing it it can be stowed flat in a traveling bag when a more pretentious bonnet is to be worn Veils are now used more to protect the hair and collar from dust than to cover the face and eyes They are warm affair when they are worn over the whole face Convenient eye glasses of smoked glass not only protect the eyes from the glare, but from cinders also and are essential on long journeys by train Riding backward with the seat turned over the contrary way to the direction you are going also is an escape from cinders On a sailing excursion do not wear a dark veil blue or brown it will make you hotter and will help to burn the face A white net veil or a light gray grenadine serve a better purpose on boats and trains

The traveler needs foods and nerve stimulants much more than quantities of heavy food, and there is no sense in eating a heavy meal with a digestion ill shaken and demoralized with jarring and fatigue A flask of claret and biscuits the appetizing form known as fruit biscuits is better than the 'square meals If a lunch basket is taken a bottle of cold tea, with milk and sugar or coffee ditto, provided that the coffee is good, will be found most refreshing Egg biscuits are dry affairs, but they are most nourishing, and with some kind of fruit such as can be procured on most trains you can make a light meal, which is the desideratum If only the time would come when the train boys would bring in fresh radishes and crisp lettuce instead of withered oranges and wilted apples, they could make their fortunes by selling such things, and raspberries with Georgia peaches at this time ought to refresh the traveler instead of the customary banana When the train boy is a hundred years old perhaps he will learn these things Also egg sandwiches with good butter and bread, would be all seized upon by passengers, who will not venture on hard ham or doubtful corn beef Nobody wants to eat salt meats on a journey, though there is a new fashion of eating a lemon with salt instead of sugar, that is much enjoyed by its devotees In suffering from train nausea, for some people are as sea sick on a long railway ride as ever at sea, if the conductor can furnish a glass of hot water, scalding hot to drink this is better than smelling salts As a relief from the grime of travel and to make a pleasant freshness a bottle of cologne or lavender water, carried in the traveling bag with a large pocket-handkerchief for a towel, to wash the face and neck, is comfortable A pocket of saleratus is invaluable on a journey, to carry for bathing tired feet after a long tramp or a long ride The feet grow is fatigued by their long inactivity and constrained position in a railway car as by much walking It is a nerve fatigue, but a sprinkle of saleratus in the bathing water will remove this A bottle of aromatic hartshorn serves a double and treble purpose It is good to relieve the skin from the effects of perspiration added to the water in the wash bowl it is good for upset nerves oppression and headache from indigestion or fatigue. It is also good to apply to bites whether spider, mosquito or other nameless insects though instead of ammonia you may carry a new mixture of carbolic acid and rose water This any druggist can put up and the proportions for it are not given here, because the strength of carbolic acid differs in different preparations of it This mixture is also good in the bathing water A tiny pack of solitaire cards takes up next to no room in a traveling bag and is a good resource against the tedium of a long ride The traveler who reads, and is always reading sees nothing of the country or the people and adds to the strain on the eye nerves, which dust and long jarring are apt to cause You cannot talk much in the cars or will not if you are wise for the pitch of voice required to overcome the rattle and noise cannot be kept up without an effort Conversation and long reading being under ban solitaire cards or cribbage are a good resource The pencils as they are called of peppermint or camphor with their thimble like covers are most convenient and refreshing as a stimulant to sniff at when you have a cold in the head symptoms of hay fever, or what might be called car fever from the dust

A whisk in the hand bag if your traveling suit is of light flannel is as good a duster as is now worn and linen dusters are heavy and lose their freshness so easily that they cannot be recommended for long journeys A lap cover of linen which can be folded squarely into small compass when you leave the train answers every purpose of protecting the dress if drawn up around the waist The veil crossed behind and knotted loosely around the throat should keep the collar fresh but even better than a stiff linen collar is a silk handkerchief white or any other that will wash It can be rinsed out each night on a journey if you stop or whenever it becomes soiled with the dust and moisture of the skin, and all gritty dust can be shaken out of it, keeping it always fresh

If part of long journeys is to be taken in a sleeping car in warm weather it is a comfort to carry a short cambric saque and a pair of slippers, which will leave the occupant of the 'make up' compartment ready dressed for any accident or emergency, and yet sufficiently disrobed for comfortable sleep

In daylight traveling some ladies who are unprovided with the soft caps above mentioned, remove their bonnets and tie red or blue silk handkerchief round their heads like a bandana turban Red and blue kerchiefs make a picturesque addition to the traveling dress and a sensible elderly lady carries a black lace like nubia of nice wool in her bag for such use, instead of wearing constantly a stiff straw bonnet The best overall cloak is of light mohair, which does not soil like the cooler pongee There is a convenient round hand bag of waterproof cloth which packs like a little valise, or folds up like a pocket handkerchief, in which you can stow most of these traveling conveniences —Philadelphia Ledger

Little Peter.

Frank M Collier writes from Meridian giving his recollection of an old occurrence, never before mentioned in print that reminds one of the Charles McComas case Several years ago a squad of eight Indians came into Comanche county near Jones Barbee's ranch, on Resley's creek A negro was out some half a mile from the house unhobbling some horses The Indians ran upon him, and lanced him in several places The negro said "Dey kill me for awhile, and de Injuns tink I was dead for good, but I wasn't I played 'possum on em and dey didn't skulp dis nigger shore" After the Indians left the negro got up and went to the house minus the horses and reported to Massa Barbee "hat his hosses was gone an' nigger too almost The Indians after leaving the negro passed on down the valley and coming upon John Beene and a negro killed both men

Peter C Johnson and his little son Peter C then in his tenth year had been to Waco to purchase family supplies, and were returning home and after passing Meridian peak some 1 200 the Indians surrounded the wagon killed Uncle Peter and captured little Peter, rifled the wagon and struck out up the Bosque valley In the meantime a scout from Resley's creek and Leon valley had hurriedly taken the trail On the Clear Fork of the Brazos from some cause unknown, the Indians dropped little Peter taking his coat, hat and socks, leaving him with nothing on but his shirt and pants fifty or seventy five miles from the nearest ranch in the month of January with nothing to subsist upon and no means of procuring any, and liable to be devoured at any moment by hungry wolves He had wandered from the trail and the scout in pursuit had failed to find him, but in this as in many other instances Providence apparently provided for the helpless

Little Peter lived five days and nights without a single bite to eat save grass roots On the evening of the sixth day he was found by a company of cow hunters that Bill Keith had sent out to make a round up The little fellow had found the cattle and had remained with them, thinking perchance he could procure milk from some of the cows, but in this he failed, the cows being too wild, but the cow hunters found him in time to revive and save him A cold, drizzling norther was blowing at the time and the little fellow would evidently have frozen to death during the night that ensued When brought to Cora a few days after his being found he was the poorest object imaginable a mere skeleton The writer of this sketch took him in his arms and carried him around over the town, and procured a present of $1 from every man in town. —Fort Worth Gazette

The Luxury of Grief.

In one of the most crowded tenement house districts a funeral was in progress a day or two ago, when a reporter passed by Twenty four coaches, a hearse and florist's wagon stood near at hand From the last named vehicle men were busy carrying various floral devices into the house The thousand windows that lined the street on either side were full of heads, and the heads were full of eyes Thinking some one of local celebrity at least was about to be carried to his long home, the reporter approached the undertaker who stood in the doorway, and asked

"Was the deceased a ward politician or is this a society funeral?

"Neither It is a private affair and the dead man was only a plumber's helper

"But these broken columns these floral pillows and harps this numerous assemblage of coaches surely they are—

"The luxury of grief" said the undertaker, interrupting "It is the poor man who has the largest funeral It is what he lives for He goes with plain clothes eats coarse food and lives in crowded tenements all that he may have a large show when he dies The importance of a certain class of people is measured by their ability to bury their dead relations in style Here is a case for instance I do not suppose the dead man ever earned more than $2 a day while his funeral will cost $250 I do not like to charge so much but if I don't do it some one else will

"Then big funerals—costly ones I mean—are a common thing among the poor?

"Very, especially the poor Irish and Italians They want the best make of coffins Only solid silver plates will do for some of them, while in the matter of coaches they must have one for every family they have ever known I have furnished funerals for parties for which I had to charge $250 when I knew the people were so poor that they never had meat more than once a week They desire to eclipse their neighbors in show If one person comes to me and I furnish him fifteen coaches his neighbor will not be content with less than twenty, and so it goes The poor laborer and mechanic is the best customer the florist and undertaker has They always want a big show, and they pay cash for what they get I remember going over to the almshouse on the island one day, and among the inmates was an old woman who came and spoke to me She called me by name and seemed to know me very well, so I asked her how she knew me and what her name was Imagine my surprise when she told me I had buried her son less than three months before that time But it was true, and for that son's funeral she had paid on nearly $300 and yet here she was, a pauper Priests have committed to their trust immense sums for burial purposes by people so poor that they cannot buy coal except by the pail It's strange and sad but still, for all that it's true, —New York Mail and Express

A New Generation of Voters —How swiftly time flies It seems but yesterday when Meade and Lee were locked in battle at Gettysburg to those who shared the agony of suspense that then prevailed throughout the land, but Mr Hensel, of the Lancaster Intelligencer, stated a startling and obvious truth when he said, in his recent address before the editorial association at Gettysburg, that "the great presidential struggle now pending will be decided by the votes of men born since the memorable events of 1863 that took place here" A new generation of voters has been born and grown to citizenship since the battle of Gettysburg and they are now strong enough to decide a national contest Truly, the war will soon be a matter of history as it is now to all the students of the world —Philadelphia Times

In China, children are sometimes cremated from superstitious reasons Where several young children in a family have died in succession it is believed that if one is cremated the next one born will survive. There is only one Buddhist temple in which the inmates are cremated The simple method consists in placing the body in a stone seat inside a small dome like building, in the temple grounds The interior of this structure communicates with the open air by a small door Around the body a quantity of firewood and charcoal is placed, this is set on fire and the door is closed until complete combustion has taken place The bones are collected and placed in a jar, which is kept in a mortuary chapel

Forest Grove, one of the towns oldest in Oregon, has never had a saloon, and there are none within three miles.

Fortunes in Honey.

"While California is the great bee-ranching or honey making region in the world owing to the excellence of its climate and the endless variety of its honey-yielding flowers, the quality of its honey does not excel, even if it equals, that of the honey made in New York state," said a wholesale dealer

"One of the most extensive bee culturists in this or any other country," he continued, "is Captain Hetherington, whose apiaries along the Cherry Valley Creek in Schoharie county annually turn out over 100 000 pounds of the choicest honey It takes nine men and two steam saw mills five weeks to prepare the lumber for the boxes in which the honey is made by his bees Nearly 150 000 panes of glass, about 6 inches square, are used in these boxes Captain Hetherington has at work this season nearly 2500 swarms of bees These are not all on his own premises, but are scattered among the orchards and fields of farmers along the creek to whom he pays a rent for the privilege of his bees working in the clover, buckwheat or whatever blossoms are in season on the farms The care of these bees does not fall upon the owner of the land Captain Heatherington keeps men and teams constantly employed in looking out for them He has received as much as $25,000 for one season's crop

"Another large York state bee keeper is C B Isham, of Peoria Up to 1879 there was no market in England for American honey The English dealers would not handle it and the periodicals devoted to the interests of bee-keepers in that country cried it down in every possible way The reason for this was that they knew the superiority of American honey, both in flavor and appearance, over the British article, and were aware that if it was once introduced in London, it would be a great blow to the trade in the home supply There was a smart Yankee named Hoge working for a grocery in this city and he assured his employers that, if they would give him the commission, he would manage to place American honey on the English market A large lot of Isham's honey, which the firm was then handling, was packed, just as it came from the hives and Hoge was sent to London with it He found he needed all his Yankee ingenuity and acuteness, for he met with universal opposition among the dealers He labored with them for weeks to no purpose In conversation one day with the proprietor of the hotel at which he stopped the latter told Hoge that if he could manage to have his honey introduced on the table of Queen Victoria it would solve the problem at once, for if she was pleased with it she would communicate to Hoge through the Lord Steward This communication once made public would make American honey the fashion in England

"A former Lord Steward was a friend of the hotel keeper, and was at that time engaged largely in the manufacture and sale of pickles This man the landlord introduced to Hoge They dined together Hoge gave the pickle man an immense order for his goods to be sent to the American grocer More wine followed, and before the ex Lord Steward went away he promised to use his influence to have the American's honey introduced on the royal table He succeeded in inducing the then Lord Steward Sir John Cowell, to accept a box of the honey for the Queen and serve it on her table The queen was so delighted with the honey that she directed the Lord Steward to present her thanks to the donor to order a supply of ten cases at once and to keep a supply of American honey constantly on the royal table

"Hoge lost no time in making this communication public The consequence was that the opinion of American honey changed at once, and Hoge came back to New York secretly laughing at the Britishers but rejoicing over an order for 500 000 pounds of American honey for the English market, which he carried in his pockets The demand for it has increased ever since, and the trade that was started in New York state is now largely shared by the California product

"In California there are no long winters, with dearth of flowers, through which the bees must be fed by artificial means and in the month of almost every canon there is a bee ranch or apiary The bee keeper of the Pacific coast is not beset by as many difficulties as confront his eastern brother, and he grows indolent and rich from the labor of his ever industrious brown winged servants These bee ranches are models of neatness and comfort, and the business is so light pleasant and profitable, and requires so little capital at the start, that it is fast becoming the leading industry in many localities on the coast You see men, women and children who own extensive bee ranches, among them being many who are physically unable to attend to business requiring active superintendance There is a constant buzzing of wings in these canons caused by the endless goings and comings of the bees and the burden of honey they carry collectively is so great that the air is perpetually filled with the fragrance of the fields"

"Why do we never see red clover honey advertised?" inquired the reporter

"For the simple reason that there is never any made by honey bees There is no blossom so rich in stores of sweetness as the red clover blossom, as every schoolboy whose privilege it is to pluck them and suck their nectar well knows But the honey bee never collects it, because it can not The corolla tube of the red clover is so deep and small that the bee can not reach the honey The bee knows this, and if you will think a moment, you will remember that you never saw a hive bee on a red clover blossom They do not waste their time in efforts to obtain sweets that are beyond their reach But the bumble bee levies tribute on every red clover field in his bailiwick As smart as the hive bee is, it has yet to learn a trick that is as old as the hills to its gigantic and more stupid seeming cousin When the bumble bee lights on a head of red clover he punctures a hole in the base of the corolla and thrusting in his tongue sucks out the nectar Unfortunately this big clumsy bee is not much of a honey maker You might rob a score of bumble bee nests and not obtain a quarter of a pound of honey, and besides, his nests are few and far between Consequently we will have to wait until the hive bee learns to drill into the blossom to get the nectar before we can have red clover honey for our waffles."—N Y Sun

Robert Haberton Terrell one of the seven commencement orators of the graduating class of over 200 at Yale, is a colored man, twenty-seven years old and was born a slave in Virginia.

A western farmer, being left in charge of his baby, nailed a box to the plow team, and in this the little fellow was carried during the day's plowing.

A firm in Epernay offered prizes for the best five poems on champagne They received eleven hundred replies

The Daily Ore[illegible]
SUNDAY MORNING AU[illegible]

THE COTTIER PATENT

United States Circuit Court [illegible]

FRIDAY Aug [illegible]

William T. Cottier, Joseph F [illegible] Williams, vs Susan A [illegible] Stimson.. No 308 [illegible] Infringement of pa[illegible]

(1) NOTICE OF SPECIAL MATTER [illegible] Notice of special matter to an [illegible] fringement of a patent is not [illegible] stead of being put in the answer [illegible] on the adverse party

(2) SPECIAL PLEA IN ACTION [illegible] Special matters which may b[illegible] under the general issue and a not [illegible] may also be pleaded specially [illegible] must conform to the Code of O P[illegible]

(3) THE EASTMOND PATENT [illegible] 11, 1876 Neither the Holt paten[illegible] dated February 10 1874 n[illegible] "A Tr[illegible] ation," written by Lewis W Lee[illegible] John Wiley & Sons New York [illegible] the invention of Albert [illegible] application for a patent [illegible] "Improvement in Ventilation wa[illegible]

(4) DAMAGES The amount [illegible] and paid for the use of the in[illegible] manufacture of [illegible] patent ther for

DEADY, J.

This action is brought [illegible] the infringement [illegible] for an "improvement in [illegible] water closets" applied [illegible] on September 22 187[illegible] 1876, to said Eastmond and [illegible] ism T Cottier

The case was heard by [illegible] jury, on the amended complaint [illegible] thereto and the reply The an[illegible] plea of "not guilty" and noti[illegible] ing "special matters" as provi[illegible] the R S (1) That the alleged [illegible] previously patented to Jared H[illegible] 10, 1874, by letters No 147[illegible] was previously described in a [illegible] titled "A Treatise on Ventilati[illegible] Lewis W Leeds and published [illegible] 1871; and (3) That a like appar[illegible] of ventilation was previousl[illegible] known and used at differen[illegible] United States and Europ[illegible] only offered as to two instance[illegible] year 1871, on the southeast cor[illegible] in Portland, by J H Drummo[illegible] Carson; and in the year 18[illegible] Fond du Lac, Wisconsin by L[illegible]

The answer also contains tw[illegible] to the effect (1) That the [illegible] "constructed specimens" of th[illegible] tion without marking them [illegible] without notifying the defe[illegible] alleged infringement, and (2) [illegible] invention was not useful at the [illegible] duction by the said Eastmond [illegible]

Both the pleas and notice [illegible] country," as if an issue was [illegible] And in their replication the [illegible] this supposed issue by the c[illegible] —and "the plaintiff doth the [illegible] proceed to controvert each [illegible] notice.

The notice is not a plea but [illegible] substitute for one, and needs [illegible] no part of the answer and ough[illegible] been served on the adverse pa[illegible] matters contained in it could [illegible] dence under the general issue [illegible] And these matters might have [illegible] special pleas, without otherwi[illegible] of them, and that is the better [illegible] harmony with the system [illegible] cribed by the code

As the two special pleas or d[illegible] under the code they need not [illegible] to the country, and as they [illegible] matter which did not make a [illegible] allegation in the complaint t[illegible] have so concluded, even at o[illegible] with a verification— and th[illegible] ready to verify

The plea of not guilty put[illegible] leged acts of the defendants [illegible] infringement of the letters pat[illegible] argument it was practically a[illegible] water-closet of the defendants [illegible] ment in form and operation [illegible] patent; and that they are not [illegible] damages therefor unless the [illegible] maintain the other defenses [illegible] some one of them.

The last plea—that the in[illegible] useful—was abandoned on th[illegible] the defense is now confined t[illegible] the plaintiffs to mark the art[illegible] "patented, the anticipation [illegible] patent by the Holt patent [illegible] ventilation, and the prior kn[illegible] of the invention by Squires [illegible] as to all these the burden of p[illegible] defendant—the patent to Eas[illegible] being admitted and also that [illegible] the due and lawful assignees [illegible] this county.

In the specification upon [illegible] mond patent issued it is stated [illegible] has proven that when a wate[illegible] tightly upon a vault and to [illegible] form a continuous and du[illegible] chamber between the walls [illegible] vault to the roof, with a hood [illegible] the peak of the latter a curre[illegible] downward into the vault thr[illegible] the seat and thence upward [illegible] chamber and out at the ex[illegible] the air in the closet pure [illegible] claims therein as his inventio[illegible]

"(1) The application of a d[illegible] the vault A between the [illegible] covering of a water closet [illegible] the exterior atmosphere for [illegible] keeping the water closet pure [illegible]

(2) A double wall pr[illegible] vault so that no air can e[illegible] through the holes in the [illegible] whereby the atmosphere [illegible] pure by means of a [illegible] through the holes [illegible] the double wall of [illegible] substantially as described

The fresh air comes in at [illegible] as it is drawn down into the [illegible] ries with it and draws [illegible] halations and odors from th[illegible] keeps the chamber of the cl[illegible]

The explanation of [illegible] this phenomenon [illegible] that decomposi[illegible] the vault, which [illegible] rarification of the [illegible] therein, into which [illegible] But however this may be [illegible] case that the result is prod[illegible] struction of a watercloset [illegible] dicated

Holt's invention is styled [illegible] "an improvement on privy [illegible] consists in a privy house [illegible] with double walls so as t[illegible] chamber or passage from [illegible] opening in the roof [illegible] in the "outer casing" below [illegible] admission of fresh air into t[illegible] claims as his invention

"The outer casing B having [illegible] ings E for the admission [illegible] the vault in combination wi[illegible] interior chamber [illegible] arranged [illegible] ventilating passages [illegible] the purpose specified

The successful working [illegible] assumes that a more or less [illegible] in the vault from natural [illegible] the fresh air from with[illegible] upward and outward [illegible]

But these inventions are [illegible] they are radically different [illegible] and result In Holt's pa[illegible] admitted below the seat an[illegible] ventilating the chamber [illegible] have the effect in some [illegible] foul air up through the [illegible] the chamber [illegible] tween the walls [illegible] mix with the [illegible] and rendered so much [illegible] rises into the chamber but [illegible]

Counsel for defendant [illegible] downward draft of air in the [illegible] is only an extended [illegible] ward draft of the Holt [illegible] not a patentable invention [illegible] Eyer, 91 U S 150 and [illegible] In the former of these cas[illegible] is no new invention to use [illegible] a new purpose and the re[illegible] in the form and proport[illegible] ments of a refrigerator so as [illegible] ascending instead of the [illegible] endlessly circulating air was [illegible] of such refrigerator In the [illegible] that a patent for an appar[illegible] fish and other articles in a [illegible] means of a freezing mixture [illegible] with the atmosphere of the pr[illegible] covered nothing but a doubl[illegible] known ice-cream freezer

But in this case a draft [illegible] vacuum, which is not patent [illegible] used by any one is applied [illegible] patent to the [illegible] of [illegible] peculiar and essentially differ[illegible] that in the Holt and so far [illegible] very different results

Objection is made to the [illegible] book entitled "A Treatise on [illegible] cause it does not appear to h[illegible] lication," within the meanin[illegible] and if was admitted subject [illegible] It is a book of 226 pages a[illegible] the second edition of two [illegible] tures delivered on the subject of [illegible] Lewis W. Leeds, before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia. By the title-page it appears to have been printed by "John Wiley & Son, New York, 1871," who style themselves "Publishers" But there is no other evidence than what is furnished by this copy that the work was ever on sale or in circulation [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING AUGUST 3 1884

THE SPORTSMAN

A great injury has resulted in the physical education of youth from confounding the terms sporting man and sportsman Many parents have been unwilling that their boys should become sportsmen because of their very pronounced dislike of sporting men A sporting man is a haunter of all places of questionable resort He dabbles in betting books [illegible] and sells [illegible] at races He knows nothing of the sport to which he pretends to patronize beyond [illegible] palature A horse trot is not to him an exhibition of animal spirit and physical endurance, a dexterous piece of jugglery by which money is won He is a patron of the [illegible] cockpit to whose idea of a good [illegible] is indispensable This equivocal [illegible] regarded by many as a sportsman [illegible] many have been deterred from [illegible] real sportsman's craft by [illegible] [illegible] wool

But [illegible] sportsman is a gentleman usually [illegible] deportment a lover of [illegible] [illegible] and of the study of nature in general He loves not [illegible] for the sake of killing The power which is given to man over all beasts is a sacred trust wielded by him in the gentlest manner That the lower animals should die a sudden death may be accepted as a requirement in their existence which is again an undoubted necessity to humanity A more painful supposition could not be made than what the result would be were they permitted to lie down and die in our midst of wounds, disease or old age The true sportsman, viewing sport in its higher aspects delights to see his game fall instantaneously and is grieved should it wounded escape to die unfound His bag of game or basket of fish is valued chiefly as an accessory to the health giving exercise and the diversion which he seeks in the open air He will tell you after returning from a half day on a mountain stream, with a light basket of trout, that he feels paid for his time and labor and is just as anxious to repeat the exercise as if he had returned with his basket full It is the fresh pure air the prime necessity of a healthy state of existence the exhilaration of spirits which comes from the quickened process of combustion by which the used up atoms of the body are burned up and removed which leads the sportsmen over the hills and beside the streams rather than the pecuniary value of the fish and game

The true sportsman has always an amusement to turn to by which the course of his thoughts is completely changed, his mind relaxed and his body re strung The return of the fishing season provides for him intense bodily and spiritual enjoyment After months of duty in its dull routine, especially if it has involved care or controversy, he repairs to the forest and stream and there finds in their quiet gentle, changeless beauty, a balm and a joy Devotion to the sports of the field in their noblest character is one of the features peculiar to the British race Ralph Waldo Emerson in his English Traits shows how this race has become prepared for the conquest of the earth through that combination of moral mental and physical qualities which characterize the sportsman He says of the English people

They have a vigorous health and last well into middle and old age The old men are as red as roses and still handsome They have more constitutional energy than any other people They think, with Henry Quatre that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives one nature ascendency over another or, with the Arabs that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life As soon as he can handle a gun hunting is the fine art of every English man of condition They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed Every season turns out the aristocracy into the country to hunt and fish The more vigorous run out of the island to Europe, to America to Asia to Africa to Australia to hunt with fury by gun by trap by harpoon, by lasso with dog with horse with elephant with dromedary all the game that is in nature These men have written the game books of all countries as Hawker Scope Moray Herbert Maxwell Cummings and a host of travelers

The great importance of the preservation and increase of fish and game to our people is in the opportunity and inducement to enter upon the sport which all classes of Americans need The farmer's boy never becomes so tired at his work in the field that he does not find relaxation and rest in "going a fishing" Our business men students and professional men would live longer and do more work if they would go out once a week, through the season and catch fish enough for breakfast There is something humanizing in the craft One will always find in the true disciple of the rod and gun no matter how rough his exterior something attractive some touch of nature that makes the whole world akin " Old Isaac Walton thought the true angler must be a pious man and the devout fisherman cannot fail to have an experience like that which Dr Bethune describes in his preface to Walton and Cottons angler, where he says "I trust I have drunk enough of the old angler's spirit, not to let such pastime break in upon better things, but on the other hand I have worked the harder, from thankfulness to Him who taught the brook to wind with musical gurglings as it rolls on to the great sea."

There are a very few ministers of undoubted power in this age who can say with Mr Spurgeon "In theology I stand where I did when I began preaching If ever I did such things I could preach my earliest sermons now without change so far as the essential doctrines are concerned I stand almost where Calvin stood in his maturer years " It is very remarkable that a man can preach the number of years covered by Spurgeon's ministry and make all his pulpit discourses consistent Even Calvin did not do this Spurgeon cannot come within the application of Emerson's rule that consistency is the vice of small minds because the power of the great Baptist is his personal influence upon the ordinary man and not his theology He is not a scholar but a powerful pleader with the masses He was recently asked by an editor if he noticed any change in the belief of eternal punishment in his church and he replied that he did not which shows how well he has succeeded in leading his people out of the whirlpool of polemics into the field of hard missionary and Christian work

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A few weeks ago a young woman received the degree of master of arts from the University of London the first that had been conferred upon any one of her sex in the country Now it is announced that a Miss Bryant whose name is familiar to London educationalists has just taken the degree of doctor of science at the same institution, after a searching examination in mental and moral science The high honor which this woman has attained may be understood from the fact that no papers set by the examining board, constituting this university, or those of any other institution in the country are so severe a test of scholarship or ability as those for the doctor of science degree Only one other candidate, and he a Hindoo student, can thus far boast of sharing the honor with Mrs. Bryant.

THE FUZZ ON THE PEACH

The real old style gentleman always seems to make excursions from his own house out into the world or into the town or the city street as a baron from his hall fully equipped for whatever the day might demand of him socially or in a business way We can but admire the thought of him as he appeared so clean well dressed so polished and so completely harnessed that no one ever caught him with any thing awry in his makeup And yet he never seemed to think anything about either himself or his clothes He could not be disconcerted or made to feel uncomfortable and never gave the least sign of appearing to know what was worn by any one else So far as could be guessed, the oldstyle gentleman was born so Of course it makes him better than no one else it is nothing to his credit that no one saw him make any part of his toilet he is no better for being so completely one in flesh blood and clothes But there is a charm about it after all there is a personal advantage in being always complete enough in appearance so that the observer or whoever may come in contact can have naught but the personality to remember

The loud young man and for that matter the loud old man lives so much in the glare of the street that no interest can possibly attach to him It is of no consequence it is but the idlest sort of comment to note it but it is a fact that modern life too much is made public The bloom or fuzz on a peach or plum is but a small matter yet whenever it happens to be rubbed off by the most idle handling not all the wealth of Indus can put it back

How much you live in public remarked a fine old fellow who was in Portland not long ago Really said he I come down in the morning, and through an open door I see my acquaintance of last night taking his before-breakfast appetizer which I took in my bed room go out a step and see another friend through a wide open window lying back in a chair being shaved so near the sidewalk that I might touch him and a little further on is my third friend sitting squarely on the sidewalk in a high chair with trousers turned up and to my surprise, he raises his hat to a lady friend as she passes I can but reflect that this is too much of a good thing I bathe shave, dress and brush myself and walk forth thinking it but a trifling start in my day's experience while my friend must go through a dozen hands and waste half his time in preparing to begin the day while perhaps his lady love sees him with his mouth full of lather or with trousers turned up and sitting upon some main thoroughfare as common as the adjacent lithograph of a prize fighter

It is all right, of course in a free country and in muddy times it is very handy to have some one at call to clean and polish and brush but it somehow it takes the romance out of life to see too much of the toilet We sleep and eat and dress and go abroad and every one knows of the little personal necessities, yet we prefer to think of individuals as entirely separate from the daily bath and makeup Perhaps it is half the charm and fascination of the well dressed lady that we know nothing of her methods She sits not upon the highway to have her pretty boots blacked no public chiffonier lays the braids and bands of her shining hair no public waiter rodeved from the night before opens her boiled eggs by a staring restaurant window She came upon the scene of life for the day fresh bright well set and blooming and we know nothing of the how or why With the modern man it is different There is no pretty mystery there is no secret of the dressing room no full fledged appearance good for all day Perhaps it is just as well I may be but one natural remove from the going in swimming that we all thought nothing of in boyhood but somehow the old style gentleman always the same with no furbishing on the open street has much that we are bound to admire

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The dispatch sent to President Arthur by the queen of England with respect to the Greely rescue was an expression of international friendship But it was greatly more than that It was a tender manifestation of sincere sympathy with the American people in their joy at the rescue and of compassionate participation in their sorrow for the fate of those who perished of hunger before succor came It has been suggested that as the Alert was a present from the British government for the purpose of assisting in the search for the Greely party it is now incumbent upon us to return the vessel with appropriate ceremonies It was only as a courtesy in the name of humanity that it was possible to accept the gift at all Now that the humane work is accomplished the only proper disposition of the vessel is to restore the gift with the thanks of the American people The ceremonies attending such restoration would be more honorable to us as a nation than a hundred victories won at sea

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A Frenchman who has recently visited Switzerland tells the story of a young Swiss lady, who at a certain table d'hote refused to take any intoxicating drink because she had "signed " Noticing the look of amazed inquiry on the Frenchman's face at her announcement she acquainted him with the meaning of the term, and induced him to glance at the statistics of the Swiss temperance society which showed that up to December the society, which had only been formed very recently, counted no fewer than 2881 members, 1470 of whom were men 997 women, and the rest children Such self abnegation the Frenchman has never found at home, for France although sober if considered as a country, is not a land of temperance societies nor is she improving in this respect The Parisian of 1830 consumed 100 liters of wine every year the present generation drinks more than twice the quantity, and the five litres of beer and other liquors have increased to 11

The following samples of the spelling of a man who was graduated with honors at Harvard college last June are taken by the Boston *Herald* from his examination papers Prepairing ordenary bounderies descent (decent) clasic immence, icolate comerce cheepness cituated cristeline poluted temperature satisfactorally frecky gases, valey Tindel (Tyndall) Humbolt surage (sewerage) week (weak), boaring (boring) emminant (eminent) allom orrange dycotele lous (dicotyledonous) deterates (deteriorates) sulphor stratafication cleevage, clevage, pebles, Apanines This illustrates the evils of the modern method of hurrying through the elementary branches and devoting the chief attention to the advanced studies Children should be thoroughly trained in studies which involve the exercise of the memory while that faculty is most active as it usually is in childhood, and then they will have the foundation laid for the higher departments of learning

Mr Henry C Pedder, who recently robbed his employers, Arnold and Constable of New York city of the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars is an Englishman and was educated abroad for the ministry, but he changed his mind on coming to this country in 1866 and entered the employ of the Constables on a $600 salary The clerk Herbert Seymour who is involved in the Pedder irregularities is also an Englishman and while not educated for the ministry he is an active member of the Holy Trinity church at Brooklyn and at one time taught in its Sunday school

THE BIBLE

The testimony of great men to the value of the bible should be regarded with at least a reasonable respect by men claiming any degree of intelligence culture and morality Sir William Jones a learned Oriental scholar and in 1783 judge of the supreme court of Calcutta wrote

I have carefully and regularly perused the holy scriptures, and am of the opinion that the volume independently of its divine origin contains more sublimity purer morality more important history and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that were ever composed in any age" Daniel Webster lawyer and statesman one of the greatest orators America has ever produced and unsurpassed as a jurist left this on record From the time that at my mother's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings they have been my daily study If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love for the scriptures

Patrick Henry Virginia's greatest orator and one of the foremost leaders of the revolution when bestowing his property upon his family used these words I have now disposed my property upon my family There is one thing more which I wish I could give them and that is the Christian religion If they had that and I had not given them a shilling they would be rich and if they had not that and I had given them all the world they would be poor Lieutenant Maury says "In my investigation of natural science I have always found that whenever I can meet with anything in the bible on any subject it always affords me a fine platform on which to stand Dana the great geologist says That grand book of God still stands and the old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered the more it will sustain the sacred record "

The march of the prairie dog, says the Albany (Texas) *News* is a standing threat against the future prosperity of the grazing districts of the state Draw a line from Red river south to the Colorado so as to run about the western lines of Throckmorton Shackelford Callahan and Coleman counties, and you mark the front of the greatest immigration army ever dreamed of by man. From this line west 250 miles every square mile is infested with these devouring pests They thickly inhabit a section of country 200 miles long and 250 miles wide The advent of the white man into this country has but increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves badgers rattlesnakes panthers and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs They eat the grass in the summer and the grass roots in the winter and the consequence is that what was but a few years ago the finest grazing region in America is fast becoming a verdureless desert Unlike all other animals in America the prairie dog is migrating not west but east Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of this county In a short time he has advanced his frontier east about five miles into Shackelford Throckmorton and other counties lying north and south of Shackelford Unless checked he will soon ravage all mesquite grass land in the state and will then descend in countless hosts upon the black waxy farming lands of Tarrant Dallas, Collins and the other counties east of us It is no exaggeration to say that $10 000 000 does not exceed the value of the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs of northwest Texas

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A TRIP TO ALASKA A narrative of what was seen and heard during a summer cruise in Alaskan waters by George Wordman United States treasury agent at the Seal islands Published by Scribner New York For sale by W B Ayer & Co

This book gives a very complete and interesting account of Alaska, which is now attracting so much attention as a summer resort for tourists and for the possibilities in a commercial point of view it possesses

THE MIZ MAZE A Story By Nine Authors New York Harper & Brothers publishers Price paper 15 cents

The Harpers have reprinted this English story in cheap form The names of the authors are given but the portion contributed by each writer is not designated The story is related by means of letters addressed to each other by the different personages of the tale For sale by W B Ayer & Co

IRVING CLASSICS being select essays and sketches by celebrated authors reprinted from the Irving library New York John B Alden publisher

This volume contains twenty two well known essays and sketches by such authors as Lamb, Macaulay Hawthorne, Carlyle, Froude Dr John Brown Irving and one essay by President White of Cornell university, of timely interest, on "The mercantile spirit of the age" It is a convenient volume and especially valuable to those who have not the means to possess the works from which these essays are selected

Mr Wilkie Collins story, "I Say No" which has been for several months one of the leading attractions of *Harper's Weekly*, has just been issued in book form by Harper & Brothers This novel has, like Mr Collins's previous works all the intense interest which results from skillful construction and careful elaboration of plot-art, in which the author excels The characters are life-like, and the style is strong and graphic For sale by W B Ayer & Co

John B Alden of New York has also published an edition of Milton's poems in two small volumes, bound in cloth, at the astonishingly low price of 75 cents The best of it is that it is printed in clear, bold type which can be read without injury to the eyes The paper of course is thin and the appearance of the book far from luxurious, but one cannot demand an edition de luxe for 75 cents, and it is a benefit to all readers to give them a cheap pocket Milton in so good a shape This is announced as the beginning of a set of standard poets in the same style It is to be followed by Scott, in four volumes, Burns in three, and so on

The *Magazine of American History* for August comes laden with a variety of agreeable surprises It will attract many readers The opening article, "The Story of a Monument" by S N D North of the Utica *Herald* is a timely production and of curious interest to the public in general The illustrations add greatly to its value, of which is the fine portrait of Ex Governor Horatio Seymour—frontispiece of the magazine The next article introduces a learned discussion of the new and novel question, "Did the Romans colonize America? The author, M V Moore, foreshadows further papers and from the masterly skill with which he handles the subject they will naturally excite wide attention The third article is a graphic description of "Lee's Campaign against Pope in 1862" with three illustrative maps, by Professor W Allan Following this is a touching and appreciative sketch of Charles Fenno Hoffman " by W L Keese with an excellent portrait of Hoffman. Under the general title of "Historic Homes" Mr Henry W Hulbert writes in a pleasing fashion of "Sunnyside and Washington Irving" and the picturesque mansion and portrait of its master brighten and illustrate the text The Private Intelligence Papers of Sir Henry Clinton so ably and acceptably edited by Edward F De Lancey, are concluded in this number We trust this magnanimous contribution from Dr Emmet will soon be published in book form Some valuable original letters from Hamilton Burr and Adams and others, interesting Notes and Queries, a list of the Historical Societies of the country and various treasures in the several departments complete the number This magazine has no rival in its unique field and is uniformly winning laurels in all directions Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City

A NEW YORK CREMATORY

Secretary Caswell Says that It Will Be in Operation Before Winter

New York Sun

A plot of land has been purchased in Newtown L I by the United States Cremation company and ground is to be broken for a crematory in about two months The secretary of the society R A Caswell said yesterday

The directors of the company are to meet once a week until one of the main plans presented by architects is adopted Then the work will go right on The building will have a rich effect without any pretentious ornaments The chimney will be in the shape of an obelisk Much delay was caused by listening to the wishes of some of the directors regarding the site of the crematory These directors thought it ought to be on Manhattan island, in order that it might be within easy reach of every one in the city They were anxious too for a stylish edifice In both considerations they were finally overruled for the following reasons

"The crematory at Newtown will be opposite to the Lutheran cemetery and on very high ground overlooking New York City on one side and Sheepshead bay on the other It can be easily reached from the Seventh street the Twenty third street and the Ninety third street ferries The crematory will be ninety minutes from Madison square It is about equidistant from either end of New York City The price of the land was less than it would be in New York and hence more money was left for building

The land cost between $2000 and $3000 Of the capital stock of $25 000 there has been $14 000 taken The building we expect will cost from $12 000 to $15 000 and a crematory furnace after the pattern of that at Gotha Germany one of the best we know of and in which hundreds of bodies have been burned will cost $3000 We have a complete description of the Gotha crematory and are going to improve on it we hope The general plan for the building will include reception rooms and a chapel or hall with a catafalque at the remote end of the room, and a pulpit or reading desk beyond the catafalque and near the wall Neither the body nor the coffin will be seen after it is placed in the catafalque unless it is desired by those in charge of the last rites Of course there will be different arrangements at the funerals, according to the wishes of those interested Probably the usual way will be to place the body with the coffin and flowers or gifts if desired on the catafalque over which will be a covering or pall which will hide the coffin from view of the audience Then the body will be lowered into the furnace, and before the services are over the body will be half consumed There can be no complaint that it is a nuisance for the neighborhood of the Lutheran cemetery and the outskirts of Williamsburg are lugubrious already

" Won't the chance of quickly and completely getting rid of a victim tend to increase murders by poison "

"No Unless a reputable physician gives a death certificate the body will not be received

What will be the charge?

Not over $25 or $30 for each incineration The operation will be over in an hour No flame touches the body. The temperature of the furnace will be 2 000 degrees Fahrenheit Hot air destroys the body inside of an hour, leaving a residue of pure white ashes, weighing about four per cent of the body These the friends may take away with them The crematory will be in operation before winter

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A newspaper says that there have been comparatively few marriages this year within the field of its observations It being leap year, says this journal, the ladies are afraid to marry lest it should be thought that they popped the question

MEETING NOTICE.

Multnomah Typographical Union.—Regular meeting to day at 2 P M at usual place of meeting
F C BAKER Sec'y DONALD MUNRO Pres.

DIED

In this city August 2 at 5 A M Isabella A daughter of James and Ellen McBride aged [illegible] years and 6 months Funeral will take place from her residence on Thirteenth street corner of L at 3 P M to day Glasgow Scotland papers please copy

NEW TO-DAY.

WANT LABORERS. AXE-men at [illegible] for railroad work Call between [illegible] and [illegible] day or before [illegible] o'clock Monday [illegible] [illegible] wages to be est [illegible] Room [illegible] Dekum block PLATO'S AGENCY

WANT LOCOMOTIVE MECHANIC TO SPLIT locomotives [illegible] first class Call between [illegible] and [illegible] day or before [illegible] Monday morning PLATO'S AGENCY

FINISHERS SKIRT MAKERS AND CLOAK makers wanted at [illegible] third & [illegible] Alder 3d

WILL SELL CHEAP—JOB PRESS AND PRINTing outfit all new Address PRINTER Dayton Oregon 3a6

POSITION WANTED BY A PRACTICAL ENGIneer of [illegible] years experience Address S [illegible] ANDERSON Norton House 4a3

WANTED—A GERMAN BOY FROM 8 TO 10 years of age who lives with his parents steady work Apply at No 171 Fourth st 3a1

A YOUNG MAN WOULD LIKE A SITUATION as assistant bookkeeper office boy or clerk Salary no object Address X care this office 3a2

WANTED—POSITION OF ANY KIND BY A young man good accountant writer references etc Salary no object Address M care Oregonian 3a6

WANTED—ROOM IN CENTRAL PART OF CITY by a gentleman where his incomings and outgoings will not be questioned Address P D care Oregonian office 3a1

$600—HALF INTEREST IN A MANUFACturing business for sale Must be a good energetic man Large profits Work light and pleasant J E DAVIS & CO 133 Fourth st 3a3

DRINK FUNDER'S GRATEFUL vichy and fruit soda water 18mt

TWO CHOICE FURNISHED ROOMS FOR gentlemen Rare opportunity to secure home comforts PLATO'S AGENCY

FOR ALL WOOL DRESSES SEND TO LITT The Leader Third and Alder 5j

TELEPHONE TO LITT FOR DRESS GOODS and measurements No. 314 30jn

HOUSES FOR RENT IN ALL PARTS OF CITY also city and country property for sale. 1a1f J E DAVIS & CO., No 133 Fourth st.

NEW AND STYLISH SUITS MADE AT MRS E W Eaton's Dressmaking Parlors No 105½ Morrison street, opposite postoffice 27j1m

During my absence from the city Mr J W McIlvaine is authorized to receipt for the Daily on the north route W H GAMES

IMPORTED SWISS CREAM AND OTHER cheeses new German pickles, full assortment of fancy delicacies, groceries and fruit. MRS BAUM 86 Morrison s bet. Fourth and Fifth. Country orders solicited 17j1m

I. G. Davidson

LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER.
Over Skidmore's Drug Store)
151 First St. Portland, Or.

Tourists are invited to call and examine his fine views of the Pacific Northwest. 3a

[illegible] MECHANICS' PAVILION
Aug. 11, 12 and 13
Admission, $1.00; Reserved Seats $1 25.

$400 FOR TWO DISTINCT BUSINESSES well stocked and handsomely fitted can be managed by one honestly worth double a splendid opportunity offer extends three days Address Zeta care Oregonian office 1a3

FOR RENT—
An old established grocery stand
One house seven rooms
One house eight rooms,
One house five rooms.
Apply to H W MONNASTES 137½ First st 31j3

TO LEASE—Brick building now occupied by White, Goldsmith & Co , Nos. 9 and 11 North Front st. Inquire Martin Winch foot of Ash st.

REGARDLESS OF COST

THE REMAINING STOCK OF CROCKERY AND glassware will be offered at sweeping reductions in consequence of changes about Sept. 1 at C H McBREEN'S 87 Morrison street 29j3

CONCORD HARNESS.

JUST RECEIVED—A FINE LOT OF HILL'S Genuine Concord (single and double) Buggy Harness. J B CONGLE 108 and 110 Front st Portland

A POSITIVE BARGAIN—FOR SALE 100 FEET square on the [illegible] west [illegible] streets within [illegible] Portland [illegible] the whole [illegible] ington st [illegible] CREIGHTON & CO Estate Agents [illegible] Washington st

WANT 15 SOBER MEN AT ONCE
Good wages R R work Room 11 Dekum blk First and Washington PLATO'S AGENCY

PORT LAND MECHANICS' FAIR
Oct. 9th, 25th. E W ALLEN Superintendent.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

We will sell to the highest bidder

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1884,

At 2 o'clock P M ,

The Northwest Quarter of Block 3, in Couch's Addition to the City of Portland.

Sale will take place at the

CORNER OF EAST PARK AND H STREETS

On the premises.

GILMAN & CO. Auctioneers.

PICNICS AND EXCURSIONS.

City View Park.

A GRAND CONCERT

BY

[illegible]

Sunday, August 3

PROGRAMME Part 1

Opening Chorus		Original
Hail Jerusalem		Geo Wilson
Golden Slippers		Billy Speed
Keep in the Middle of the Road		Mrs. Speed
Old [illegible]		Geo Walley
[illegible]		Mrs. Hawkins
Have You Got the Gold		Gus Wright
Bow Down		Mrs. Speed
Old Shoes		Geo Wilson
Keep a Moving		Billy Speed
Shout Man		Company
Solo		Miss Hawkins
Quartette	Mrs [illegible] Walley Wilson and Speed	
Part 2		
Solo Select		Billy Speed
Solo		Mrs. Hawkins
Rogers	Wilson Walley Wright and Speed	
Solo Select		Mrs. Speed
Aged Darkey		Geo Walley
Keep It Holy		Mrs. Hawkins
[illegible] Speed's Specialties		
Part 3		
[illegible] Campmeeting [illegible] folks [illegible]		
Good [illegible] gone		Speed
Bar of [illegible]		Company
Canaan's Happy Land		Geo Wilson
Come Home [illegible]		Mrs. Speed
Wid's on fir		Billy Speed
Ol [illegible]		Mrs Hawkins
Will die in the field		Geo Wilson
Our troubles will be over		Mrs. Speed
[illegible] Bells		Billy Speed
Good Night		Company

During the intermission between parts gentlemen will be permitted to speed their horses in such way as will add to their pleasure. Admission to the Park including round trip on boat FIFTY CENTS. Children Free Concert will commence at 2 o'clock Boats leave Taylor street wharf every half hour after 1 o'clock

KNIGHTS OF SARSFIELD.

Picnic and Games.

—AT—

North Portland Driving Park.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3

Prizes will be given for Target shooting, Foot Racing, Boat Racing and Dancing

TICKETS for round trip and admission to ground, 50 cents.
STEAMER SALEM from Morrison street at 9 A M and hourly through the day

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER.
BEGINNING MONDAY, AUG 4.
Special Engagement of the Distinguished Artist

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON!

Supported by the talented Actor
MR. C. C. CRAIG,
And a complete Dramatic Company

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings August 4 5 and 6

Charlotte Thompson's new comedy drama suggested by Charlotte Bronte's famous work in a prologue and three acts

"JANE EYRE!"

As played by Miss Thompson 116 nights at the Union Square Theater N Y and over 3000 times in the principal theatres of America and universally pronounced by authors the complete embodiment of Charlotte Bronte's heroine

Thursday, Aug 7 — MISS MULTON
Friday and Saturday nights — NELL GWYNNE

SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2 O'CLOCK
Reserved seats at Cornelius Drugstore
Prices of Admission $1 and 50c

[illegible]

$4 Plumes for $1 75
Milan Hats, 50 cents.
Ribbons, 5 cents per yard.
Children's Hats, 25 cents.
$25 Pattern Hats, $8.

Trimmings Ornaments, Velvets, Flowers, Tips Bonnets, all for about one fourth of the price.

P. SELLING.

HILDEBRAND & ANDERSON'S
OLD STAND.

SUMMER RESORTS.

WILHOIT SPRINGS

Summer Resort.

HOUSE RENOVATED AND PLACED IN THOROUGH repair New features added for the amusement and comfort of guests Our aim will be to cater to wants of patrons. Table supplied with all the market affords The pure air and well known curative qualities of the water makes this the most desirable health resort on the coast Camp grounds in good order Provisions, cigars tobacco etc at the store on reasonable terms.
Address FRANK McLERAN, Wilhoit Clackamas county or McLERAN BROS Portland. 1j8&2aw

FRANKLIN'S PICNIC HOTEL

Fisher's Landing, W T

EXCURSIONISTS AND SPORTSMAN'S HEADquarters, fine grove trout fishing within easy reach deer grouse pheasants, quail and rabbits abound. Good accommodation for boarders first class table Moonlight excursions will find a good hall for dancing and supper provided if required Fine water supply

Boats leave Ash and Morrison sts, daily.
☞ Fine wines liquors and cigars at the bar 31j12

EDUCATIONAL.

RESUMPTION OF STUDIES.

The Schools under charge of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary in this city will resume studies for the ensuing year as follows

ST JOSEPH'S DAY SCHOOL,
And Orphanage, corner Fifth and Mill streets,
August 18th.

ST MARY'S ACADEMY,
Boarding and Day School, Fourth street,
August 25th. a6

BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A Boarding and Day School for Boys.

THE SEVENTH YEAR UNDER ITS PRESENT management will begin Sept 2 Boys successfully fitted for college or for business. Five resident and three visiting teachers Discipline strict For further information and for catalogue containing list of former pupils, address

J. W. HILL, M D.
Drawer 17 Portland Or Head Master

SOMETHING NEW!

A Perfect Pillowsham Holder and Folder.

No more inconvenience experienced with Pillow Shams. An agent will call on you in a few days and will leave you one on trial. 100 good Agents wanted Ladies or Gents. Address

J. C. MURPHY.

General Agent, 51 Pine street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.
Office hours 7 to 9 A M 13j1m

NOTICE.

THE S. S. "GYPSY"

WILL SAIL FROM PORTLAND

FOR YAQUINA BAY Tuesday, August 5,

Carrying Freight and Passengers.

Freight will be received on S. S. dock commencing SATURDAY August 2 up to 1 P M , and Monday and Tuesday up to 5 P M.

A L STOKES Gen Freight and Pass. Agt.

Sick headache habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs loss of appetite, bad breath and taste to the mouth, &c., entirely cured by the use of

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
PFUNDER'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.

[illegible]

18 YDS BLACK OTTOMAN DeLYON [illegible]
TWENTY DOLLAR OPERA CLOAK,
FIFTEEN DOLLAR BLACK SILK PARASOL

On Friday, Aug. 1, 1884, I shall inaugurate

A Gift & Ban[illegible]

FOR THREE REASONS:

FIRSTLY. To close out my Summer stock.
SECONDLY: To raise money.
THIRDLY. Recognizing that times are hard and [illegible] this is done by me in order to give the public an opportun[illegible]

[illegible] Pri[illegible]

By merely buying ONE DOLLAR'S worth of goods. [illegible] will reduce the prices of goods in every Depart[illegible]

THE PLAN OF THE SALE WILL BE AS FOLLOWS

Every purchaser of goods to the value of ONE DOLLAR will receive a numbered [illegible] attached with corresponding number This coupon is immediately detached and thrown [illegible] be provided for this purpose

On Saturday evening August 30 1884 the coupons will be drawn The first [illegible] holder of the ticket with the corresponding number to the first prize, 18 yards silk velvet [illegible]

The second coupon drawn entitles the holder of the ticket with the corresponding [illegible] prize an Opera Cloak valued at $20 00.

The third coupon drawn entitles the holder of the ticket with the corresponding [illegible] prize a Black Satin Parasol valued at $15 00

Winning numbers will be published in the Oregonian of September 1, 1884. The [illegible] be [illegible] in my show window

Remember that by purchasing $1 00 worth of goods you have an opportunity [illegible] one of the above prizes.

Yours Respectfully

CHAS. S. LEV[illegible]

The One Price Cash Dry Goods St[illegible]

NO. 172 FIRST ST., BET. MORRISON AND Y[illegible]

Partridge

ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAP[illegible]

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, PORTLAND, Or.

This is a Branch of our Cottage Studio, [illegible] Washington [illegible]

THE MOST ARTISTIC WORK PRODUCED [illegible]

WANTS.

FOR ADOPTION—A BOY 8 MONTHS OLD. INquire at No. 64 North Tenth street. 1a6

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

COPYING WANTED BY AN EXPERIENCED copyist. Address "Copyist," care this office. 3j6

AN EXPERIENCED ELDERLY LADY WISHES position as housekeeper or nurse. Call at 129 Twelfth st. bet. Alder and Washington. 29j7

HAVE PLENTY GOOD GIRLS SEND early MRS. PLATO. Dekum block

HELP WANTED.

MAN AND WIFE WANTED—TO KEEP EIGHT boarders, and the man to work in lumber yard, not at mill Inquire of T A. WOOD. 1a3

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS PLANER-MAN AT La Camas saw mill, La Camas, W T 1a3

WANTED—A TEAM AND OUTFIT FOR BANKing cord wood steady work for some time. D H STEARNS La Camas, W T 1a3

GIRLS WANTING PLACES CALL AT MRS. PLATO'S Dekum's block First and Washington.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL THE Le ROY Pillow Sham Holder, outfit furnished. Manufactured by JONES BROS , 166 N Ninth street, city 31j6

TO LET—ROOMS.

THREE DESIRABLE UNFURNISHED ROOMS suitable for light housekeeping 47 Seventh cor C street. 1a6

TWO LARGE FURNISHED ROOMS, SUITE OR single, 181 cor W Park and Yamhill sts, 1a6

FURNISHED ROOM TO LET WITH USE OF bath 173 Taylor 31j6

FOR RENT—HANDSOMELY FURNISHED rooms for gentleman and lady, or gentlemen, one block from postoffice rent reduced references exchanged Address postoffice box 684. 31j8&1

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM AT 166 EAST Park street. 30 jtf

FOR RENT—AN ALCOVE FRONT ROOM large and pleasant, nicely furnished, with use of bath. 81 Seventh st. corner Oak. 30j tf

NICELY FURNISHED ALCOVE BAY WINdow room with bath also single room; terms reasonable. At 231 Fifth street 30j6

FOR RENT—NEATLY FURNISHED ROOMS. with use of bath. Apply at 233 Fifth street, bet. Salmon and Main 29j7

FOR RENT—TWO FINE FRONT BAY WINdow rooms also single rooms, newly furnished. At 129 G street, near Sixth. 29j6

FRENCH FLAT FIVE ROOMS MODERN IMprovements also handsome furnished suite; fireproof building healthy location first class. rent recently reduced N W cor First & Columbia, room 4

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES.

FINE BRICK STORE AT VERY CHEAP RENT Apply to C P W GILLETTE 27 Stark st 2a3

HOUSE OF FIVE ROOMS FOR RENT $12 Lincoln & Front Apply S SIMON 175 First

FOR RENT—A NEW COTTAGE OF SIX ROOMS and kitchen Cheap rent to a neat family Apply at 440 Fifth and College sts 31j tf

COTTA FOR RENT—FIVE ROOMS AND BATH Inquire at No. 70 Washington street. 31j6

ROOMS AND BOARD.

GENTLEMEN WISHING MEALS THAT SUIT the palate of the most fastidious epicure go to the mess house of Mrs Mary E Carr where home cooking by experienced hands is unsurpassed in this city 101 Fourth st cor Stark 30j tf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WALLULA HOTEL—I HAVE THIS DAY DISposed of my interest in the Wallula hotel All bills against the firm of H A Libby & Co, will be paid by H A Libby H N WEBBER.
Wallula Junction July 10 1884. 26j12

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL PERsons who are indebted to Barofsky & Schroeder are requested to settle with J H Steffen, now proprietor of the Albina hotel at Albina. tf
C. BAROFSKY
MRS. J H SCHROEDER.
29j6

TO MEN—Weak and undeveloped parts of the body enlarged and invigorated Address for particulars ERIE MEDICAL CO , Buffalo N Y

LADIES may develop the bust by simple self-treatment. Write for sealed circular and free advice to ERIE MEDICAL CO Buffalo N Y 19j1as

FOR SALE [illegible]

FOR SALE—A [illegible]

GENERAL [illegible]

FOR SALE [illegible]

FOR SALE AT A [illegible]

TO CAPITALISTS [illegible]

CHANCE FOR [illegible]

PLA[illegible]

TO[illegible]

CHIMNEY [illegible]

THE ACME [illegible]

NOTICE

THE TACOMA [illegible]

...OMAN DeLYON SILK,
...AR OPERA CLOAK,
...LACK SILK PARASOL.
...884, I shall inaugurate
...Benefit Sale
...EE REASONS:
Summer stock.
...t times are hard and money scarce
...the public an opportunity to obtain
...Prize
...worth of goods. During the sale I
...goods in every Department.
S. LEVY
...ash Dry Goods Store,
...MORRISON AND YAMHILL.
...tridge
PHOTOGRAPHER,
...TOFFICE, PORTLAND, Or.
...ORK PRODUCED IN OREGON.
FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.
BUSINESS CHANCES.
BUSINESS SPECIALS.
NOTICE.

Sunday Oregonian.
SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1884.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
THE OREGONIAN IN THE EAST.
METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.
THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN
PORTLAND POSTOFFICE.

CHURCH NOTICES.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND

"Jane Eyre" at the New Market Monday.

John Kelly is able to attend to business again.

The Columbia arrived in at 7:30 yesterday morning.

Judge Bellinger returned last evening from attending court at Jacksonville.

Alice Bloomer, charged with stealing a table, was exonerated by the grand jury yesterday.

Mrs. Edward Hall and son, Mrs. O. R. Mason, Miss Lucy Mason, Dr. Prehn and M. Shillerston leave to-morrow for a sojourn at Wilhoit Springs.

The grand jury yesterday found indictments against four Chinamen—Ah Wang, Ah Hung, Ah Yung and Ah Sing—for four separate cases of burglary.

The British ship Largo Law, 136 days from Hull, arrived at Astoria Friday at 9:30 P. M. She comes to Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and brings a cargo of coal.

Burglars meandered through Mount Tabor the past week, visiting a dozen houses in the village. All that has been missing is a small sum of money of C. M. Wiberg's.

A brass gun weighing 300 pounds was cast at the foundry of Smith Bros. & Watson yesterday. It is for the Cleveland and Hendricks club of St. Joe. Yamhill is bound to beat the rest of the world under all circumstances.

W. J. Riley, of the Portland rifle club, who has been spending a week with a party of friends in the vicinity of the Cascades, reports deer plenty and fat there. The party killed five, and luxuriated on braised venison till they were satisfied.

George Langdon, contractor for the buildings of the water company at Palatine Hill, finished his work yesterday. The pump house, boiler house and tall stack of chimneys will be a striking feature of that section to passers on the river.

A. R. Pygale, deputy United States marshal of Benton county, arrived here yesterday, having in charge Paul Boudre, arrested on a charge of selling liquor to an Indian. He acknowledges his guilt and will come up for sentence on Tuesday.

Twenty-two Swedish fishermen who worked at the mouth of the Columbia during the past season bought through tickets to Norway via the Northern Pacific last week. The fare is $91 50. All of them seemed to have saved a good "stake," and said they would return here next year.

The statement, going the rounds of the papers, that the late Colonel I. R. Moores was a member of the constitutional convention of this state, is an error. The father of Colonel Moores was a member of the convention and his name being also I. R. Moores is probably the cause of the mistake.

CRICKET.

The Victoria Cricket club are expected to play four games here, August 13, 14, 15 and 16. The Portland club has been taking considerable practice lately, and our British cousins will not have a walk over. It is not likely that the San Francisco club will come up.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron yesterday to arrive in Portland to-day: Mrs. W. Brockway and son, Mrs. L. Brockway, C. G. McKendrick, R. G. Shaw, wife and three children, G. E. Brooks, wife and daughter, Mrs. Tugg and daughter, Mrs. M. M. Mead, Charles Holbrook, wife, child and servant, Miss M. Holbrook, and H. M. Holbrook.

LARGE FOREIGN MAIL.

A very large letter mail was received at the post office from the east yesterday, over half of which was foreign, which rendered the sorting of it a tedious job. On one of the packages was found a card stamped "Grand Central R. P. O., July 3," on which was written "May the Lord deliver us from such another dose of Oregon.—E. D. Southard."

JUDGE FIELD COMING.

By a private letter received here yesterday from Hon. Stephen J. Field, we learn that he will leave New York on the 23d inst., via Northern Pacific route, accompanying his brother, Cyrus W. Field of New York. Judge Field will remain here about a week or ten days, sitting in the U. S. circuit court during his stay. The legal profession will govern itself accordingly.

ASSAULTED HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Wonders will never cease. A Russian Finn named Park was arrested yesterday on a warrant from Justice Rushweiler's court charged with threatening to do bodily harm to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Whitting. There has long been a widespread opinion that justice courts be abolished. This case will probably settle the matter. The public will draw the line at the mother-in-law.

AT THE SEASIDE HOUSE.

The following names are registered at the Sea Side House, Clatsop beach: T. A. Stewart, wife and child, Portland; Mrs. M. Valentine, New York; Miss Julia Valentine, New York; Miss J. Valentine, New York; Mr. J. T. Valentine, Portland; Mrs. J. Ordway, nurse and 2 children, Portland; C. E. Muller and wife, Montana; B. Goldsmith and family, Portland; Mrs. A. B. Steinbach and 2 children, Portland; Miss Lilly Kohn, Portland.

GREENHORN COUNTERFEITERS.

The last of the quartette of counterfeiters captured by the police, White by name, was arrested by United States Marshal Kelly yesterday. He made a statement before United States Commissioner Paul Deady, charging Rogers with having been the principal in the crime, as he did all the moulding and casting, being a moulder by trade. White claims that all he did was to buy the tin, etc., and to aid in passing the counterfeit money. He will probably be allowed to turn state's evidence. The whole gang are unsophisticated greenhorns.

GRAND ARMY INCIDENT.

Mr. Shaw, delegate from this city to the recent Grand Army reunion at Minneapolis relates an interesting incident. An old veteran, while riding in a street car happened to spy a fellow-soldier whom he had not seen since the close of the war. In his eagerness to reach his old companion, the veteran jumped from the car and was thrown under the wheel, which passed over his leg, crushing it so that amputation became necessary. At the opening of the morning session next day the accident was reported, and in less than five minutes over $3000 in cash was contributed as a relief fund for the old man.

SEVERE FALL.

Louis Chaveneau, a laborer employed at the new gas holder at the corner of Thirteenth and D streets, met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon. He was at work on a staging inside the holder and close up to the roof. Some one called to him from below to attend to something, and in turning around he in some manner stepped through a hole in the staging and fell to the ground, a distance of over thirty feet, striking on several braces in his fall. He was carried out to the air and a doctor called at once. He was found to be badly bruised, and had a cut on his head, but his most serious injury was in his back. He was taken to St. Vincent's hospital. His recovery is deemed certain.

NEW MINING COMPANY.

A new joint stock mining company was organized in this city last Thursday, says the *Vindicator*, to operate the Molalla mines. It has received the name of "Molalla Mining and Prospecting Company," and its destiny is to spend a capital stock of $100,000 in the endeavor to extract the precious metals from auriferous rock taken from the Molalla quartz beds. The officers are: President, B. F. Smith; vice president, S. M. Keenan; treasurer, W. D. Prettyman; secretary, A. W. Lambert. The head office will be located in East Portland. One ton of quartz is to be crushed as a sample in Portland, and if the test proves satisfactory a quartz mill will be put in the mines and stock offered for sale.

THE DEFAULTING BANK CLERK.

Nothing has been heard of Frank Frisbee, the assistant exchange teller of the First National Bank. It is quite certain that he went away with no intention of returning, his residence having been cleared of furniture without his landlord having been apprized of the fact. He got away with something over $5000, which was all abstracted in one day. He appears to have made careful calculations in regard to the matter. He left on the steamer of July 26th for San Francisco feeling certain that his theft would not be discovered till the end of the month. He has probably timed his movements so as to connect at San Francisco with the steamer for Australia, as it would be useless for him to attempt to escape from justice in this country. Frisbee has been employed in the bank about ten months. He came here from Helena and obtained his situation on the recommendation of a friend, he being unknown to Messrs. Corbett & Failing. These gentlemen may consider themselves fortunate in being let off so easily. The average defaulting bank official generally dips in more deeply nowadays.

REPULSED ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

C. Ritter, of Washington territory, arrived here yesterday in search of a Russian girl whose case was mentioned a short time since. Her brothers were fishermen and were drowned on the bar, and no one could be found who could speak the dialect she used. Mr. Ritter is from the same part of Russia, and knew the men who were drowned. He wishes to inform their sister concerning some money and other property belonging to her brothers, and to inquire if she needed any assistance. He was referred by Chief of Police Parrish to G. L. Hibbard, in whose service the girl is, but returned in a short time, stating that he had been most discourteously treated by Mr. Hibbard, and not allowed to converse with her. There must be some misunderstanding about the matter, as it is hardly possible that any one could act so unmanly and ungenerous toward an unfortunate.

DEATH OF FRED W. CONGDON.

The remains of Fred W. Congdon arrived here from The Dalles yesterday. He had been sick for some time with rheumatism of the heart, and about two weeks ago went up to Klickitat valley hoping that the change might prove beneficial. Friday a dispatch came to his wife that he was in a critical condition, but as she was out of town she did not receive it till yesterday morning. Mr. Congdon must have died very soon after the dispatch was sent, for his body arrived here by the train from The Dalles at 1:50, and Mrs. Congdon not knowing it left by the train half an hour later for The Dalles. Mr. Congdon was an old and well known resident, having been a river pilot for many years. He was a member of Hassalo Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F., and his remains were taken charge of by his brethren. Mrs. Congdon will probably learn of the death of her husband at The Dalles, and will return to-day.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

About 12 o'clock last night a gang of six men came into Paul Richert's saloon just as Ben Waymouth, the assignee, was preparing to close. After drinking two rounds of beer, one of the men rose suddenly, seized a beer glass and struck a companion twice over the head with it. The wounded man is L. W. Mitchell, formerly a brakeman in the O. & C. road. One blow cut a terrible gash in the right temple and over the eye, while the second, made evidently after the glass had been broken, made a cut from the corner of the mouth to the neck. There was, of course, very profuse hemorrhage, and the man became weak from the loss of blood. He was conveyed to the office of Dr. Fahrenbach, in the neighborhood, where his wounds were dressed. It is believed that they will not prove fatal. The assailant ran out the back door, scaled the fence and disappeared. The other four hurried from the place before the police arrived. Mitchell says he does not know the name of his assailant, and can imagine no motive for the murderous assault.

FUSS OVER A PIGEON.

A pigeon escaped from a coop at Heiny & Irwin's stall in Central market yesterday, and raised a scene of the wildest commotion in the building. The frightened bird flew backward and forward near the ceiling, and every man and boy in the market diverted his business and devoted his whole energies in undeavoring to kill it. Fish heads, sheeps' lungs and livers, calves' feet and beef scraps flew in all directions, the dogs which haunt the market raced, yelling and barking from one end to the other, and it just rained meat there for about ten minutes. The phenomenal "shower of flesh" which visited a section of this coast some years since wasn't a circumstance to this affair, and an outsider might have supposed that the pigeon was a *rara avis*, a black swan or the fabled phenix, which appears only once in 500 years, and don't appear to appear that often in these days. At last William O'Donnel, the watchman, put a stop to the melee, which was converting the market into a full "bloodied" slaughterhouse, and taking a pole, knocked down the pigeon. The next time a pigeon gets loose there the gun club will be sent for, as it will be about the only chance they will have of trying their skill on live pigeons.

FINE FRUIT COUNTRY.

Grapes, melons and peaches of fine quality are now being received in profusion from Mill creek, Klikitat, and other places in the vicinity of The Dalles. The grapes are much superior to those received from California, and a fruit dealer of large experience states that the Mill creek country is the finest place for growing grapes, etc., on the coast, and reminds him of Italy. He predicts a great future for that section. This shows what different opinions different people have. Fifteen years ago a young man, whose name will be furnished for a two cent stamp, rode out from The Dalles on a flea bitten cayuse, and meandered through the Klikitat valley, crossed the Simcoe mountains, slept in Father Wilbur's barn at the Yakima agency, crossed the Yakima river and saw the cattle come bellowing down from the hills with their tails in the air and a cloud of alkali dust surrounding them, and he just put the whole country down (reservation excepted) as a dodgasted gehenna of a place, a howling waste and wilderness of desolation. And now it turns out to be the garden spot of Oregon, and the Willamette valley is doomed to lose its claim to that distinction. Well, such is life. It is the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken.

A HOT BUT NOT OPPRESSIVE DAY.

The signal service thermometer marked 94 degrees about 3:30 yesterday afternoon. It is hung in a shaded well ventilated place in the third story of the old Scotch bank building on First street. We have not the record at hand, but if memory serves, this is the highest temperature marked here for six years. Yet the day was not oppressive. A wind from the west sprung up at noon, then changed to north, then veered between north and east during late afternoon hours. As usual when occasion requires, nature was kind to this part of the country and the evening was blessed with generous breezes which found their way through the canyons in the western hills, and up the Willamette by way of the Columbia. During the day those whose avocation kept them in rooms out of reach of the breeze suffered some, but the duration was short. On no Saturday afternoon was the holiday for down town clerks so much appreciated as yesterday. All places where cooling drinks were sold did a thriving business, and barkeepers in the respectable saloons complained of the extra work, as nearly every customer wanted some mixed drink with ice in it. Throughout the day there was a strong wind on the river—rather too heavy for novices, but just right for experienced sailors, who kept their lee rails dipped for miles at a stretch. A great many witnessed the start of the sailing race reported elsewhere. It was very exciting. Scarce would a boat get fifty feet from the pontoon when her sails would fill and she would careen, usually shipping a light sea, and then plow ahead, her deck at an angle of 45 degrees. At no time did the wind fail, and the time is the best ever made over the course.

FINE SAILING RACE.

A yacht race on the river yesterday afternoon attracted considerable interest. Early in the day a fresh northerly wind came up, which slowly shifted to the east. At the time of the start it was but a few points north of east. The following boats were entered by the persons named: Fly Away by Stewart, Wide Awake by Laing, Kitsie by Woods, Idlewild by Leonard Fleetwing by Hannan, and Paragon by Cady. Time allowance of 45 seconds per foot was deducted at the start, the boats getting away in the following order: Idlewild, Paragon, Fleetwing, Fly Away, Kitsie, Wide Awake. The first four made good use of their time allowance as against the two last. The boats went down river with the wind on their starboard bows, the Idlewild maintaining the lead almost to the turning buoy, when she was passed by the Fly Away and Fleetwing which had already run past the Paragon. The Fleetwing turned first, the Fly Away a close second, but she fouled the beacon, tearing her sail and throwing her out of the race. The Idlewild turned next, then the Kitsie and Wide Awake. Coming up the last two and the Paragon were constantly forced over to the west shore, compelling them to come about several times. The leading boats went along in order, except that the Kitsie passed up to second place. The upper buoy was rounded first by the Fleetwing, then by the Kitsie, Idlewild, Paragon and Wideawake. These positions were maintained to the finish. The course, eight miles, was sailed over in one 1 hr. 26 min., which is a good record for speed. After this race the Fleetwing, Idlewild and Kitsie went around the upper buoy for a small purse, the Kitsie winning. A forfeit is up for a $50 race between the Kitsie and one of Ball's boats, to be sailed some day this week, and it is probable that a second race will be sailed between the Wideawake and a boat, as yet not named. Some of the boats yesterday started out reefed, but they shook the reefs when off Albina.

SWAM A MILE AND A HALF IN THE WILLAMETTE.

Yesterday evening a young gentleman, a member of the Portland rowing association, swam from the foot of Ross island to the boat house lying at the foot of Stark street. The distance is fully one and one-half miles, and he accomplished the feat without being accompanied by boats. The young man is an enthusiast on the subject of nautical sports, and particularly on swimming. He holds that every man possessed of a man's strength is in duty bound to learn to swim—not just to keep himself above water, but to swim a long distance. During the present summer he has experimented very much in the Willamette, and gives it as his honest opinion that the water in front of the city, after the middle of June, is as safe for swimming as any stream he ever knew. To an OREGONIAN reporter he said he took the swim from Ross island down to convince himself and thus convince others that the dangers of the water in front of the city were altogether imaginary. He kept well toward mid-channel and struck no cold currents which are supposed to exist. Several times this summer he has swum across the river and back without exhaustion, and in one season's instruction taught a man who thitherto thought himself unable to paddle a stroke, to swim across. He thinks that parents should encourage their children to learn to swim in the Willamette, always under the guidance of some experienced man, until they have become expert.

However, this is the view of an old swimmer, a regular "water dog." The impression among many persons that the Willamette at this place is not safe will be hard to remove. Because one man swam a mile and a half, it is no reason that every swimmer could do it.

POLICE COURT.

One of the most interesting cases in the police court yesterday was that of the three young fellows who assaulted Frank Lewis at the old Caledonia saloon about 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. From what could be gathered the evidence tended to show that these men all belong to the same stratum in the social scale, and after spending the evening in drinking and carousing with their boon companions Lewis, the barkeeper, became impressed with the fact that it was time to close up. He suggested to the crowd that it was closing time, but the plan did not seem to strike them as being feasible, and after going out some of them returned again. After a little Lewis thought it was getting late for him to work, and started to put out the men, and after getting them outside the door wanted them to go further. The cross-examination conducted by Campbell, who appeared for one of the prisoners, brought out the fact that Lewis in his endeavors to put out his late visitors made free use of a club, which was offered in evidence. It is quite a curiosity in its way, and is about eighteen inches long and from one to one and one-half inches in diameter. Before Lewis could make good use of his heavy weapon, one of the men, Charles Nolen had hit him a very bad blow on the nose, the marks of which look like a letter X. His right eye is very black and completely closed. On the stand Campbell found Lewis a good natured frank sort of a Dutchman, and got him to acknowledge: "Of course I was trying to hit him with the club." It appears, however, that Nolen hit Lewis with a stone, and he is the man who will likely suffer, and unless on further examination the other men are found to be more closely connected in the affair, it looks as if they might be discharged. Not all the evidence was in yesterday, and it is more than possible that the matter will go before the grand jury.

"ONECO" WINS THE MATCH.

The fact of the thermometer registering over 100 degrees in the sun yesterday afternoon, did not prevent about 200 admirers of trotting matches from assembling at City View park to witness the race between the dark bay stallion Oneco and the sorrel filly Susie S for $2000. The former horse belongs to McKnight Brothers of Albany, is 3 years old, and was sired by Beach's Altamont; dam, Dolle. Susie S belongs to Captain Sorenson, is 3 years old, was sired by Hambletonian-Mambrino; dam, Bellfounder Girl. The following gentlemen were selected as judges: Captain J. T. Apperson of Oregon City, J. L. Hallett of Washington county, and Westley Redmond of Portland. The pools sold at a lively rate in the proportion of five to four in favor of Oneco.

First heat—The horses came up to the starting point almost neck and neck, but at the sound of the bell Oneco broke and acted unmannerly. The result was that the filly came in several yards ahead. Time, 2:47½.

Second heat—Oneco broke again, and was nearly distanced by Susie S. Time, 2:47½.

Third heat—The filly broke shortly after the start, and the stallion developed new vigor and came sweeping up to the wire at a pace that evoked cheers from the spectators at the grand stand. The filly came in some yards behind. Time, 2:45.

Fourth heat—This unexpected showing on the part of Oneco infused fresh courage into his backers, and when Susie S. broke again and allowed him to come in first the interest became intense. Time, 2:46.

The fifth and last heat was the most exciting, and particularly was it so when Oneco gained the lead and kept it around the whole course. He came in quite a distance ahead, and made the circuit in 2:44.

The judges declared McKnight's horse to be the winner, and decreed that the stakes be awarded to his owners.

WORKING FOR THE LANDLORD'S BOARDERS.

"Phew! golly, how hot it is!" said a young man to a friend yesterday. "I am just chuck full of malaria, and must try and get a week off and go to the mountains."

"Why don't you go to the beach?" asked the friend.

"I got enough of that last year, paying $2 a day for my board and working like a slave for the benefit of the hotel keeper," was the reply.

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I went to the north beach principally to recuperate my brain by a fish diet."

"That must have been the time the whale was on the beach."

"Yes; but the whale was gone when I got down. There were plenty of crabs, however, and lots of fish to be had for the catching. But the only fish food I found at the hotel was Stout oyster soup, a la tin can de Baltimore. So my chum and I started out in the morning, and we found a lot of tom cod in a pool and kicked out enough to furnish all the guests of the hotel and family with a delicious meal. Our share was rather slim. Next morning we went out for crabs and tramped several miles and packed home a back load of crabs. We could not have one for our breakfast, but there was deviled crab for all hands at dinner. We remarked that we were not paying $2 per day for the privilege of acting as fishermen for the dinged donged hotel. Next morning we sailed out and confined our attention to hunting enough soft-shelled crabs for our breakfast. After a long tramp we secured what we considered enough and returned to the hotel. We turned the delicacies over to the landlady, feeling confident that she would not have the nerve to appropriate the luxury we had labored so hard to secure. We made our toilets and took our seats at the table, expecting a sumptuous breakfast. What was our disgust and amazement to see our dainties served out to Jack, Dick and Harry till there was only one small specimen each left for poor Tom and Jerry. We left the place, never more to return."

"I came back from the beach yesterday," said a bystander. "I can testify that the same style is in vogue this year. I caught a long string of fish and gave the Chinaman fifty cents to cook me a good mess. I got two dried-up little fish; the rest went to feed the boarders. I was absent from the hotel four days during my trip, and had a reduction of $1 made on my bill. If any one wants to pay $2 per day for the privilege of feeding a lot of boarders, let him do it. I have had my satisfy of it."

The empress of Russia must be endowed with a wonderful constitution. The mental anxiety which she has undergone for years past, with with the dreadful shock occasion by her father-in-law's death, would have killed most women long ago, but has not even enfeebled her. Last month she reached Berlin the morning, went to the embassy (which is not merely an embassy, but is provided with regular quarters for the imperial family), held a large reception of royalties there, dined at 4 with the emperor, went afterward to the theater, and at 11:20 was on route again for Russia.

"The Raymond."

Cor. First, bet. Columbia and Clay sts. Mrs. M. E. Weyl begs leave to inform her many friends and the public generally that she has assumed the management of the above elegantly furnished apartments, and is prepare to rent at reasonable rates rooms with all modern improvements, either singly or en suite.

[illegible]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Four times within the last three weeks the above heading graced the local columns of Portland papers, each occurrence was accompanied by some frivolous remark. In one instance, the unfortunate Los Angeles printer's brain could not have been clear when stating that, besides being clubbed senseless, he was robbed of watch chain and $500 in coin. For another (the writer's), he was advised to keep early hours. The third was that of "a valiant tailor, who bravely stood his ground." The fourth, being a case of sand-bagging in broad daylight, was charitably passed over without further comment. All this may appear very amusing and mirth-provoking to the scribe, the very nature of whose calling exempts him from robbery, but a deplorable feeling of insecurity is gradually gaining headway among us. Merchants whose vacation keeps them down town after 10 P. M. hesitate to go home alone, and carriages are employed by them as a matter of safety, instead of convenience. Among last month's items you had, including East Portland, over twenty cases of housebreaking. Is the OREGONIAN—a paper whose influence among the people and its servants is undeniable—to stand tamely by, without raising a voice for the protection of its readers? Let every paper in this community declare war against the gang of vagrants, midnight marauders and thugs who infest our city, and means for ridding ourselves of them will soon be devised. So prone is human nature to laxity in the discharge of duties, that there is not a city in the Union where the efficiency of the police department is not dependent upon the constant vigilance and ceaseless criticisms of the public press. The present state of affairs in Portland indicates a sphere of usefulness for the newspapers which it is hoped will meet with its proper recognition.

F. B. MELLIS.

[Mr. Mellis takes too serious a view of this matter. The remarks which he is pleased to style frivolous were nothing of the kind. To properly explain the matter would take up more space than its importance demands. In regard to the Los Angeles printer, late at night he was found on the street, apparently seriously injured, and he said he had been robbed of a gold watch, $500, etc. At that late hour it was not possible to ascertain the truth of his story, but the reporter did not believe it. He could not say so plainly, but gave expression to his opinion "in the frivolous remark." On investigation it proved that the fellow had no watch or money and was not garroted, but had been well whipped by a person whom he had insulted. As to the valiant tailor who bravely stood his ground, the reporter was of opinion that he never saw a footpad nor captured a pistol, and merely got up the story to get himself advertised, but not being able to prove it, dared not say so. The frivolous remark in this case was intended "to give the snap away." The fellow who was sandbagged in broad daylight is popularly supposed to have been a stupendous liar, who never saw a sand bag but it would have been rude to tell him so. Similar remarks would truthfully apply to in any of the reported cases of burglary. THE OREGONIAN does not stand tamely by without raising its "voice" against vagrants and the men who are the cause of vagrancy, but has little hope that the city will ever be entirely rid of them. Like the poor, they are always with us.]

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added during the week to the Library association of Portland:

The Hessians, and the other German auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary war. By Edward J. Lowell, with maps and plans.

Christian Charity in the Ancient Church. By Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, abbot of Lucerne, translated from the German with the author's sanction.

Life of Gilbert Haven, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church. By George Prentice, D. D., professor in Wesleyan university.

Select of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited, with an introduction, by Richard Garnett.

The Fainfalls of Tipton. By Virginia W. Johnson.

A trip to Alaska; a narrative of what was seen and heard during a summer cruise in Alaskan waters. By George Wardman.

Stories by American authors. Part 5.

After the Freshet. By Rev. Edward A. Rand.

Grandmother Normandy. By the author of Andy Luttrell.

My Girls. By Lida A. Churchill.

The Pettibone Family; a New England story. By Margaret Sidney.

Scenes in the Rocky mountains and in Oregon, New Mexico, Texas and the grand prairies; or notes by the way during an excursion of three years, with a description of the countries passed through, including their geography, geology, resources, present condition, and the different nations inhabiting them. By a New Englander, 1846.

PASSENGERS FOR PORTLAND.

The steamship State of California sailed from San Francisco for Portland yesterday at 10 A. M., with the following passengers:

J L Moody
S D Kentfield
J O Baldwin
H Bach
E P Marshall
A V Houseman
W O Chalmers and wife
Maggie Campbell
Miss E Wolfhagan
Mrs O C Wheeler
L D Badgesky
C E Moore
Miss H McCoy
Mrs Walker
Rev H L Harris
J T Morris
W B Harris
E E Johnson
E Leach
W A Mowry
C Trotter
E B Whitney
C E Burnside
A D Moore
G W Loggie
S C Hastings
Miss F Davidson
H Frank
Mrs H M Winn & 2 dtrs
J E Laughlin
Mrs Holliday
Miss S Torey
Miss M Wall
G W Hume
A J McCormick and wife
J B Keesing
Mrs Craw
J P Eillenger and wife
A Blaine and wife
Si Kin
Ah Gut
T H Barton
John Wilson
W Harker
Lee Yowng
Wong Tung
H Tausk
M Marcuse
H E Simmons
A B Levy
J Wagner
O S Hosmer and wife
Mrs O'Neal
Miss Rosch
Mrs Dr H M Fisk
Miss Brown
G Jaeger
Margaret Boll
Miss E Nelson
Mrs C B Scott
L Feldman
A Duncalp
C H Dannals
J Kohn
O S Heath
J Bell
J W Clark
G P Burges
L Thomas
W B Sibson
N Selig
Miss Hoxie
G M Winn
T W nn
J C Laughlin
F C Henderson
Miss L Waldo
Mrs J G Wall
F W Wilke
W P Morris
H Hemden
Mrs A N Frost & 2 chdn
Mrs B Shackett
J Springer and wife
Hau Poy
Mrs T M Gardner
H C Gordon and wife
B J Vincent
Mrs M E Howell
H O Short
D C Balahee

THE COURTS.

SATURDAY, August 2.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—SMITH, J.

L. Nicolai et al vs. R. L. Hawthorne. Demurrer to complaint overruled. One week to answer.

Harold vs. Powell. Demurrer to complaint sustained.

A. Ford vs. Mary A. Ford. Application for appointment of a receiver. Robert Bell appointed receiver. Defendant allowed $400 and also to collect rents.

C. P. Bacon vs. Wm. Malles. Writ of review dismissed.

Northwestern vs. Swetzler. Dismissal.

George T. Mille et al vs. Marcus Neff et al. Time for taking testimony extended until Nov. 1st., 1884.

Henry Frost admitted to citizenship.

State of Oregon vs. Alice Bloomer—Not a true bill.

State of Oregon vs. Ah Sing—Not a true bill.

Grand jury presented five indictments.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

Henry Mace—Vagrancy; fined $40.

O. Franklin—Selling liquor without a license; continued to August 4.

Thomas McGuire—Vagrancy; $25.

Young Yow—Disorderly conduct; forfeited bail.

Mrs. Griffin—Running a laundry without a license; continued to August 1.

Charles Nolen—Assault with a dangerous weapon—On trial.

Andrew Nolen—Same; on trial.

Henry Reimer—Same; on trial.

Arthur Gore—Drunk and disorderly; fined $10.

J. R. Nelson—Same; fined $10.

John Nelson—Same; fined $10.

R. Strawser—Same; forfeited bail.

John Nailor—Same; same.

E. Conradt—Same; same.

Peter Hanser Bauker—Same.

S. Johnson—Same; same.

John Johnson—Same; same.

David E. Jones—Same; same.

John Bruno—Same; same.

F. T. Cohn—Vagrancy; under advisement.

Drink Cream Fruit Soda and Grateful Vichy.
Pfunder, First and Ash, Theater block.

FUNERAL OF ISAAC R. MOORES.

Yesterday afternoon the funeral of the late Isaac R. Moores took place at Salem. A special car was attached to the regular morning train from Portland for the accommodation of those of Colonel Moores' friends in this city who desired to pay the last tribute to the dead. Services were held at the M. E. church, which was crowded, notwithstanding the heated condition of the atmosphere. The pall bearers were Hon. George H. Williams, Hon. R. P. Earhart, Hon. Edward Hirsch, Hon Rufus Mallory, Hon. John W. Crawford, John W. Jordan, John G. Wright and W. W. Skinner.

A feeling prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Presbyterian church. This was followed by a short address from Rev. W. S. Harrington, pastor of the M. E. church. Rev. F. S. Knight, an old personal friend of Colonel Moores, preached the funeral sermon, which was an elegant tribute to the deceased.

The cortege then formed, headed by officers of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. These were followed by firemen in uniform; Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F., and visiting brethren; Protective Lodge No. 2, A. O. U. W., and visiting brethren; the Portland delegation representing various orders. There were seventy carriages in line, and about 300 persons followed the remains to the cemetery on foot. At the grave the impressive service of the Odd Fellows was said, the grand master, Hon. J. J. Walton, officiating.

The visitors from Portland returned by special train in the evening. Those who attended were:

G. H. Williams, E. H. Stolte, T. B. Handley, W. S. Failing, G. M. Stroud, H. Friedman, E. L. Conner, Z. Wood, J. C. Lamhin, C. A. Butler, J. M. Bacon, C. W. Roby, H. Boyd, F. N. Shurtleff, G. H. Chance, A. Newcomb and wife, W. H Games, R. W. Mitchell, R. Mallory, D. C. McKercher, J. W. Cook, R. L. Durham, C. E. Sitton, Chris. Taylor, J. D. Biles, J. Lin, W. C. Salmon, G. Wilson, J. W. Pratt and wife, W. S. White, C. K. Stevens, F. G. Abell, A. G. Walling, W. Braden, A. N Gambell, J. W. Bevins, F. Dryden, H. R. Lewis, A. Smith, M. Oswald, X. N. Steeves.

A GARDEN PARTY.

A crimson opulence and foam of white,
Through which the bees hum with a drowsy drone;
A mound of pansies, belted with a zone
Of dainty pinks, sweet with the kiss of night;
Great, golden clusters, wherein moths delight,
And scarlet sprays by whispering breezes blown;
Athwart the path, down whose cool way has flown
A humming bird, like sun-made iris bright.
And here where orioles make sumptuous feast,
And robins gather in the fragrant shade
And butterflies are free to come and go;
There blooms a lily from the distant east,
That brings to mind a rare Circassian maid,
Haunting some grim sheik's dim seraglio.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

Ought to Have Known Bettler.

A young man who believes in self-improvement having been recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be "whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative, and when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hayloft and was pulling the ladder after him.

One of the most curious and valuable relics of ex-President Buchanan among the pieces of his furniture that are to be sold at auction this fall is a hall stand or hat rack of a peculiar design. The base and back are made of English figured oak. The wood is dark and beautiful, and the carvings are very elaborate. The stand is furnished with a huge pair of antlers fastened to the middle of the upright piece. They are very large, having a spread of six feet. The prongs, twelve in number, extending on each side of the antlers, from the base to the top, serve as pegs for the hats.

An anecdote is related, illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians, compared with the simple honesty of the Germans and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarians. In war times three soldiers, one each of these three nations, met in a parlor of an inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone the German said, "That was a good watch; I wish I had bought it." "I am sorry I did not take it," said the Hungarian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland postoffice, August 2, 1884:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Boston, Daisy
Engtdry, Mrs Emma
Elkend, E
Jones, Mrs Nancy
Kristophersen, Hannah
Kooser, Mrs Mattie
Lawrence, Clara
McGee, Mrs Catharine
McNair, Mrs John
Ogilvie, Mrs Francis
Ortschead, Viola
Phillip, Nellie
Price, Mrs E J
Rankin, Mrs M
Rankin, Mrs Guy
Schroeder, Miss Mary
Sylvester, Elizabeth
Sudchen, Mrs Martha
Schmidt, Mrs Louise
Spear, F N Z
Thompson, Mrs Mattie
Wray, Mrs Wm B
Woodruff, Ida S

MEN'S LIST.

Avans, R H
Armstrong, R T
Adams, S T
Bennett, John T
Braun, Bernhard
Bodway, Albert
Banks, Wm
Bonner, Thad
Barr Albert
Bell, Biddle
Cann, John
Dan, Wm
Durcin, Joseph
Dong, Ward
Epperson, Geo
Ellison, James
Fegan, Wm
Fitzgerald, F S
Fortune, Eddy
Ganler, Walter
Holland, J J
Hughes, N P
Helrey, Richard
Hanford, John
Johnson, W P
Jim
Johnson, N P
Kunder, Peter
Kerr, Nancy
Leach, Fred
Lehben, Robt P
Morgan, Richard
Murray, Geo
Meyer, T F
Merrick, N
Magneri, A
Parker, Millard
Peake, Harper
Patterson, Wm
Prangle, John
Roehle, John
Reynolds, A W
Stachl, John
Sloper, Nap B
Sweeney, Mike
Settlemyer, J H
Schaffer, Charley
Shipp, M C (2)
Vandney, Charles
Veland, Christian
White, Geo
Walker, J L
Waldron, Jerome
Walton, Charles
Woodruff, Wm H
Waldron, Thomas

M. COUGILL, P. M.

THE HOTELS.

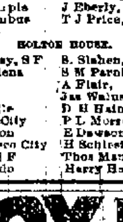
ESMOND.

H O Kerr, Port Townsend
R L Briggs & w, Phila
A Marks, Roseburg
O A Cole, do
J H Rechter, Cinn
E Geary, Eugene
Miss Geary, do
J C Horr, Pt Townsend
Mrs E Kinyon, Coos Bay
F H Lord, Chicago
W C Galloway, Wis
S F Jones, Hartford
O B Bagley, Olympia
J McCune, Columbus
A H King, do
E J Lansing, Vanc
U Williams & w, S F
W C Van Horn, Montana
D Scull, Jr, Phila
W E Scull, do
H J Brown, Portland, M
W M Eddy & w, S Barbara
J R Walker, Salt Lake
M J Cheesman, do
W G Deshler, Columbus
L English, do
E Barons, do
J Eberly, do
T J Price, do

HOLTON HOUSE.

John Shaughnessy, S F
J Bardsdell, Helena
H B Hunt, S F
F W Young, do
W L Blake, Seattle
E Butler, Baker City
J L Shirley, Union
E Gallicker, Wasco City
Al Loebenthal, S F
Alex Russell, do
S. Slahen, S F
S M Parole, Salem
A Flair, do
Jas Walmsley, Chicago
D H Haines, do
P L Morrow, Heppner
E Dawson, S F
H Schlesinger, S F
Thos Mansfield, do
Harry Hall, do

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N.Y.

[illegible]

THIS WEEK!

EACH DAY
SOMETHING ELSE
WILL BE
SACRIFICED
IN ORDER
TO CLOSE OUT
ODDS AND ENDS,
REMNANTS,
AND
BALANCE OF
SUMMER GOODS.

We are determined not to pack any goods away for next year, and it is well known that, to gain our object, the original cost will be of no consideration.

E. Lipman & Co.

Parties ordering by mail will be fully protected, and will buy under equal advantages as ladies residing in the city.

CLEARANCE SALE.

For Cash, and Cash Only.

CHOICE SILKS,
VELVETS, SATINS,
DRESS GOODS,
WRAPS, SUITS, Etc.

POSITIVELY SACRIFICED
—AT—
J. PILGER'S,
153 First street,
OPPOSITE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

N. B.—Send for Circulars and Price List.

TOWNE
—THE—
Photographer,
First and Morrison.

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Sunday Oregonian

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1884

WHY SIMON PETER WENT A FISHING

Sermon Preached by Rev Robert Collyer at the Church of the Messiah in New York

John xxi 3

Simon Peter said I go a fishing

There is no word in the gospels of a finer grain than this, or of a deeper and more touching pathos when we make the word one with the man, and realize the worth there and then of what he has resolved to do. Simon was a fisherman you will remember when the Master found him and called him to be an apostle and had been living since then as we should say from hand to mouth but dreaming all the while that the day was near at hand when the Messiah would drop his disguise assume divine authority, drive the powers then in possession of the world to the wall and establish a kingdom in which he who had been a poor fisher on the lake would stand first among princes and have the wealth of the world at his command. How his family fared during this time we can not even guess, but we may imagine how hard it would be for them as it is so often when the bread winner is a dreamer where he should be a worker and by all means hold the home together though it be at the expense of the kingdom which is seething in his brain like new wine in a cask. The dream has come at last to a rude and bitter waking. The kingdom is not of this world, so much is clear, and this is all he can be sure about the rest lies hidden in a mist. There was some money also before the dreadful sorrow struck them which ended on the cross but this has vanished with Judas who had the bag so something must be done and done quickly, and as all the ways were closed except that which led down to the beach and the boat Simon Peter said I go a fishing.

I think he must have made up his mind to go back to the old craft and calling also through the feeling that this was all he was good for. There had been a time when Jesus had said thou art a rock, and on this rock I will build my church and then Simon was sure of his princedom. But he had made fearful work of his life since then in turning his back on the best and dearest friend he had in the world and swearing he did not know him, instead of standing to his colors like a man and telling the howling mob to do their worst. It was only the other day he had said he would die with his friend and Master he had broken his promise shamefully and as there was still the making of a very great man in him if I understand his nature at all he was smarting [illegible] now and calling himself by all sorts of evil and ugly names. But in the very crisis of his shame there came to him one little gleam of light, he must have said there is still one thing you can do and hold your own like a man, you can go back to your old life. The thrones and sceptres are all a delusion but there is no delusion in the boat and the nets. You thought you were a great person a man who could win in every battle, you are a mere poltroon in a fight like that you had to face the other day and if God wants men to do his work now he will not want you, the Master said you were a rock you are a mere heap of shifting sand. But you do know about storms and how to handle your boat in the worst that ever blow from the crests of Carmel and if you are beaten in the last and worst you know how to die [illegible] death there. You can go back to the old craft again and it may be win out of such battles as you have to fight some little self respect. Once on our New England coast when a man was preaching to a lot of sailors and fishermen the humor took him to paint a storm. It was a terrible storm you may be sure for the preacher is not sparing of the truth he can draw from his imagination and so he made the meeting-house rock under the tempest, got a sea boat [illegible] with the sailors all helpless and then striking his final stroke cried what shall they do, what can they do but call on God to help them. No no the sailors roared with one voice they must haul down the topsail and scud. [illegible] of the boat on the lake and the sudden swoop of the storm from the mountains [illegible] his boat and sea room and he will still [illegible]

It was no very [illegible] with day's work [illegible]

[illegible]

about nothing in particular [illegible] loyalty shown in a hundred little touches [illegible]

[illegible]

he was enduring [illegible] was penitence [illegible] for blessed balsams and heal [illegible]

[illegible] There was the spirit of the Master haunting the world again stealing out from [illegible] coming through the darkness [illegible]

[illegible]

comfort him and read. So he may have said [illegible] me do [illegible] and I shall know where I am and what to believe and if the Master should come to me in this mystery and find me hard at work just as I was when he called me in the old time I will feel it is the best proof I can give of the sincerity of my sorrow, and I may have some [illegible] to hear a whisper telling me I am forgiven.

I use again these human reasons then as I try to measure the man, heartily my own why Simon said I go a fishing and if this was the last word we were ever to hear about him I should say you troubled by that you made bad work of it that night in the judgment hall but there can be no mistake about this you mean to do now. It is far better for you to be out in that boat on the water working for your bread than to be shut up in a cell on your knees praying, because all the prayers you can say between now and sunrise will not buy a pound of meal. Better grasping the tiller and hauling at the ropes and nets than folding your hands and then beating them on your breast in despair. This labor is your prayer as things stand now this lake your kingdom and this boat your throne. Better by far be fishing now than reading your bible even if you have one for what a man brings to his bible is of quite as decisive moment as what he finds in it and you might take to those rose colored glasses again as so many of us do in your case and go hunting up the passages about thrones and kingdoms which would lead you to the conclusion that you were right after all and all you had to do was to wait where you should wait—you can give no better proof that a new life is stirring in you which will make you a prince of a grander type than all your dreams than this you give in taking right hold again down at the base. You have got your lever right now and will do your share yet in lifting the world. The work of a man to begin with is to take care of his home and family do his very best to pay a hundred cents for a dollar and be true to the duty of to-day.

And now I want to touch this man's life in some way which will show us what the result was of this wise and wholesome resolution to go a fishing and will try to do this by considering first what he might have done as I look at him in the light of some men's lives I have known in part, and second what we find when we turn to the story of his life. This man had been nourishing a faith in God's providence and purpose which had seemed but a few days ago to be as solid as the earth he stood on and as true as the arches of the heavens, and had planted his home and his career on it in the sure conviction that there would be a glorious culmination of these promises in which he would find an ample reward; he found now he was utterly mistaken, his faith had burst like a shining bubble, the long expected kingdom was a mirage that had gone down with the sun.

His hopes had soared on wings as eagles can [illegible] were shot through the heart by these arrows of disaster and lay dead about his feet. And his love was so deep once that he was ready to die to prove it so he said and so he believed, but one brief hour had proven it was mere self love and very mean and poor at that. It had shown him he was not even a man let alone a hero or a martyr and so his love had come to wreck with his faith and hope. Now I have known men who when their faith died and their hopes were blighted and their love and all the beautiful dreams of their earlier manhood vanished away, did not seek for a surer faith and a diviner hope and the love of all goodness which is but another name for the love of God; they would plunge deeper than ever into business and take a dogged grip on what they called realities and make these the great aim and end of their life and Simon could have done this from that night when he said I go a fishing. He could have said I have been utterly mistaken and come to sore grief and loss, it was only a dream but minted gold is gold and real estate. I will make money and win my throne and kingdom in that way because I have faith in that beyond all question and hope in it and live for it and I notice that men are usually esteemed and exalted not so much for their worthiness as for what they are worth. So Simon could have lived his life [illegible] golden calf [illegible] perhaps with his ancestral [illegible] who nourish lofty [illegible] and aspirations. Then a day would have come when the family would have called [illegible] the minister but certainly the lawyer. And the mourners would have gone about the streets and the priest say [illegible] blessed [illegible] and he would [illegible] forgotten in his grave as all men are who work and wear out their life in the service of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Simon Peter on the cross with his feet downward. The master never made [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] he could trust [illegible] he went to his work and [illegible] found a diviner work [illegible] back to nature and found God [illegible] the lowest place and [illegible] back to the fishers [illegible] it opened into the mansions [illegible] glad the [illegible] to be one with the Christ who though he was rich yet for our sakes became poor. He had no ambition as he went down to the boat beyond that of a simple manful life. He was content to go to work and be just a fisherman again, and it may be if he could have seen in a vision what was coming it would have shaken his soul to the center and he would have wanted to live for the rest of his life in a quiet little home and on the water just as our good President Lincoln might have wanted to stay in the quiet little home in Springfield had he [illegible] the burdens [illegible] A weary way it was for Simon but from that night when he said I go a fishing it lay straight and true [illegible] eternal rest [illegible]

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Every man ought to give constant care to his own heart. If it be right all will be right—his words influence conduct—his entire life. "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." Christian Work.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls. The most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of heaven. James Chapin.

All profitable successful lines of business are special lines so if we would be earnest servants of God we must be specialists. Having one thing to do, understand it thoroughly, and do it as unto the Lord, casting off the unprofitable works of darkness and putting on the armor of light.

Prudence and religion are above accidents and draw good out of everything. Affliction makes a wise man patient, strong and enduring. Providence like a wise father, brings us up to labor toil and danger whereas the indulgence of a fond mother makes us weak and spiritless.

Whoever is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and, upon that account, is willing to "harken unto counsel," whereas, the foolish man being in proportion of his folly full of himself and swallowed up in conceit will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason because it is his own.

So long as we look only at our sorrows, so long as we fix long hopeless gazes on our cares we shall be tempest tossed, but when we are wise enough to look through our troubles and beyond our troubles, when we recognize that the trouble of life is not the whole of life but only the necessary means to a glorious end the troubles will become helpful and salutary.

The sympathy of Jesus for his immediate friends was exceedingly pathetic and yet just as wise. He did not want them to take upon themselves the airs of martyrs because their way was cloudy. He explained to them very triumphantly that the path to the highest must lie through the valley of sorrow. In the world ye must have tribulation but be of good cheer; the highway to the heavenly is up the rocky steep.

When compassed about on every side with tribulations remember that it is the way of the saints through which they passed to the kingdom of heaven. Learn to comfort thyself also because that in this thou art made unlike unto Christ Jesus thy Lord, and return thanks, if thou art in any small degree able to repay this to him. For I say unto thee that it is a greater merit in thee to suffer affliction patiently than to perform good works.—Thomas a Kempis.

The problem of sorrow is as old as the age. In one of the oldest poems the world possesses we find a man of manifold experience exclaiming "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." A wonderful saying this, pressing the whole philosophy of our existence into one pregnant phrase. Life at best is brief and sad. Later on the wise Job suggests that the trouble of life is of the essence of life and not an accident. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." The great teacher of Galilee regarded trouble as a minister of mercy. When trouble came to him—and surely no man ever trod a more troubled path—he bowed before it with loyal submission and for the joy that was set before him he endured each cross and counted as glory what most men counted as shame. A careful study of the words of Jesus will show that this problem of trouble was often in his thoughts and when he did speak of trouble he spoke so wisely so tenderly so sympathetically, that as long as the souls of men are afflicted with sorrow they can not afford to lose one of his gracious words.

Among the almost forgotten pictures in sacred history is that of Moses bidding farewell to the twelve tribes. As though they were twelve children they are seen gathered about the feet of their venerable father. A hundred and twenty years had passed over the head and the heart of the old chieftain. They had been years [illegible] and triumphs and we must have [illegible] which tempted the [illegible] of an Angelo. A hundred and twenty years reaching out from the rushes of the Nile [illegible] the king's daughter and then to the king's palace and then to exile, and to the march toward liberty and the slow founding of a Hebrew nation must have made the master sculptor [illegible] many a time for a piece of marble great enough [illegible] to express all the intellect and sentiment of this Moses. [illegible] this Hebrew statesman [illegible] some kind words of [illegible] toward each tribe. [illegible] and thorny paths of this world that tribe would have been [illegible] David Swing.

God does not blame us for having a will of our own; he does not even [illegible] the growth of good which he means to bring out [illegible] fact that while our wills are being directed and strengthened to [illegible] and the avoidance of what seems to us [illegible]

[illegible]

It is [illegible] Dr. M[illegible] [illegible] earnestness has saved many a [illegible] said before a [illegible] and hence for a life [illegible] a gentleman said to me, "If Edward N. Kirk had hold of that address he would have thrilled the audience." [illegible] the palmy days of his [illegible] always spoke from the heart and of course he reached and moved every heart in his congregation. Call it magnetism or what you will, it is indispensable to the best [illegible] on the platform. In my own experience I have seen an audience much [illegible] at a time the same [illegible] not only [illegible] but to seek for an [illegible] from the Holy Ghost. Our best power is the Holy Ghost power. With this endowment from on high how can a herald of the cross be either listless in tone or lifeless in utterance? Dr. [illegible] Monthly.

[illegible] to turn stones [illegible] with its differences born of despair all the sorrows of life as the issues of iron hearted fate. He wants us to deal wisely with our sorrows while he would not restrain our falling [illegible] did he not weep when Lazarus slept? He [illegible] "Let not your hearts be troubled" [illegible] beyond measure lest [illegible] that should lead you [illegible] to despair. He would [illegible] make our sorrows stepping stones not stumbling blocks [illegible] not hindrances in the upward march of life. When we allow [illegible] to overmaster us [illegible] the very case in point. The [illegible] of anguish [illegible] the Master most tenderly. How [illegible]

[illegible]

power seems to have escaped their thought notwithstanding that he had often told them that until he departed the promised comfort could not come. They dwelt on their own loss alone, they never once seemed to think that it would be a mercy that Christ's sorrows should have an end till at last he said to them—with a pathetic reproach in his words—"If ye love me ye would rejoice because I say I go unto my Father." Let us believe all Jesus said about trouble, let us cling to the hope that there is a God over all, causing all things however seemingly adverse to work to a wise and glorious end. That though the storm rave and the floods clap their hands we shall have peace. Lifting our eyes from the earthly to the heavenly we shall find rest.

GLADSTONE IN PRIVATE LIFE

The Premier as Seen among his Friends at a Dinner Party

Lippincott's Magazine

I saw Mr Gladstone first when he was about 60 years of age. Happening to sit near him at a dinner party I had a good opportunity of examining his appearance closely and of making mental notes of his conversation. I had heard him called a "sloven," but it struck me that he was even scrupulously neat from the arrangement of his already thinned locks to that of the small bouquet in his button hole and during the number of years that I had the good fortune of seeing him from time to time that same care was always apparent.

The most noticeable point about Mr Gladstone's physique is his immense head, the extreme development of the superciliary ridge giving his dark eyes doubly the appearance of being deeply set. I had seen many photographs of the statesman in all of which the likeness was striking but all of which more or less exaggerated peculiarities and gave the impression of a remarkably plain almost a repulsive person, whereas at the period to which I refer he was really a handsome man; the women all thought so and with their hero-worship there mingled a good deal of personal admiration.

Mr Gladstone affected no mysterious reserve in speaking of the political questions of the day, he was frank and evidently sincere. While avowedly the champion of the people, he occasionally made remarks of a startling conservative character. I heard him say, when some one spoke lightly of "weeding the upper house of the spiritual lords:"

"No, no, not one bishop could be spared."

He thought that in schools "those youths should be classmates whose similar position in society would bring them in contact later in life."

He remarked quite earnestly to a lady sitting beside him: "I am sorry you like Cromwell. I like Charles the First."

He spoke with affectionate reverence of the present royal family evidently appreciating not only the public position but their private virtues.

His manner, nevertheless had a republican simplicity, and when a chord was touched in which the inalienable rights of man vibrated, his eye kindled and flashed, while his tongue poured forth an eloquent appeal or protest as it might be and he showed himself a true liberal.

Mr Gladstone is loved by his friends as firmly as he is hated by his enemies. In society he is very popular in a great measure because he assumes no air of superiority, is entirely free from arrogance and never monopolizes the conversation. He listens patiently and even politely to a bore, never showing weariness. He is not at all unwilling that another star should shine where he shines and no diversion of attention from himself ever appears to awaken his uneasiness. I was present on one occasion at a table at which the famous but somewhat eccentric Prof Blackie sat next but one to Mr Gladstone. The professor who is very energetic and vociferous brandished his arms while he was speaking and that so wildly that a lady who was seated between the two distinguished men had more than once to draw suddenly back to avoid his clenched hand striking her face. He interrupted Mr Gladstone's remarks several times the interruption being borne with perfect equanimity and met by a smile, not of superiority but of indulgence for the excited intoxicated man. The subject under discussion was one which both men had much at heart Greece and its modern explorers.

Mr Gladstone told me that he approved of very considerably a portion of manual labor, a practice which he has always observed himself and [illegible] about him. [illegible] habit a good deal of the vigor of his [illegible]

[illegible] physical powers [illegible]

I think [illegible] every [illegible] strength by husband[ing] it. If I am obliged to sit up late at night I always sleep proportionately late the following morning. And I never have done a stroke of work on Sunday."

On another occasion we were discussing the use and abuse of words. He said on being questioned:

"When I am at mental work I require and take a certain portion of wine but I can and do work hard with my hands while taking only water."

It was generally at dinner parties that I met the prime minister and I noticed that he was a very moderate eater and drinker yet without the least affectation of abstinence.

The topic of discussion at one dinner party which I remember was Bismarck. For a time Mr Gladstone was silent then suddenly turned to me saying,

"If Cavour had had the same theater as Bismarck he would have been a more distinguished man."

About his 68th or 69th year the great statesman began to look old. He did not stoop his step had not lost firmness, but his face became deeply lined furrowed and careworn his eyes less bright, though it could still flash with sudden fire.

"As a man there is none better living," his whole career in private life has been one of sincerity.

Brewster's Style

Long Branch Letter

Mr Brewster divides his time between business and pleasure. One of his rooms is an office and library. He has in it his official papers and everything else necessary to the proper conduct of his affairs. He devotes [illegible] the morning to [illegible]

[illegible] strap [illegible] with silver buttons and [illegible] fashion [illegible] the breast [illegible] Mrs Brewster sits with her husband [illegible] the carriage on [illegible] pony.

Mrs Brewster has [illegible] Her carriage [illegible] The attorney general himself wears [illegible] every day. It [illegible] He clings to his [illegible] coat with its extraordinary buttons, high [illegible] salmon colored [illegible] frilled shirts and ruffs [illegible] broadbrimmed high hat [illegible] The cost of maintaining [illegible] is $150 a week. It was [illegible] the hotel proprietor threw off $100 in consideration of the advertising [illegible] would give the house.

Conkling as an Oarsman

Brooklyn Eagle

Loungers on the new bridge these pleasant summer afternoons often pause to admire the stalwart stroke of a gray haired oarsman who drives a single shell through the water with the grace and vigor of a youthful athlete. A picturesque boating suit displays to great advantage his noble physical proportions, while a [illegible] skull cap envelops the crown of a head so classic in its outlines that a marble model of it would be worthy of a place among the busts of gods and heroes that adorn the gallery of sculpture in the Vatican. The face is bronzed from exposure and the curl that rebelliously clings the glossy [illegible] of the cap falls over a brow as smooth and unwrinkled as that of a boy. The passage of his shell beneath the bridge always arrests the procession of pedestrians and sometimes their admiration is attested by a shout of applause as the frail [illegible] darts with the speed of an arrow along the [illegible] of the muddy stream. The gray haired oarsman is Roscoe Conkling.

TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION.

By William H Watkins, M D, Professor of Theory and Practice in the Medical Department of Willamette University

Consumption has been recognized and described in the very earliest records of medicine, Hippocrates and Galen giving clearly descriptions of ulcerations and sloughing of lungs, and attendant symptoms. Sylvius, about 1769 first recognized that these ulcerations and cavities in the lungs were associated with and originated from masses or tubercles. In 1700 Mangetus described tubercles found in the lungs and other organs, and compared them to millet seeds, which comparison has survived to our day. But it may be remarked that most of the old writers used the term "tubercle" in its original signification as a little lump of any kind. Indeed we do the same thing now quite often, as when we speak of the common acne of the face as tubercle. But about the beginning of the eighteenth century the term "tubercle" was wrested from its original signification of "a little lump," and arose to the dignity of giving name to a morbid structure. The character of this special structure from the beginning of the present century has engaged attention, given rise to wide and varied observation to debate and discussion and to which this day by your invitation, I call your attention. Bayle in 1803 with wonderful clearness and insight considering the progress of pathology at that time declared that tubercular phthisis is a specific disease which may cause or be complicated with catarrhs and inflammatory hemoptysis but does not originate in them. He declares, however, that tubercles owing to their cheesy appearance, are always opaque, simply because he did not recognize the fact which Laennec pointed out in 1819—that the translucent nodules which Bayle denominated granulations, were really true (the formative stage of tubercles and afterward became opaque becoming the tubercle of Bayle and producing the cheesy matter characteristic of tubercle. Laennec also taught a most important matter and a great advance—that tubercle was not always a nodule but not unfrequently involves large irregular patches of tissue a condition which he termed tubercular infiltration—and aside from discussion as to the location of tubercle this was about all that was known till the microscope was introduced to farther elucidate the subject. It is curious that the first use of this instrument tended to throw medical opinion back to the days of Bayle, and for this reason Lebert in 1844, found certain bodies in the cheesy matter which he deemed distinctive of tubercle, but which he does not find in the transparent granulations and therefore came to the conclusion that the transparent granulations were not the first stage of tubercle.

But the next stage of microscopical examination overthrew many of the generally received opinions concerning tubercle. You will bear in mind that up to this date, the presence of cheesy matter was deemed conclusive proof of its being tubercle, but William Addison, in 1849, proved satisfactorily that this theory was not true, and in 1852 Virchow showed that cheesy degeneration took place in the enlarged glands of scrofula as Addison before him had proved that the deposits of pneumonia became cheesy, and not to be differentiated from the cheesy matter of tubercle. In fact, that cheesy matter, identical in appearance with the cheesy matter of tubercles was the product of inflammation as the breaking down and inspissation of simple pus cells. Virchow states on page 213 of his pathology, "That by inspissation inflammatory products can be converted into things called tubercles, is indubitable; that this occurs in the absorption of pleuritic effusion and the watery portions of cold abscesses; that in fact, any exudation by losing its watery constituents, growing thick turbid, opaque, cheesy might take on the appearance of tubercle." Virchow after thus destroying the old foundation for tubercle, says "I am of the opinion that tubercle is a granule or a knot; that this knot constitutes a new formation, and one which from its earliest formation is necessarily of a cellular nature, that it has its origin in connective tissue and when it has reached a certain degree of development constitutes a minute knot in this tissue; that this new formation is from the outset [illegible] and prone to degeneration, that it may be vascular but the growth of its many cells [illegible] the vessels and render them impervious [illegible] that fatty degeneration sets in early in the center of the knot; the corpuscles begin to [illegible] the center becomes yellow and opaque and a cell which is often seen in the middle of the grey translucent nodule or granule thus producing the cheesy appearance, and thus Virchow makes not the cheesy transformation, which may indeed be formed from pus or cancer or sarcoma but a new growth or especial neoplasm from connective tissue cells, the test and criterion by which we are to judge of whether it is tubercular or not. That tubercle is an Heterologous tissue having a physiological type in the lymphatic glands. This view received considerable favor owing to the reputation of the distinguished author of it. But it hardly stands the test of criticism, for it has been shown that the connective tissues in which tubercle is found, contains lymphatic structure and this being the case the tubercular development may be hyperplastic as well as Heteroplastic and secondary. It has been denied by investigators that tubercle had a lymphatic structure and in this, critics are probably right. We now come to the termination merely of what the microscope had revealed to us, when experimental pathology took up the subject.

Villemin in 1865 inoculated rabbits with tubercle both the translucent and opaque varieties. He made an incision in the skin of the animals in which he inserted small portions of tubercle. On killing the animal a month afterward many of the internal viscera especially the lungs were found loaded with tubercles. Since which time his experiments have been repeated by many distinguished experimenters and the following conclusions have been pretty well determined and I may add are unquestioned. That if the true tubercle be introduced under the skin into any of the serous cavities, if injected into the right side of the heart, or left side of the heart, that tubercular growths were produced in different portions of the body, varying somewhat according to the locality of introduction. It was also found that general tuberculosis could be produced by feeding animals with small portions of tubercle, or with the sputa of a tuberculous animal. The resulting tubercles are found after inoculation first in the lymphatic glands, then in the lungs where they appear from the smallest speck to that of a hemp seed. Some transparent and firm sometimes so far advanced as to have become cheesy at the center. The liver the spleen the peritoneum and solitary follicles of the intestines and other parts of the body become affected.

Now it would appear that we stand on solid ground but other observers of unquestioned ability and high character found that rabbits could be rendered tubercular, that these lesions could be produced by injecting under the skin matters not tubercular at all as pieces of ground glass pieces of cotton pieces of cork would set up this general tuberculosis and finally that simple wounds would produce the same result. Thus the whole subject seemed to be adrift again. Of course various theories arose by which these facts might be explained but I have not time to go into this now. The principal point and the only one we require is that the experimenters were mistaken and that only the inoculation of tubercular material will produce tuberculosis but I shall refer to this hereafter.

I now call your attention to the more recent researches concerning tubercle. Prof Klebs in 1877 reported that he had succeeded in cultivating an organism from tuberculous material with which he was able to produce tuberculosis. He made cultivations from artificial tuberculosis in the white of an egg or in the serum of the blood which became turbid in two or three days from development of micrococci and short rods (these rods being in fact the tubercle bacilli) about two micro millimeters in length these rods having active movement. Prof Klebs, however, supposed that when he inoculated this material, it was the micrococci which produced the tuberculosis but as we shall see hereafter, he was mistaken, further experiment proving the bacilli the active agent. Prof Toussaint, in 1881 cultivated from the blood of tuberculous animals and from tubercle an organism which he deemed micrococcus and cultivation of this organism produced tuberculosis when injected into an animal. Aufrecht and Baumgarten both discovered rod shaped bodies similar to those described by Klebs and Kochs Bacilli. In order to be brief I shall refer to a few experiments reported by W Watson Cheyne. He describes the tubercle bacilli as varying somewhat in length, the longest being about 1-7000 of an inch, or one third the diameter of a blood corpuscle, rounded at the ends, presenting a somewhat beaded appearance the number of beads in a single rod varying from four to eight. In December 1881 the juice was squeezed from the muscle of a cow affected with tuberculosis and injected into a pig. The pig died in one hundred and forty-seven days from tuberculosis. A piece of the tuberculous material from the pig was injected into two rabbits April 7. One of the rabbits died June 3d, and the other would have died but was killed for purposes of examination. At the seat of inoculation there was an ulcer beneath which there were numerous tubercles, the neighboring glands were enlarged and there was extensive tuberculosis of several internal organs—the lung, indeed, an almost tuberculous mass—the kidney and spleen containing tubercular bacilli. Again and again such experiments as the above were reported with unvarying results, in producing tuberculosis. Still further, a pig was fed with part of organs of a cow which had tuberculosis, and in consequence became tuberculous. A drop of blood of this pig was put into a vessel containing an infusion of rabbit meat; a portion of this infusion was put into another infusion and thus repeated to the seventh time, (till all cheesy matters were removed) and ten drops of the seventh infusion was injected into the peritoneal cavity of a cat, which died in 109 days after, with enlarged abdominal glands and tubercles in liver, spleen and lungs. A portion of the tuberculous material from this cat was inoculated into a rabbit and caused tuberculosis. From the tubercles in the rabbit, a pig was inoculated, and died from tuberculosis sixty-seven days afterwards. The tubercle bacilli were found in the lungs and other internal organs. Now, as to the importance of these bacilli in producing consumption. Toussaint obtained micrococci, which are sometimes found in consumptive animals and upon inoculating a number of animals with these micrococci the animals remained well and tuberculosis was not developed. And here I may refer again to the views of Dr Burdon Sanderson—that the introduction of non tuberculous substances would cause tuberculosis. But Baumgarten inoculated all sorts of substances without in any case, obtaining tuberculosis—organic and inorganic chemical materials pathological formations as, carcinoma, sarcoma, myeloid sarcoma, malignant lymphoma leucaemic tumors (hard and soft), chancres, lupus, syphilis glands healthy and unhealthy pus, croupous and diphtheritic masses, granulation tissues, pieces of scabs, cheesy pus from man and animals, cheesy infarcts, caseous tumors, putrid material in various stages of decomposition lower organisms, as infusoria, cocci and bacteria from septic fluids and all kinds of fungi, and in no case was tuberculosis induced, while on the other hand the inoculation of cultivated bacilli produced tuberculosis, and of a virulent character. I may say, then, that the trend of medical opinion at this time is this: That the giant cells characteristic of the early formation of tubercle, are epithelial cells, such as we find in the several organs of the body, which have grown rapidly, owing to the stimulating effect of bacilli which have found lodgment in them. That tubercle does not contain blood vessels, but the accumulation of epithelial cells, causes pressure upon the vessels outside of them and blocks them, closes them up. This accumulation continuing, caseous degeneration sets in, and the center of the tubercle becomes a cheesy mass. When this process is extensively diffused, soon the cheesy masses communicate with each other and we have what the laity term quick consumption. On the other hand, when this process is slow and the accumulation of tubercular cells is not great, the granulation tissue around them may become organized into a fibrous tissue, and then we have the more chronic type, or fibroid phthisis, and we have comparatively few bacilli, but some will be found in the caseous mass or on its border. Let us note a little farther. Tappeiner caused dogs to inhale phthisical sputum which was sprayed into their cage for a number of days. In consequence eleven dogs became tuberculous, and what is very important, in seven cases the tuberculosis was confined to the lungs, in four cases nodules of tubercles were found in kidney or liver or both. Now let us see if on the principles I have above described, we can explain some of the curious matters pertaining to consumption.

First—Then, when tubercular material was injected into such parts that it passed into the circulation, general tuberculosis, involving all the internal organs was set up.

Second. When tubercular material was simply inhaled the lungs were the parts principally affected, and mainly so because the bacilli were separated and kept from passing into the circulation by granulation and fibroid tissue. And observers state unequivocally that the tubercle bacilli can be discovered in the sputum of patients before physical signs give any evidence whatever of the presence of tubercle and it is stated that a fair prognosis of a case can be made by observing the comparative number of bacilli, large numbers either indicating a large quantity of cheesy material or a large number of [illegible] involved.

Dr Charteris Smith has demonstrated the presence of tubercle bacilli in the breath of persons suffering from the tubercular consumption, by causing them to breathe frequently through two thin layers of fine cotton placed in the outer compartment of an ordinary respirator. The inner layer of cotton becomes covered with the Bacilli, then the cotton is converted into gun collodion, a thin layer of the collodion is properly stained and then placed under the microscope and the bacilli are plainly brought into view.

As we regard these facts we must view the question of the contagiousness of tubercular consumption. If, with Creighton and Klebs, we regard tuberculosis as derived from a morbific agent the bacilli derived from without and by some means introduced into the system, we simply accept the theories so fully believed in southern Europe, and which at various times has received the endorsement of some great names in medicine that consumption is contagious. Such statistics as we have on this subject seem to indicate that in married life, when the liability to infection would be most pronounced there is very little danger that consumption would be conveyed from the invalid wife to the husband, but the danger to the wife from infection by the husband, was considerable. Thus Dr Herman Weber states that of sixty-eight persons male and female, with more or less consumptive taint, have married healthy persons, of these sixty-eight persons thirty nine were husbands twenty-nine wives. Only one of the husbands of the twenty nine wives became diseased, while nine wives of the thirty-nine husbands became affected with consumption. These nine husbands lost eighteen wives. One lost four, one lost three, four others lost two each, three only one each.

What are we to do with such a case as this? A young man who had lost his mother, two brothers and a sister by consumption and had twice bleeding from the lungs married at the age of 27 being apparently well. His first wife was perfectly well and came of a healthy family. She died of consumption after a third confinement. The second wife, healthy at time of marriage died in a little over a year of galloping consumption. Next he married an exceptionally healthy woman, aged 25 and during her second pregnancy, she developed consumption and died in eight months. He then with a courage not even equalled by the pair of who was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relatives married a girl aged 23 who was perfectly healthy and come of a healthy family. After her first confinement she developed consumption and died, having tubercles in lungs and liver, spleen and intestines. This man gave unequivocal evidence of disease of the lungs, but it was probably held in abeyance by his calling as a sailor, but being laid up by a fracture the tubercular tendency became active and he died of consumption in less than two years after the fracture.

In Dr Weber's second case where three wives of a consumptive husband died from tuberculosis the disease occurred during pregnancy or soon after delivery. Many such cases are reported.

Out of one such marriages eighteen wives became affected, on the other hand out of twenty-nine cases where the wife was consumptive only one husband became affected. It may seem, from the above reports, that these women became infected through impregnation. But it is quite as tenable now that we are learning that tuberculosis is an infective disease, that impregnation furnishes the conditions, the fever, the exhaustion of condition, so conducive to the reception and activity of infective diseases, precisely as we know that woman, during the period of pregnancy is not only prone to take readily such a disease as scarlet fever, but is more than probable it will prove fatal.

In 1874 a man in Syra, Greece was dying slowly from dry gangrene of left toe, owing to obliteration of the femoral artery. Three medical men of the town inoculated, upon the upper part of right leg the sputa of a consumptive patient, having previously examined his lungs and found them everyway healthy. Three weeks after the inoculation there were signs of tubercles in the lungs, and on the 38th day the patient died from the gangrene. On post mortem examination of the lungs seventeen small tubercles were found at apex of right lung, two at apex of left lung, and two on the surface of the liver.

Gerlach states that oxen can be diseased by introducing tubercular substances with food

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[illegible] worth of rolling stock is said to have been destroyed before a successful system of operation was established. Only very few of the higher officials of the Rio Grande realize how terrible was the experiment of these rides, and it is told of them who were summoned to undertake curious [illegible] try and compel [illegible] make the journey that they [illegible]

The Panama Canal

Theo K Grosvenor, a director in the Panama canal, just returned from there, in an interview with a Chronicle reporter says that according to the engineers' estimates $60,000,000 had already been expended on the canal, and that before completed it would cost the full amount set down in the estimate [illegible] by the [illegible] engineers [illegible] a great waste [illegible]

every Affection of the Th[illegible]
Lungs and Chest, including [illegible]
sumption. Sold by all Druggi[illegible]

[illegible] preparation [illegible] examine the [illegible] WISTAR'S Balsam [illegible] the signature [illegible]

[illegible] do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the one specific purpose [illegible] Washington st., Chicago, Ill. [illegible]

into the stomach, or if an animal is fed with milk from a tuberculous animal. As bearing on this subject, will be found, in the report of agriculture for 1883 (page 62), the statement that where large herds of cows are kept, in or near our great cities, that if tuberculosis is once introduced among them, the disease spreads with great rapidity, attacking nearly all the cows exposed. In one stable, kept clean, comfortable, well ventilated, and where the cows spent most of the time in the pastures, twenty-four of the thirty-one animals were plainly affected with this disease. How are we to account for this unless tuberculosis is infectious? And the commissioner of agriculture says: "It seems to me that there is not a shadow of a doubt that this is an inoculable and contagious disease, due to specific virus."

But I must close, interesting as the field is which opens before us, but again calling attention to the fact that tubercle now does not find its central idea, its idea of unification, in the opacity of Bayle; nor the translucent nodules of Laennec; nor in caseation, nor in the heterologous tissue of Virchow; nor in the giant cells, or even in the micrococci, but in the bacilli. That so far as we are now able to determine, the bacilli is first, and all the rest but a sequence.

The bacilli is the great fac, the parasite of tuberculosis. That tuberculosis is produced by the conveyance of this parasite from one body to another, or one person to another, and in no other way, and following as a sequence that consumption is a contagious disease. I do not say this is absolutely proved, but the presumption is great. The questions of hygiene—the prophylaxis of the consumption room, the marriage of consumptives, the necessity of protecting ourselves from tuberculous meats, milk, the necessity in all tubercular affections as tuberculosis of the eye, testes, of the bones, etc., of resorting to immediate extirpation, are wide, varied and of vast importance. When we consider that two sevenths of the human race are doomed to sickness and death from tubercular disease, we can hardly overestimate the importance of the view presented, if, as now appears more than probable, the observations of the future shall prove these views tenable.

DR. GLADDEN ON GAMBLING.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

Rev. Washington Gladden, whose devotion to theology spoiled an excellent journalist, discourses in the August *Century* of "Three Dangers:" First, intemperance; second, "those unsocial forces that make war upon society by assailing the family;" and, third, "the gambling mania," which he describes as "by far the most dangerous of the unsocial forces now threatening the destruction of society."

It is not gambling by means of faro tables, cards, or any of the games of chance, of which Dr. Gladden chiefly speaks, nor is it lottery gambling, which "still holds its own pretty firmly, especially among the poorest classes," but it is "that form of gambling which wears the mask of business," and "which is sometimes called speculation."

"But speculation it is not," he says, "in any true sense of that word. To buy property of any sort and hold it for a rise in value is a legitimate business transaction. . . . Buying and selling may be selfish business; but buying and selling is a wholly different operation from gambling; and a very large share of the so-called commercial operations of this land to-day is not buying and selling at all, but simply and only gambling."

The distinction between a commercial transaction and a gambling transaction is always clear enough, though there is a constant tendency to confuse the two. A man buys dry goods, groceries, grain or stocks for cash, or exchanges one kind of property for another by way of barter, and that is legitimate trade the world over. He may buy for future delivery, as millers buy wheat, as merchants buy the season's product of a mill, or the year's product of an orchard, and that is not gambling. Anticipating a rise in value, he may still do the same. When the war broke out, certain dealers bought up all the bunting in the market, foreseeing a demand for national flags. This was a simple exercise of shrewdness and sagacity. When Fort Sumter was fired upon, A. T. Stewart lost no time in securing every yard of blue army cloth in New York, and engaged the product for months ahead of all the mills that were making goods of that class. There could be no objection in morals to the transaction, but if he had paid the mill owners a certain sum for the privilege of calling on them at his option for the delivery of a hundred bales of cloth at the expiration of three months, the nature of the business would have changed from commerce to gambling. A man may gather in every barrel of apples or flour, or every share of a certain stock within his reach, if he will, and nobody complains of it as unlawful or contrary to the usages of trade; but when one gives Mr. Russell Sage so many dollars to-day for the privilege of "putting" to him so many shares of a certain stock within a given time at a stipulated price per share, with no thought on the one side of actually selling any stock, or on the other of actually buying any, except in the event that the stock should go up or down in value so as to make a profit for the man who owns the "put," the operation is gambling, pure and simple. There is no need of multiplying illustrations. A transaction that is in effect a bet that at or within a certain time so many bushels of grain or so many shares of stock will be worth a certain sum is as much gambling as a bet that a roulette ball will stop on a certain color when the wheel is [illegible] whirling.

Dr. Gladden writes: "To say that gambling in margins is as bad as faro or roulette is a very weak statement; it is immensely worse. It is far more dishonest. The gambler in margins does his best to load the dice on which he bets money. It is, moreover, far more injurious. By this practice values are unsettled, business is often paralyzed, the price of the necessaries of life is forced upward. The poor man's loaf grows smaller as the gambler's gains increase. Every cent made by this class of men is taken from the industrial classes with no compensation."

The widespread suffering that has come in the last year—and in every year within the last decade—from the failures of banks has in almost every instance been owing to the gambling of some of their officers. They have "speculated" in oil with the funds of the bank, or in grain or in stocks. They have become gamblers outright, gamblers as truly and disreputably as though they had spent their time in gaming houses and lost the money of their patrons at play.

There is a good deal in calling things by their right names. It is not worth while to speak of a gambler as a speculator. A bank president or cashier, a merchant, minister, lawyer, doctor, carpenter or cobbler who gambles in "margins" and "puts" and "calls" is just as hopelessly in the path of ruin as one who gambles at faro or in lotteries. When popular condemnation and reprobation are just as strongly set on the stock and grain and oil gamblers as upon the unfortunates who waste their substance in the more ancient, and therefore better understood, schemes for betting, there will be hope that not so many of the men who are looked upon as financial leaders will cover themselves and their friends with shame.

One of the Gettysburg Stories.

Waterbury (Conn.) American.

While in Gettysburg last week I had an interview with Mrs. Peter Thorn, who was in Gettysburg at the time of the battle there, and was told by her the following, which I think has never yet been printed. The story has been corroborated by a number of people of that place, and I have every reason to believe it is genuine. Mrs. Thorn lived in the house at the entrance of the borough cemetery. The house was used as headquarters by Gen. O. O. Howard. Mrs. Thorn's husband was away from home at that time serving in the 148th regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and stationed in Virginia, leaving her with two quite young children. During the first day of the fight Gen. Howard wanted someone to show him and tell him about the different roads leading from Gettysburg, and asked a number of men and boys who were in the cellar of the house to go with him and point them out. But these persons were all fearful and refused to go. Then Mrs. Thorn showed her courage and patriotism by voluntarily offering to show the roads. This offer was at first refused by General Howard, who said he did not wish a woman to do what men had not the courage to do. Mrs. Thorn persisted in her offer, saying: "Somebody must show you, and I can do it. I was born and brought up around here, and know the roads as well as anybody." Her offer was accepted, and with the general and his horse between her and the fire of the enemy, Mrs. Thorn went from one spot to another pointing out the different roads. When passing along the line of troops the general was greeted with: "Why do you take a woman for a guide? This is no place for her." "I know it," said the officer, "but I could not get a man to come; they were all afraid." This answer to them started cheers [illegible] Mrs. Thorn, which lasted several minutes, and showed that our soldiers admired the courage shown at such a time.

RANCHING IN TEXAS.

[illegible] Tom Hughes' Nephews, as Told [illegible] Volume of Published Letters.

[illegible] Thomas Hughes' younger brother [illegible] serious losses that he had to [illegible] establishment and take a little four-[illegible] in the suburbs of London, where [illegible] boys did their own cooking, [illegible] sons left school and entered [illegible] Willy becoming a junior clerk [illegible] a salary of £50 a year, [illegible] during which he was pre-[illegible] managed to save £130, resigned [illegible] offer of £250 a year, and [illegible] to emigrate. His uncle [illegible] for no assistance, indeed de-[illegible] could offer him, having de-[illegible] his own small savings [illegible] He had no illusions [illegible] the life he had chosen knew [illegible] that he would have to live under [illegible] in many respects than a farm-[illegible] in England, and that it might [illegible] these conditions would be ma-[illegible] his mind was made up [illegible] worth the candle, that he [illegible] himself to go through with his ex-[illegible] fairly part in any case, [illegible] that he would have [illegible] by the time he was of [illegible] his younger, called the doctor, [illegible] Westminster scholarship [illegible] joined him. Two [illegible] the middle brother, [illegible] left Mr. Watts' studio, where [illegible] great promise, and emigrated into [illegible] with the other two. "For some [illegible] Mr. Hughes, "the brothers will [illegible] all their time on the ranch, at [illegible] herding, clearing and planting; [illegible] of them has the least idea of [illegible] old tastes and pursuits in the [illegible] They have already got their books [illegible] cases, and in odds and ends [illegible] is faithful to his fiddle, Chico to [illegible] brushes and palette, and the doctor [illegible] and photography."

[illegible] preface Thomas Hughes' editing [illegible] to end, and the notes are signed [illegible] initials of the boy's father. A few [illegible] the letters will show their spirit. They have no pretensions to literary [illegible] "awfully" occurs on an average [illegible] page; but they are genuine, full [illegible] spirit, and they give the most vivid [illegible] of life on a Texan ranch. It may be [illegible] Mr. Hughes promises as an induce-[illegible] edition a reproduction of the [illegible] which the originals were en-[illegible]

[illegible] letter is dated Sweeny's hotel, New [illegible] Willy writes on his voyage in the steer-[illegible] "I was hardly sick at all, and [illegible] the voyage immensely, especially the [illegible] manner in which we were fed." [illegible] New York is!" he exclaims; [illegible] the jingling of car bells to be [illegible] I was very much struck with the white [illegible] on the river with the working contri-[illegible] I could see ten all at once, actu-[illegible] between New York and Jersey City. [illegible] awfully well." Next he writes from [illegible] at Philadelphia, and then he jumps [illegible] "Here I am at last," he says, [illegible] awfully hot, dusty journey from New [illegible] stayed a little time in Philadelphia, [illegible] glad I did so. They are building [illegible] public buildings there, which are, [illegible] to answer much the same purpose as [illegible] courts. They are very fine. It is a [illegible] block, with a huge court in the [illegible] and is built of polished Scotch marble; [illegible] into the court quite takes away your [illegible] is so cool. The quarantine officers [illegible] strict all the way. . . . We [illegible] very amusing 'cities'—'dog city' [illegible] city. They were both in the mid-[illegible] prairie, and all the city was a small [illegible] thrown on the ground and a sign-[illegible] the name of the city on it, not a [illegible] 'animile,' or a human being any-[illegible] ten miles."

[illegible] the prodigal son, joined himself [illegible] man named W——, who drove about [illegible] "It is the oldest old rattletrap I [illegible] and he ties a horse and mule in, [illegible] not nearly the same size or color. All [illegible] is made up of odd bits of strap and [illegible] I don't think any one could fix' the [illegible] himself. He throws all the harness [illegible] the buggy, and if a buckle or anything [illegible] it don't scare him; he says: 'Oh, [illegible] guess I'll fix it somehows.' Well, [illegible] started off in this thing right for this [illegible] the crow flies. . . . It is awfully [illegible] I wave a bathe in a creek just here, [illegible] rigged out a la herd-boy. My coat and [illegible] which are brier and waterproof, light [illegible] cool, and look like brown silk, cost $2 50 [illegible] and hat with two-mile brim, $1. [illegible] to come with nothing and get rigged [illegible] They know better what is needed, [illegible] get the things one wants. I am aw-[illegible] well. . . . I have been taking the [illegible] There are 1500, and when on feeding [illegible] over half a mile in diameter, and they [illegible] on walking, and by the time you get [illegible] head the tail will have twiddled round [illegible] They kicked me at first, but I can [illegible] them now. . . . We are very good [illegible] and our greatest variation is our bread, [illegible] cook in different ways. It was awfully [illegible] this morning—a liquid batter of our and [illegible] yeast and salt and a few eggs then set [illegible] boiling in a skillet and pour the batter [illegible] It makes a sort of crisp soda cake. [illegible] about four at the same time in a skillet [illegible] eight inches across, fish them out in two [illegible] and pour four more in. They are light [illegible] wholesome. I ate about 200 or 250 should [illegible] about half a hundredweight." When [illegible] employed in learning how to herd [illegible] would amuse himself in "tarantulizing" [illegible] spiders out of their holes and throw-[illegible] at rabbits."

[illegible] 1879, Willy's cousin Tim crossed [illegible] to join him, bringing two Oxford-[illegible] rams and four ewes as a nucleus [illegible] ranch. He writes of his passage, [illegible] also in the steerage: "There was a [illegible] lot on board, natives of all countries, [illegible] many very decent fellows. We di-[illegible] messes after we had been on board so [illegible] was the most select of the lot. It was [illegible] of a 'Frisco artist, two diggers and a [illegible] bo'sun (Jack Slack by name), and a [illegible] one of the steerage belles, and your [illegible] servant." His indignation was [illegible] one woman, who pretended to be [illegible] and yet was seen at one breakfast "to [illegible] rolls, a basin of porridge and a lot of [illegible] eggs," and then tell the chief steward [illegible] had scarcely tasted a morsel for days. [illegible] the steerage was vastly preferable [illegible] cabin: "We had a deal more fun than [illegible] passengers ever had aft. They used [illegible] and look on when we were dancing, [illegible] every evening. Our only musical in-[illegible] was a fiddle, which was played by the [illegible] splendidly." Of New York, he [illegible] he likes it very much, and thinks [illegible] time it will lick London all to noth-[illegible] His sheep, shipped to Galveston, came [illegible] "The sailors," he says, "are [illegible] of them, but seem to have strange [illegible] good for them in the way of food. [illegible] of them feeding them with a copy [illegible] Tribune, which he said was the best [illegible] possible for them. The carpenter spends [illegible] time playing with them; but he's un-[illegible] impression that they bite."

[illegible] sheep which landed all right made a [illegible] impression also in Texas, and were hon-[illegible] with a half-column notice in a San Anto-[illegible] daily. Both the boys were much amused [illegible] hairless dogs and pepper-tongued cow-[illegible] Tim soon got work on a farm here he [illegible] "awfully well fed," and Willy continued to [illegible] his plans for raising sheep, goats, fowls, [illegible] and turkeys on the 160 acres of "awfully [illegible] country, but fine grass and healthy," [illegible] he had bought for $225.

In a week's time he and his 'Scotchman [illegible] cleared three acres of stones, some of which [illegible] as big as a man's body. He gives a vivid [illegible] picture of himself: "You ought to see me now," [illegible] says, "squatted on the floor, leaning against [illegible] a barrel of beans and rice, kegs of mo-[illegible] spades, frying-pans, skillets and coffee-pot, [illegible] etc., all round; chickens just going to [illegible] in the trees outside over the wagon. Grub [illegible] awful cheap." By the 1st of April, 1879, the [illegible] cousins were in equal partnership in their [illegible] tremendously long valley," the healthiest [illegible] in Texas, their stock consisting of "three [illegible] six sheep, twelve hens and a few tame [illegible] their shanty measuring 12 feet [illegible] first work was to locate 640 acres of land [illegible] lay next their farm. A block of school [illegible] and another of state land of the same [illegible] adjoining promised them plenty of breath-[illegible] Willy writes his brothers: "If you [illegible] get tired of England come out, and [illegible] granny with you. It's an awfully un-[illegible] life, and no weekly bills." He writes [illegible] father: "We are getting along grandly. We have a fence about forty yards by twenty round the hut, and a gateway opposite the hut, and we have fenced in a garden next us about the same size as the yard, and have got lettuce, tomatoes, onions, carrots, radishes, potatoes and standard and climbing beans in, and shall put some melons in shortly." Tim writes: "I'm working outside all day, cutting down trees and clearing out roots or plowing, and in the evening there's just time for supper, mending my clothes or cooking, and then turn into bed, for which I'm always ready. We all sleep on the floor, one rug over and one under us. I've got so accustomed to the hard floor that it seems as comfortable as ever a soft mattress did." Their floors sloped like a roof, and to keep from rolling off they had to shore each other up with stones. Their roof leaked, and it made it "dangerous to go to sleep without a life-buoy." Snakes dropped into their laps, and ate their hens' eggs—one made way with seventeen; scorpions crept for shelter under their rugs; ticks "raged furiously" and as they were harder than fleas and would not be squashed between two nails they cracked them with their front teeth! Pigs from the neighboring ranches rooted up their corn. In order to make their hens sit on a nest of wild turkey eggs, they, in despair, proposed to use glue.

By January, 1880, their "shanty" had arisen to the dignity of "the ranch," and they were plowing with six oxen, camping on the field. But still they had their disappointments; the drouth hurt them in the first year, the cotton crop failed, their thoroughbred lambs died; but their father says in his note that they had evidently "got on." Willy writes his grandmother: "Last year, 1880, we did fairly for our first year of farming and sheep; but this year finds us well ahead in our business. The last lamb, born to-day, made our fiftieth."

One by one the other brothers came to join Willy in Texas. The grandmother came to Tennessee and "the governor" began business in New York. Thus the family, root and branch, was transported to the New World. The letters are thoroughly entertaining, and any father would have a good right to be proud of such sons. Verily of such is the republic of success!

She Knew Him.

Detroit Free Press.

John William Blank belonged to the Ancient and Modern and Highly Honorable Sons of Guns of Detroit. If it wasn't that it was some other fraternal order which meets every Monday night and pays so much to the heirs of every member who happens to die.

John William happened to die the other month, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions and present them to his wife in person. The first part of their duties was fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of the lodge, but the committee had some little trouble in finding Mrs. Blank. They traced her from one neighbor to another, and finally found her at her sister's, hat and shawl on ready to go out.

"Resolutions of sympathy, eh? Well, read 'em."

The chairman of the committee proceeded to read that John William was a good husband and kind father and a citizen of unapproachable integrity, when the widow interrupted:

"Too much taffy! We used to have a fight every week, and as to his being a kind father, we never had any children. As for his integrity, he stole all the wood we burned last winter."

The chairman gulped down something and continued to read that John William was an upright brother, a man with a heart full of sympathy for the misfortunes of others, and that charity and forgiveness were the beacon fires which guided his footsteps.

"Fudge!" sneered the widow. "I washed for the money to pay his dues to the lodge, and all the sympathy any one got out of him wouldn't buy a cent's worth of court plaster. Forgiveness! Well, some of you ought to have sat on his hat some time! He'd have revenge if it cost him a year in state prison. Beacon fires is party good, considerin' that we never had a decent stove in the house!"

"Madam, your husband has been called hence."

"Exactly; I was at the funeral and ought to know."

"He was cut down like a flower."

"Well, flowers ought to let whisky and saloons and plug-tobacco and old-sledge alone."

"And we trust that our loss is his gain."

"Well, if he is any better off I'm glad on't, but I guess the gain is on your side. Now that's all I want to hear. I can pick up a thousand better men with my eyes shut. I'm in a hurry to go down and see a woman who offers to sell a fur-lined circular for $15, and if you have any more highfalutin Shakespeare to git off my sister will take it in and save it until I come back."

Bouillon.

Tilna Munson Coan writes to *Harpers' Weekly* that in his opinion Americans do not make enough use of liquids, and especially of soups in their diet. We live in a dry atmosphere, we have a withering summer climate, and, except for the iced water that we consume during the hot weather, we who especially need liquid foods use less of them than any other people in Christendom. Soups are used freely in many parts of Europe. The Germans are drinkers of beer, the English of beer and tea, the French of wine and chocolate; but the American has no national beverage except during the dog days, and then he does not pour down enough iced water to last the year round. Whisky, the national stimulant, cannot be called a true beverage; certainly it cannot well be imbibed at the rate of eighty ounces per day. What, then, is lacking in the diet of a community which stands in special need of a more generous liquid diet? One thing is needed especially, and that thing is soup. Except in the cities, Americans eat very little soup. A good bouillon, or pot au feu, the most economical and appetizing of foods, is what we should use far more than we do. "It is the outcome," says Dr. Radcliffe, "of ages of experience in people who have a special genius for cookery. The animal and vegetable ingredients are so blended that the flavor of no one article is predominant. The bouillon contains all, or almost all, of the soluble portions of those ingredients which are necessary for tissue-forming or plastic purposes and for force production." A good pot au feu with bread is an excellent and sufficient meal, provided always that the pot au feu is made from a good piece of meat. A good bouillon may indeed be made from a tough piece, but what remains behind will be innutritious and indigestible, its virtues having gone into the soup. I have remarked in French families that the housekeepers provided good meat for the pot au feu, and though they boil it two or three hours, they take care not to extract its virtues entirely by too much boiling, so that the bouilli, or soup-meat, is good and palatable when served with a sauce.

Anecdote of Bishop Simpson.

"Hawkeye" Burdette relates that the first time he ever saw the late Bishop Simpson was years ago when he (Burdette) was amassing a large but not unwieldy fortune as ubiquitous reporter for the Peoria *Review*, and was assigned to chronicle the doings of the Central Illinois conference, over which Bishop Simpson presided. He and the other reporters went early, seized a big table belonging to the conference secretaries, took possession of their stationery, etc., and waited for the services to begin. "First thing after the opening exercises," says Mr. Burdette "a good brother arose and called attention to the presence of the reporters 'within the bar,' and suggested that they be assigned a place without the sacred precincts. We felt very badly about it, as the suggestion was warmly seconded, but while we were wondering if we could carry the big table with us, the bishop looked down upon us kindly and said in a soothing way, 'Oh, well, brethren, never mind. If the reporters can stand it I guess the brethren can.' We stood it. I remember one thing he said near the close of the conference in his talk to the class of young men who stood up to receive his charge. 'And,' he said, in the course of his remarks, 'I have heard young men, in the depth of their humility, say: "I am willing to be a poor, despised Methodist preacher." Now, brethren, if you are poor, its your own fault; and if you are despised, it is because you are despicable," and then he talked more common sense to those young men in five minutes than some men are privileged to hear in as many years."

The Presidential Election Day.

Brooklyn Union.

The states did not always vote on the same day for president. In the campaign of 1844, which ended in Clay's defeat by Polk, twelve of the twenty-six states voted on the first Monday in November, three on the first Tuesday, three on the second Monday, and the others at different times, New Jersey taking two days for the business, beginning with the first Tuesday, Pennsylvania the first Friday and Ohio the last Friday, and South Carolina not choosing her electors until the legislature met, about the first of December. The only requirement then was that the electors should be chosen within the thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December, but early in 1845 the present law was passed, which provides that all electors shall be chosen on the Tuesday next after the first Monday of November.

PERISHABLE PRINCIPLES.

The Record of Thirty-five Years of the Democratic Party.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The democratic platform opens with a slight slip of the pen, the easy correction of which brings it into the harmony with the fact which no doubt its framers intended to express, viz.: that, "as the nation grows older the old fundamental principles of the democracy perish and new issues are born of time and progress, which, after being only opposed for ten or twelve years by the democracy, are approved by the united voice of the people, and thereupon remain, and will ever remain, among the securities for the continuance of good government."

Among the issues which have so perished, the democratic party making each in turn fundamental and going into mourning at its defeat, are:

(1850 to 1860.) That slavery is as good as free labor, and should have the same right of extension into the territories.

(1855 to 1860.) Progressive free trade to be enforced on all nations by the combined moral power of England and America.

(1860-61.) The Union has no right to prevent the secession of a state, and a war to restore the Union with a seceded state is unconstitutional.

(1862.) The war should be conducted without issuing any forced loans (greenbacks), without invading the sacred soil of a sovereign state, and without emancipating a slave.

(1863.) The war should be entrusted wholly to generals who got beaten in their campaigns and administrations which complain of them are guilty of the treason of crying: "On to Richmond."

(1864.) The war is a failure, the rebellion a success, and there should be a vigorous prosecution of peace by negotiations and treaty with the confederacy.

(1865.) The rebel state government must return into the Union as they went out, without reconstruction.

(1866.) Emancipated blacks must have no civil or political rights.

(1867.) The proposed thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, giving political rights to the colored race, are monstrous and flagrant acts of treason and revolution.

(1868.) The national debt should only be paid, principal and interest, in promises to pay. (Thurman, Pendleton and Hendricks.)

(1869 to 1872.) To prohibit a rebel from voting, because of crime or to admit a black man to vote without regard to color, are alike unconstitutional.

(1872 to 1876.) Redemption of specie payments is impossible, but delay it is unconstitutional.

(1876 to 1880.) It is the protection of our industries that has caused all our calamities.

(1880 to 1884.) To restore financial prosperity we must divide our markets with foreigners and pay the duties ourselves. Nothing can have so baleful an influence over our prosperity as to divide the payment of our taxes with foreigners and keep our markets for our own producers.

(1884.) Perceiving that revenue reform and free trade are green apples full of colic, we favor the "ripe fruits" of protection until after election.

This is a fair presentment of fifteen successive issues upon each of which the democratic party has taken the moss-backed, rock-ribbed, hold-back side, and upon each of which it has been beaten. The history of the United States for twenty-five years consists in the career of unvarying defeat the democratic party has passed through on these issues.

"The Best Party for Mankind."

New York Tribune.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has said that he will not vote for Mr. Blaine. Does Mr. Beecher remember a vigorous speech he made in favor of Grover Cleveland as candidate for governor at a meeting held in the Brooklyn rink under the auspices of the Young Republican Club, on the evening of November 8, 1882? In that speech he distinctly defined the line that separates state from national politics, and, after eloquently reciting the reasons which impelled him to withhold his support from the republican nominee for the governorship, he as eloquently renewed and confirmed his fealty to the national republican party. Here are his words: "My fidelity to these moral principles which are at the bottom of all political affairs compels me to be a republican on all national questions. I believe in the republican party as the best one for the poor man, for the whole country and for mankind. But when I come to New York state matters I am a republican—with a readjustment. I am not then held by national questions. I am a republican through the separate consideration of state affairs, and, if I have to act in these affairs against my conscience, I break the party ties. * * * But I continue to be a national republican. You can't put me out of that party; that is something impossible. No man can say that my right hand shall not vote for a republican president, or to sustain the national policy of my party."

Are not those words as true to-day as they were two years ago? Since they were uttered has not the national party been faithful to the principles and policy which won Mr. Beecher's heartfelt loyalty? Does not the national ticket present men tried in the services which have made the republican party "the best one for the poor man, for the laboring man, for the whole country and for mankind?" How can Mr. Beecher, or those who thought with him, reconcile his utterances in November, 1882, with his rebellion in July, 1884? He himself would have spurned with indignation the prophecy in 1882 that less than two years later it would be his own voice which would say that his right hand would not "vote for a republican president," would not "sustain the national policy" of his party. Alas! the mighty indeed are fallen.

The Wide, Wide Whirled.

Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

The little Baseball rolled under the tree and leaned up against a clump of white clover to rest.

"Well, I am a little tired," he said with the air of a man who is pretty well satisfied with himself and doesn't care who knows how smart he is. "I'm not very big for my circumference, but I'm busy and I get there in a way to astonish humanity."

"What have you done?" drawled the East India Hammock, languidly, making a lazy effort to swing a little in the evening breeze.

"Done?" said the little Baseball, scornfully. "What have I done? Since 2 o'clock I have been at it. I broke the shortstop's fingers, knocked the eye out of the catcher, skinned the pitcher's hands, doubled up the umpire twice, drove the wind clean out of the second base, broke six panes of glass and a woman's head in the school house, and knocked a spectator cold. What have I done? I haven't laid around all day, a limp mass of protoplasmic network."

And he smiled a bitter triumph as he thus displayed his college training.

"Never mind," drawled the Hammock; "do not be discouraged. You are beginning very well, and will, doubtless, be able to accomplish something when you are older and have had more experience."

The little Baseball, dumb with amazement, fairly burst its seams with wrath, but ere it could speak a strong man weighing 264 pounds, sauntered under the tree and swung himself into the hammock.

It was all done so suddenly that the tree hadn't time to bark. A swift movement of the hammock, like the rotary whirl of a buzz saw, a human form tossed into the air like a cork and hurled to the ground with a noise like the fall of a bale of hay on the deck of a wharf boat, and the little Baseball was driven into the ground like a fly into a currant-cake.

"Alas!" he said, in the tone of a crushed man, as it watched the moaning human limp painfully toward the hotel, "Alas! my pride is forever humbled. I will never again sneer at gentlemen. I will never despise the hand of steel in the velvet gauntlet again."

His swinging comrade laughed a mocking laugh.

"Similia similibus cure ranter," she said, "It is the mild power subdues."

A smothered sob, ending in a pitiful wail, was the only reply, and the strong tree boughed itself to hear the little Base bawl.

The Art of Early Rising.

London *Lancet*: The proper time to rise is when sleep ends. Dozing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps or is a state consisting in the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at other times another part of the body as a whole, may be the least fatigued, and so the first to wake, or the most exhausted, and therefore the most difficult to arouse. The secret of good sleep is, the physiological conditions of rest being established, so to work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionally equal need of rest at the same moment, and to awaken early and feel ready to rise a fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured, and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness, or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once he has been aroused. After a very few days of self-discipline the man who resolves not to doze—that is, not to allow some sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened, will find himself, without knowing why, an early riser.

CHILD OF THE PEOPLE.

Monsieur Pelletier was in a very bad humor. On a worn silver tray at his elbow, a cup of chocolate was cooling, but not so his temper.

"Well, let him go!" he exclaimed giving it a shove, such as he fain would have given his nephew, Eugene de Marny, of whom he was thinking. "Blood will tell, and the boy's got the taint of aristocracy in his veins. He came by it honestly. Bah! If I hadn't been off in Algiers, Natalie should never have married De Marny, and her son would never have been such a sore trial to me in my old age."

Rising impetuously from the great arm chair, he began to pace the floor, muttering to himself in an angry undertone:

"He won't marry old Bayeux' daughter, because he cannot love her. Stuff! What does a boy of twenty-two know about love? He can't hoodwink me. I know why Marie has failed to find favor with him. Her father was a ship-chandler. Humph! Well, let him go and see how his high ideas will help him on in the world. I'll have no aristocrats in my family. I'm sick of them."

Monsieur Pelletier's wrath righteous or otherwise, gathered force as it grew. Snatching up his hat, and quite unmindful of his chocolate, he hurried out of the house.

"He shall never enter my house again," he muttered, as he turned to the corner of the street. "I'm done with him. I'll find some one else who will inherit not only my money but my principles."

As for the embargo laid upon the presence of Mr. Eugene de Marny, that was quite unnecessary; for just as Mons. Pelletier vanished around the corner the postman left at the door the following note:

MY DEAR UNCLE: Too much has been said between us to permit a reconciliation or a compromise. I am going to join the French army, where I hope to win a name worthy of my father's house. I thank you for the many benefits I have received at your hands, and believe me, dear uncle, in spite of all differences, I shall always love and honor you from the depth of my heart.

Your nephew,
EUGENE DE MARNY.

Had Monsieur Pelletier seen this note, it might have tempted his mood somewhat; but as it was still lying with the seal unbroken upon his secretary, he went down town with his anger unabated.

"I shall lose no time," he said quickly. "I will fill Eugene's place, and that will give him to understand just what he has to expect."

As he hurried along, very much preoccupied, a fresh young voice of almost infantile sweetness proclaimed at his elbow:

"Fine herbs, ladies! Fine herbs, gentlemen! A nice bouillon lunch, all for a sou!"

Monseius Pelletier looked down absently but the face of the little Bourgeoise who stood so near him arrested his steps.

It was a little girl about nine years old. She stood close up against the wall of a house, with a pack of herbs strapped upon her back like a pappoose. She wore a faded blue frock and a brown apron. Across her breast was quaintly folded a white kerchief, while a red one was muffled about her golden head so as to envelop it completely.

"Fine herbs, monsieur!" she said, holding out her green wares, some of which were exposed for sale in a basket by her side. "They are nice and fresh—just picked this morning."

The soft, wistful brown eyes, the eagerly parted lips, the flower-like tints of the sweet upturned face, did not escape Monsieur Pelletier even in his anger.

"What's your name, little one," he said, in a voice that was slowly melting into kindness.

"Tionette," she answered, brightly. "What can I do for Monsieur to-day?"

The quick, business-like tone of the child was almost droll.

"Well, we'll see," answered Monsieur, with a smile. "Do you come here every day, child?"

"Every day except Wednesday and Saturday. Then I go to the markets."

"Do you sell much?"

"Sometimes yes, sometimes no. I've only sold three bunches this morning. I should so like to sell more, for La Margot says I don't earn my bread, and she said she'd whip me if I didn't bring home a franc to-day. Will you buy a bunch, Monsieur?"

"I will take all you've got," said Pelletier hurriedly. "Who is this La Margot who threatens to whip you?"

"She's a—a—woman who boards children that work out for her—children like me, you know, who haven't got any homes or anybody to take care of them."

"Poor child," murmured Pelletier. "Haven't you got any home or anybody to take care of you?"

"I'm able to take care of myself. I don't mind it very much—only when La Margot scolds and beats me."

"Where does La Margot live?" asked Pelletier, taking out his note book and pencil.

"Just 'round the corner of the Rue Villanueve. You go down a cellar."

"Thank you," he said, pressing into her hand a five-franc piece. "Keep your herbs, child, and sell them over again. Good-bye—or let us say au revoir. I think you will see me again."

Monsieur Pelletier turned and went back home. His anger was suddenly cooled, the hardness of his temper was softened by the sight of a child's destitution.

"If I believe in fate," he said to himself as he went slowly back with his eyes bent upon the sidewalk, "I should think the good Lord had a hand in it."

Upon his secretary he found Eugene's letter lying.

"Well," he said, with something like a sigh as he laid it down, "the boy is gone. If he had been a girl I could have trained him up in the way he should go. Ah, if I only had a daughter of my own! If I had little 'Toinette now, I am sure she would grow up to be a comfort to me. And why should I not have her? The taint of aristocracy is not in her veins; she is a child of the people. I will make her my own."

* * * * * *

Ten years had passed since Monsieur Pelletier had picked up the little vender of fine herbs from the streets of Paris. She had grown up into a beautiful girl; tall and slender, and now, after three years' absence at a famous pensionnat, she had returned home, the lovely Antoinetti Pelletier, to enter Parian society.

"There is only one thing I require of you, my child," said Pelletier, as he smoothed the golden head resting so tenderly against his knee. "You know that I am republican to the heart's core. When you go into society as the heiress of a rich tradesman you will meet many of the so-called nobility who will pay their court to you for the sake of the wealth you represent. Do not be carried away by the flattery of such people. I warn you to steel your heart against them, for I shall never encourage any intimacies or friendship of that kind. Above all, 'Toinette, I warn you against giving your heart to any one above your own station. I shall never consent to such a marriage, for I know it could not make you happy."

A faint flush of color spread over the girl's white forehead, but before she could answer, the door opened and a telegram was handed in.

"I am sorry, ma'amselle," mumbled the servant. "This came this morning when you are out, and Gustave forgot to tell me."

As 'Toinette tore it open, a brilliant smile dawned upon her lips.

"The three thirty train!" she read. "It is in now. He may be here at any moment."

Then like a flash she flew to the mirror, and began to smooth her hair with nervous fingers.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Pelletier. "What's all this about?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you now, papa!" she answered, laughing gleefully. "Only this much: while I was at madame Bowney's I had permission, you know, to spend one vacation with Stephanie. It was at her house that I met a gentleman—"

"A gentleman!" echoed Monseiur Pelletier with a start.

"Yes. He was very much struck by my resemblance to a lady he knew—oh, such a lovely lady, papa! When he became acquainted, he asked me about my parents. I told him the little I knew, but that was very little. The lady whom I resembled had lost a little girl at the flower show one day, years ago, and had never found her again. He did not tell me then, but he has been tracing my history, and now he has found that La Margot used to be a nurse girl in the countess' family, and—"

"The countess!" gasped Pelletier.

"Yes, the countess! The lovely Countess de Bonneville is my own true mother. I have found her after all these years. La Margot stole me away to pay off an old grudge, and now—"

"'Toinette!' said Pelletier, with a sharp cry. "They are not going to take you away from me?"

She flew into his outstretched arms.

"No, never!" she said, clasping him tightly about the neck. "You are my friend and my benefactor, and I love you with my whole soul."

Pelletier held her close to his heart, and his tears fell upon her golden head.

"That cursed aristocracy!" he muttered, under his breath, but 'Toinette did not hear him.

"There is a gentleman down stairs who wishes to see you, mademoiselle, said a servant, handing in a card.

'Toinette caught it eagerly, and then flew down stairs to the parlor. A tall, handsome man of a little over thirty advanced to meet her.

"'Toinette!" he cried eagerly, in a voice whose passionate emotion could not be mistaken. "I have succeeded! I have found your parents, and now may I claim my reward? Oh, you know how I love you!"

She did not answer, but she let him clasp her to his heart, and when his kisses fell like rain upon her lips, she thrilled with a holy joy.

It was just then that Monsieur Pelletier, with a weight of foreboding at his heart, had stooped to pick up the card which 'Toinette had dropped in her hasty descent to the parlor.

He uttered a low cry as he read the name inscribed upon it in delicate script letters; then with feet that hardly seemed to touch the ground, he hurried down stairs, dashed aside the heavy silken partere, and found 'Toinette in the arms of Eugene de Marny.

"Uncle!" cried the handsome young colonel, "forgive me!"

"Eugene!" faltered Pelletier. "Is it possible?"

"Yes, it is I, alive and well, with a name and fortune all my own. Dear uncle, our opinions differ as to what is desirable in this world, but I have never forgotten you or ceased to revere your name. Forgive me for having won 'Toinett's love thus secretly. I pledge you my word that she knew nothing of my history; nor was I aware that you was her guardian until I had already learned to love her. Forgive me, uncle!"

The tide of old but constant affection swept back over Pelletier's heart.

"Eugene!" he faltered, embracing the stalwart soldier warmly, "my dear boy!"

"And you will give her to me?" urged Eugene, who could never be turned aside from his purpose.

Pelletier embraced 'Toinette.

"I will give you my blessing, Eugene," he said, softly. "You must ask the Countess de Bonneville for your wife."

"Then my cause is won!" said Eugene, joyously; "the countess has often told me that if she had a daughter she would give her to me gladly."

Three months later there was an elegant wedding at Monsieur Pelletier's.

"They tell me you are a rampant republican," said the countess, as she sat down to talk familiarly with the old merchant.

"Madame," answered Pelletier, "I have made such a sad stagger at upholding my doctrines, that I have decided not to take any more issues, unless there is something besides my own opinion at stake."

A Tempting Sign.

The Electric Medical Journal for July has the following fascinating editorial paragraph under the above heading: "On a conspicuously large signboard over an insignificantly small inn, near the depot of a small mining town in Nevada may be seen displayed the following restaurant rates:—'Thin lunch 25 cents, square meal 50 cents, grand gorge $1.' Upon investigation I found that a 'thin lunch' consisted of a chunk of bread and a soup made by boiling a bacon-bone in four gallons of water. A 'square meal' embraced a plate of saurkraut with boiled ham and a slice of corn bread. A 'grand gorge' comprised a fried steak, tough as india-rubber, coffee, canned tomato and a bit of dry pastry. A friend, wiser than I, selected the golden mean and sat down to a 'square meal.' I was very hungry, therefore chose 'grand gorge,' and after eating all that was offered I felt as empty as a starved coyote. The square meal was the best and the most economical, but the climax, beginning with 'thin lunch' and ending in 'grand gorge' quite captivated me. A pig-tailed Chinaman was cook, and a wild Irishman was landlord. The hotel was a two roomed edifice one story high, and bore the euphonious title of El Dorado. Dozens of unkempt loafers were lounging about the hostelry—all as lean and lantern-jawed as 'The Knights of the Sorrowful Figure.'"

According to the Cincinnati Enquirer, a man in that city is taking the rendered fat of a dog as a cure for consumption. The remedy was at one time very popular in Germany.

Mr. Ruskin showed to his lecture class a foot-square Meissonier, for which he had paid 1,000 guineas, as an example of folly. He has since sold it for £6600.

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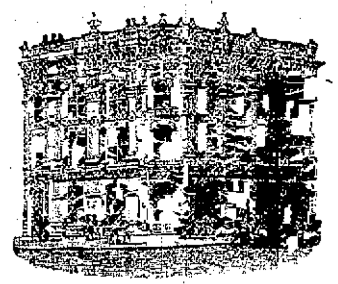

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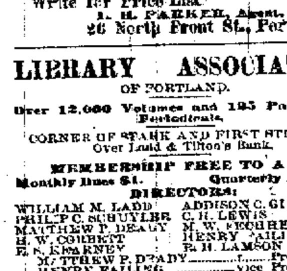

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SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDLER'S MILL. Orders left at mill or in the box at Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to.
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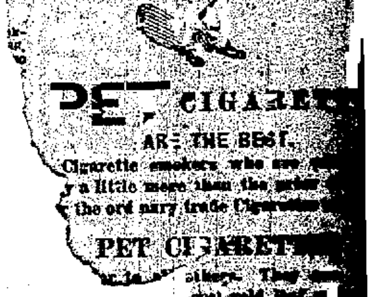

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DOMESTIC DISPATCHES.

Vanderbilt's Maud S. Lowers the Trotting Record to 2:09 3-4.

INTERESTING RACES AT VARIOUS PLACES

The New York "Times'" Attack on the Union Pacific—Hendricks Interviewed at Saratoga—Record of a Day.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 2.—This has been a great day at the driving park. On account of rain interfering with the programme of the week, the sport began at 11 this morning and continued until 5, when the races were finished. The attendance was large and the weather was pleasant, except a short shower at 1 o'clock; the track was good.

At half past 4, between three heats of a pacing race of the 2:27 class, Maud S. was brought on the track, and after a little warming up, William Blair the driver, nodded for the start and gave the mare her head. She strode off in the smoothest conceivable manner, unattended by any horse to help her along, and made the entire circuit like a perfect working machine, without a skip. She passed the first quarter in 33¼ seconds; the half mile in 1 04¾, the three-quarter post in 1:36¾, and the full mile time given, in 2:09¾.

Three gentlemen timed her from the judges' stand: Davis Bonner of New York made the time 2:09¼; W. B. Fasig, secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park 2:09 3-5, and J. Cummings, president of the Toledo Driving Park, 2:09¾. Several watches in boxes opposite the judges' stand marked 2:09¾.

THE TIME GOES ON RECORD.

President Edwards announced that the time was a record, inasmuch as a wager of $100 was made on time, D. H. Loudenteach of Chicago putting up $100 with Captain George M. Stone, manager of Maud S. that she would trot better than 2:11¾.

The track is estimated to be a second and a half to two seconds slower to-day than the Providence track. The great crowd of spectators went wild with enthusiasm when the mare crossed the score, and again when the time was bulletined showing that all previous records had been beaten and that the handsome mare had made the fastest mile ever trotted.

She exhibited no signs of distress after her unparalleled performance, and was led to her stable amid excited cheering, followed by a crowd of jubilant admirers. She had done no work for ten days. Captain Stone is confident she could easily trot on the same track Monday in 2:08 or better, and is more than ever confident that she is the fastest trotter in the world.

President Edwards telegraphed W. H. Vanderbilt: "Allow me to congratulate you. Maud S. still reigns supreme. Her record is 2:09¾ on a slow track. Before ordering her home come and see her trot in 2:07 or better. We are all happy."

Winship, with a Running Mate, Covers a Mile in 2:06—Interesting Exhibitions.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 1.—After the Jay Eye See trot, Maxey Cobb next made a trial heat, to beat 2:13¾. She was accompanied by a runner, but broke after passing the quarter, and had to be pulled down almost to a walk. She walked around the track and was given another start. She made the first quarter in 33½, the half in 1:06, and the mile in 2:15¼, the fastest heat she has ever trotted by 1¼ seconds.

During the time Maxey Cobb was trotting Winship and mate were on the track, warming up for their heat. After circling the track once or twice the pacer came down the stretch, and Jim Golden nodded for the word, when the pacer was sent away in good style. Winship went around the turn in faultless style, though his mate, Gabe Case, was lagging a little. Up to the quarter they went in 30½ seconds without a hitch of any kind. Once in the straight Golden cut loose, and then the gait was forced up, although Winship was doing most of the work, and seemed to be pulling the runner. He was at the half in the unprecedented time of 1:01½, a 2:03 gait. Here Golden began to hold Winship for the finish, and the runner was allowed to do a little of the work around the upper turn. The third quarter was covered in 1 34½, and then the team swung into the stretch for the closing struggle.

Down they came, Winship pulling his mate, so that Golden had to put the whip to the runner to keep him up to his work. Winship was trotting as evenly as clock-work, and as he came under the wire in magnificent form, a shout arose, even on the judge's stand, and in a moment the applause that greeted the announcement of the time, 2:06, was deafening.

Thus Winship and mate have accomplished the great feat of reducing by 2¼ seconds the famous record of 2:08¼, made by Frank and mate.

OTHER EVENTS.

The next attempt was that of Phallas to beat his own record of 2:13¾, the best mile ever made by a stallion. He was accompanied by a runner, and after being sent away he trotted splendidly to the quarter, which he made in 33½. He increased in speed on the back stretch, but when about half way around he broke, but was caught almost instantly by Bithers, and then settled down to splendid work. He reached the half in 1:07¼, a little slow, but on the upper turn he lengthened on his stride, passing the three-quarters in 1:42½. He made a splendid dash down the stretch and finished in 2:15.

He did not come up to expectations in this heat, but Bithers was still confident he could beat his record, and after being rubbed down he came out for another trial. This time he showed up in splendid form and trotted to the quarter in 33¼. He lost a little in going to the half, which he made in 1:06¾. He did some splendid trotting around the turn and down the stretch, passing under the wire in 2:13¾, equalling his old record, although he was unable to lower it.

The final event was an exhibition by the Rockefeller team, Day Dream and Enchantress, which had never been driven a mile before in double harness. Day Dream has a record of 2:21½ and Enchantress of 2:26¾. They were driven by J. P. Filbert, manager of the Rockefeller stables, and completed the circuit in 2:21¾ to a road wagon.

With reference to Jay Eye See's time there were necessarily fractional differences, Case and many other experienced time keepers placing the figures at 2:10¾.

AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, Aug. 1.—First race—Savannah first, Flyaway second, Quickstep third. Savannah made a play throughout from Flyaway, and won fairly by eight lengths, six between second and third. Time, 1:51.

Second race—first heat—Boulevard first, Ida K second, Echo third. Ida K made the play from Boulevard until a furlong from home, where the favorite came out and won easily by two lengths, eight between second and third. Second heat—Boulevard first, Echo second, Ida K third. Echo made a running, followed by Ida K, until a quarter of a mile from home, where Boulevard took second place to Echo, and won a good race by a head. Time, 1:22.

Third race—Harrigan first, Bahama second, Earnest third. Ellen, Harrigan and Earnest made a play from the start, until the three quarter pole was reached. Here Harrigan took the running from Ellen, Earnest and Bahama, and won easily by two lengths, a length between second and third. Time, 1:56¾.

Fourth race—purse of $350, the winner to be sold at auction for $2000, mile and seventy yards—After fifteen false starts the flag fell to an indifferent send-off. Ghost was left at the post. Bonnie Bird led from the start to the finish, and won very cleverly, a length from Glengarne second, a half a length from Bocher Brook. Time 1:50¼. There was no bid for the winner.

The races were not finished until 8:50. The starting was wretched, and great dissatisfaction was expressed at the long delays at the posts.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Hendricks Interviewed at Saratoga—Elkins Preparing for the Campaign.

AN INTERVIEW WITH HENDRICKS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—[Special.]—The Times' Saratoga special gives a personal colloquy with Hendricks, in which the latter said he was well pleased with the democrats' prospects. He had no doubt of New York or Indiana. Kelly and his followers are good democrats. Butler's candidacy would affect republicans as much as democrats. "I don't think, however, that he will be a candidate. I think it is absurd for the New York *Tribune* and other republican papers to revive an old speech published in Cincinnati papers years ago, which contained certain extreme partisan sentiments, and claim that it was mine. Soon after that was printed and credited to me I denounced it as a misrepresentation and a lie. No, sir, I never uttered those sentiments or used such a style of language as is claimed."

"What of the charges against Cleveland?" asked the reporter.

"They should be treated as they deserve, with silent contempt."

He did not believe the democratic campaign should be carried on by the expenditure of money, and deprecated a campaign of defamation. He was most forcibly impressed by his interview with Cleveland, who is dignified, courteous, incisive and exact in speech. "As far as expressed, our views harmonized, and we were content to leave the arrangement of the campaign with the very competent committee having it in charge."

RESIGNATION.

SANTA FE, N. M., August 2.—Stephen B. Elkins, member of the republican national committee, has resigned the presidency of the First National bank of this city, which he has held thirteen years, in order to give more time to the duties of the campaign.

HE ACCEPTS.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.—The democratic state and city committees have received definite acceptance from Gen. P. A. Collins of the position of chairman of the state committee.

FIRES.

STEAMER BURNED.

POUGHKEEPSIE, August 2.—The steamer Eagler, from Newburg for Albany, was burned to the waters' edge this morning, near Milton. The passengers were all landed safely at Milton dock. Some freight was saved. The steamer was then towed to the east shore and beached. Loss will probably reach $50,000.

DEATH OF TWO VICTIMS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Bartholomew O'Keefe, the janitor of the building on Wall street which burned yesterday, died in the hospital from the effect of his injuries. George Gibbons, a six year old boy who was injured in the same fire, also died in the hospital. Mrs. Gibbons and her child John are expected to recover.

THE STAGE.

CHARLEY REED AND WIFE'S TROUBLES.

NEW YORK, August 1.—[Special.]—Charles Reed, the minstrel, charged with abandoning his wife, appeared at the Tombs yesterday, and asked that the case be postponed, as he was booked for a six weeks' engagement throughout the country.

"How much will you earn a week?" asked the city attorney, who appeared for the wife.

"Fifty dollars."

"How much out of that will you give your wife?"

"Nothing," was Reed's answer.

"I will not consent to a postponement unless you give your wife $5 a week for six weeks."

Reed then reluctantly handed over the money.

GENERAL NEWS.

The "Times'" Attack on the Union Pacific.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—[Special.]—The *Times* continues its assault on the Union Pacific. It says: "Among those who were ready to serve the company by defeating the Thurman bill, and who did their utmost to that end, were Senator Matthews, now on the supreme bench; Teller, now secretary of the interior; Blaine, now candidate for president, and Butler, who is paraded before the public as the favorite anti-monopolist. The last named had been the paid attorney of the Union Pacific, while serving as a member of congress, and was true to his clients. The person who had been absolutely derelict to his clearly defined duty is the attorney general of the United States. He has shown a most obliging disposition toward the officers of the company, but has utterly neglected to perform his sworn duty, as a servant of the government, and thus far nobody has called him to account."

The *Times'* attack makes a light impression on the street. A reputable broker says the facts were all known and discounted long ago. At the offices of the Pacific roads the subject is treated as a part of the *Times'* chronic malevolence.

Taking Strychnine Pills.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 2.—While Mrs. Bridget Boyle, aged 35, Mrs. Kelly, aged 38, Daniel Gallagher, aged 18, Thomas Curran, aged 22, and Annie Carroll, aged 13 and the servant girl, were at the supper table at their home at No. 317 North Nineteenth street in this city last evening, Mrs. Boyle produced a box containing 100 pills, and after taking one herself offered them to the others. Each took from six to sixteen, when the box was handed back. Mrs. Boyle took the remainder. Shortly after all were taken violently ill. It was found that the pills were strychnine, and contained one-twentieth grain each. Annie Carroll soon died. The others are in a very critical condition.

Apaches on the War Path.

GALVESTON, Aug. 2.—The *News'* Van Buren, Texas, special says: About fifty Apache Indians are camped on the ranch belonging to A. R. Cox seven miles from this station and fifteen miles from Sierra Blanco. The Indians broke from their reservation at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and are on the war path, stealing and killing horses. Serious trouble is apprehended. At 11 last night Captain McMurray and a company of state rangers left Murphyville for this place by special train over the Texas Pacific. It is probable that troops from Fort Davis will be ordered in pursuit.

A Cool Suicide.

DENVER, Aug. 2.—William Chittenden, a mining prospector, shot himself through the temple in a gin store this afternoon, and died instantly. He left a letter in which he says: "The world is no longer desirous. I have lived it out. I die with my boots on, and am not afraid of what is before me, believing in nothing, and knowing everything is a fraud. If I have a friend let him see 'Chit' buried as he finds him; no coffin for me; put me in my old blankets and drop me at no expense."

Bennett Arrives.

PROVIDENCE, August 2.—James Gordon Bennett arrived at Newport this morning, in his yacht Namouna, seven days from the Azores. The Namouna had a large portion of her bulwarks carried away. She averaged eleven knots across. She coaled at the Azores, but was not allowed to land, because of quarantine rules. The vessel passed a health inspection at Newport.

Cattle Disease Abating.

CHICAGO, August 2.—P. S. Shelby, general freight agent of the Northern Pacific Railway, telegraphs from Omaha, that the infection among the Nebraska cattle, was the genuine Texas fever, but he believes it has been completely stamped out. No new cases have been reported during the past two days. Extra precautions have been taken to prevent cattle from coming in contact with infected spots and trails.

O'Donnell, the Crank.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Dr. O. C. O'Donnell of San Francisco, the anti-Chinese immigration agitator, has arrived here. He was refused permission to speak yesterday in Union square, but says he intends to be heard. The two lepers were not brought into the city, but are said to be hidden somewhere in the suburbs. Dr. O'Donnell says he is afraid the Chinese consul and the Chinamen of the city would take possession of his charges if they were to find them.

Colorado's Wheat Crop.

DENVER, Aug. 2.—Accurate statistics of the wheat crop of Colorado, now being threshed, show an increase of 5 per cent. over any previous year, making the yield 3,100,000 bushels. Colorado will consume one and a half millions and the "great American desert" will ship 600,000 bushels. In view of this fact, pooled rates have been made 25 cent rate on flour to the Missouri river.

American Political Alliance.

HARTFORD, Aug. 2.—A call has issued directing the state councils of the American Politics Alliance to send two delegates to the national conference at Boston, Sept. 3 d, stated that the national committee alliance met at Saratoga yesterday and decided to put a presidential ticket in the field; also nominations in congressional districts.

Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—It is said at the state department, that no request has been made, so far as known, for arbitration by the government of the United States in the Franco-Chinese trouble.

The coinage of the mints for July was $3,821,080, of which $2,325,000 was silver dollars.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The weekly bank statement shows as follows: Loans, decrease, $1,605,450; specie, decrease, $480,900; reserve, decrease, $456,225; banks now hold $30,171,950 in excess of legal requirements.

Bishop Resigned.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 1.—Bishop Grace, on account of old age, has resigned as bishop of this diocese, and, at his request, Bishop Ireland succeeds him, with the full approval of the pope.

THE TRUNK LINES

Commissioner Pierson Lays the Situation before the Executive Committee.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—There was a meeting of the trunk line executive committee at the office of Assistant Commissioner Pierson to-day. Only the ordinary routine business was transacted. The passengers' pool contract between trunk lines and their eastern connections, which has been extended from month to month since April last, expired July 31 by limitation. Pierson stated to-day that as long as such powerful roads as the Grand Trunk, the West Shore and the Delaware, Lackawana & Western refused to come into the pool, the western roads had decided, by mutual agreement, that it would not be advisable to enter into any contract which would comprehend so great an extension of powers as that contemplated in the proposed agreement, which was drawn up in June. The contract for division of earnings in the passenger business, which has heretofore existed between the trunk lines, was still in force and was in no way affected by the lapsing of the joint contract.

How long the present state of affairs might continue he could not tell, but he thought arrangements would, in all probability, soon be effected by which the Grand Trunk would consent to come into the pool. In that case all western roads would, without doubt, immediately execute the proposed contract.

Negotiations he said were now pending with the Grand Trunk road, and a special agent of the trunk line commission was now in Montreal in conference with the officers of the road, with a view of bringing about this result in regard to the effect of the lapsing contract. Commissioner Pierson said it would, no doubt, result in more or less, probably more, rate cutting in the West, as competition for business among Western roads was very active, and the roads would now no longer be bound by the rules of the association. He did not, however, anticipate anything like a general war of rates, but thought the cutting would be confined to only a few roads.

RAILROAD NOTES.

PRESIDENT HARRIS AT ST. PAUL.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 2.—President Harris of the Northern Pacific arrived to-day, and has been all day in consultation with the heads of the departments. To a reporter of the associated press to-night he said negotiations were pending for the lease of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's lines and the definite action would probably be taken in the matter soon after his return to New York. When asked what was the scope and size of the proposed lease, he replied: "All that I can say is that it is a perpetual lease or contract, and I like that term better. I will also add one word more: Everything that belongs to the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company will be under the control and management of the Northern Pacific. That is enough, and all that I care to make public at this time. When the affairs are consummated or ready to be put in operation we may not withhold them from public attention, but until they are in a mature condition it would be unwise and unsafe to speak of them."

PROCEEDINGS TO OUST RECEIVERS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—[Special.]—The *Times* says: "New and significant proceedings have just been begun by Attorney General O'Brien to oust Theodore Houston and Horace Russell from their positions as receivers of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo railway. The grounds of the proceedings include a charge that the appointments of the receivers were illegal when made, and also unfitness of the incumbents, Houston particularly. Charges are also made of collusion and fraud against those who were instrumental in bringing the railway suits presentation. An order was issued from the supreme bench of Orange county, directing the receivers to show cause on August 5 why they should not be removed."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Governments firm. Stocks irregular. Pacific Mail was unusually active, and some round amounts were taken by brokers identified with leading operators. The strength of this stock imparted a firmer tone to the remainder of the list, and prices rose ½ to 2½ per cent. Closing prices are 3½ per cent. lower for Jersey Central, 3½ for Missouri Pacific, 1¾ for Canada Southern, 1 for New York Central, 1 for Omaha, 1¾ for Preferred, and 1½ higher for Pacific Mail.

Money, 1½@2; closed offered 1½. Prime paper 5½@6¾. Exchange, bills, steady at $4.82; demand, $4.84.

Bonds—3s 100¾, 4½s 112⅜, 4s 120⅞, Pacific 6s, 124.

Stocks—American 92, Canada Pacific 40, Canada Southern 36⅞, Central Pacific 40⅞, Burlington 20, Lackawanna 114⅛, D. & R. G. 10¾, Erie 15¾, Hannibal & St. Joe 36¾, Kansas & Texas 18⅞, Lake Shore 85¾, Louisville & Nashville 34⅞, Michigan Central 18⅞, Northern Pacific 21¼, Northern Pacific preferred 45⅞, Northwestern 89⅞, New York Central 100⅞, Oregon Navigation 84, Oregon and Transcontinental 15¾, Oregon Improvement 20, Pacific Mail 39, Panama 98, Rock Island 14, St. Paul 84⅞, Texas Pacific 11⅞, Union Pacific 45⅞, United States 53, Fargo 103, Western Union 61⅞.

Petroleum was firm at 77.

CHICAGO PRODUCE MARKET.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Wheat is weak and lower; 82¾c cash and August, 83½c September, 84½c October, 85⅞c November. Corn is lower; 53¼c August, 53⅞c September, 52⅞c October. Oats are lower at 27¾c. Whisky, $1.10.

All women powder; but only those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder improve their skin.

IN HONOR OF LIEUT. GREELY.

The Relief Squadron Received at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

AFFECTING MEETING OF GREELY AND WIFE.

Secretary Chandler Congratulates the Survivors and Their Rescuers—The Arrangements for Future Movements—Etc.

PORTSMOUTH, Aug. 1.—A great number of invited guests, including many distinguished persons and the families of naval officers, were carried by the naval steam launch to the flag ship Tennessee, on the quarter-deck of which the chief ceremonies were had. At about 2 o'clock the Alliance rounded Foot point, and came to anchor some distance astern of the Tennessee. The Thetis followed fifteen minutes later and anchored abreast of the Alliance. As the Thetis' anchors went overboard the yards on all ships in the harbor were manned, flags were run to the masts, and three rousing cheers given. Then the band struck up "Home Again," and among the assembled guests few there were whose eyes were not bedimmed with tears. It was an affecting scene, and many sturdy and bronzed officers were seen brushing tears away with coat sleeves.

Ten minutes after the Thetis had anchored the Bear rounded the point, and soon came to anchor in the wake of the Thetis. Again the yards were manned, and again the gallant seamen gave three rousing cheers, which were repeated when the Alert steamed slowly around, and dropped anchor abreast of the Bear.

Secretary Chandler was standing on the quarter-deck to receive the commanding officers of the relief squadron, and within half an hour after coming to anchor these officers were standing on the quarter-deck of the flag-ship. It was remarked at this time by many that not a single gun had been fired in honor of the arrival of the relief squadron and Lieutenant Greely, and the quietness of the demonstration was much commented upon.

THE OFFICERS RECEIVED.

To avoid publicity as much as possible Secretary Chandler had arranged to receive the commanders of the relief ships in the after cabin. Acting Admiral Luce escorted them to the presence of the secretary of the navy. As Commander Schley stepped into the cabin he was greeted by Secretary Chandler, who clasped his hand and passing one arm over his shoulder, said, in a voice almost smothered with emotion, "I am glad to welcome you home."

Commander Coffin of the Alert was next introduced, and in answer to a query of Secretary Chandler said: "I was never in better health in my life. It seems to have agreed with us."

Lieutenant Emory of the Bear was next ushered into the Secretary's presence, and received a cordial welcome from the representatives of the navy department.

After a brief and informal conversation between Commander Schley and Secretary Chandler the former looked anxiously around the cabin and gradually his countenance became overspread with gloom. Surgeon General Gunnell, noticing the look of disappointment which had overspread the Commander's countenance, stepped forward, saying: "Your wife is in yonder stateroom, Captain." With a bound Commander Schley reached the presence of his wife and daughter.

Half an hour was spent in conversation and general hand shaking when the commanding officers of the relief ships returned to their vessels.

Many were the appeals made by all classes of people to Secretary Chandler to permit them to go on board the Thetis, to catch a glimpse of the Arctic hero Greely, but the requests were invariably refused.

MRS. GREELY GOES TO HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Greeley, wife of the explorer, had reached Portsmouth on an early train this afternoon, and at once went to the flagship Tennessee, reaching there about 3 o'clock. After the commanding officers had gone back to their ships, Mrs. Greely was put on board of the secretary's barge and conveyed to the Thetis, where her husband was. As the lady passed down the companion-way to the barge she walked with a firm tread, and showed no signs of emotion, other than biting her lips and tightly clutching her hands. Lieut. Greeley had not been informed that his wife was about to go aboard the Thetis, and a few minutes before her arrival, in conversation with Commander Schley, he said he did not expect to see her to-day, as she had not been able to reach there so soon. When the barge was seen to leave the Tennessee, with Mrs. Greely and her two brothers sitting in the stern sheets, Commander Schley said to Lieut. Greely: "I would like to see you in my cabin for a few moments." There he entertained Lieut. Greely in various matters until a particular signal was given by the boats to indicate that Mrs. Greeley was on board and ready to meet her husband. The lady trembled very much; her breath came in gasps, and her whole frame shook with emotion. With faltering steps she went to the cabin door, and just at the instant she entered Commander Schley left the room, leaving the long separated couple alone.

THE MEETING OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Lieutenant Greely was sitting with his back to the door, but when Commander Schley so abruptly left him, he turned, and at the same instant saw his wife enter. With a loud cry that was more like a gigantic sob half smothered, Lieutenant Greely bounded from his chair with eyes gleaming with joy at the sight that gladdened them. Mrs. Greely, tall, dark and stately sprang forward to meet her husband, crying "Arthur, Arthur, home!"

After Mr. and Mrs. Greely had been alone for twenty minutes, her brothers were called in, and cordially and tearfully greeted their brother-in-law. It was noticeable on board the Thetis that everybody shed tears when Mrs. Greely entered the cabin where her husband was.

Late in the afternoon the mother of Lieutenant Greely came from Newburyport, and was taken at once on board the Tennessee. Shortly after she was put in the secretary's barge, and taken on board the Thetis. When she arrived there Mr. and Mrs. Greely and the latter's brothers were seated in Commander Schley's cabin, alternately crying and laughing and embracing. An instant before the lieutenant's mother entered the cabin Commander Schley stepped to the door and said, "Lieutenant, your mother is here." Mrs. Greely then entered and threw her arms around her son's neck, saying only, "My son, my son." Lieutenant Greely spoke no words save "Mother, mother," but in his tone and expression there was a world of tenderness. Clasping his mother in his arms the lieutenant did nothing else but sob, while the mother cried like a child.

Fearing the excitement would be too much for Lieutenant Greely's shattered condition, Commander Schley entered the cabin and wisely directed the conversation into less emotional channels.

SECRETARY CHANDLER.

At or about 4 o'clock Secretary Chandler entered his barge, and was rowed to the Thetis. Secretary Chandler went at once to Lieutenant Greely, and affectionately took the gallant explorer in his arms. In the fervor of his greeting, "God bless you, God bless you," said the secretary. "You have come back to us almost from the grave. I hope your future happiness may reward you for the terrible experience you have had." The lieutenant responded, feelingly, thanking Mr. Chandler for his kind expressions.

The writer was introduced to Lieutenant Greely by Secretary Chandler, and the former at once said he desired to thank the newspapers of the country for the universally kind manner in which he had been treated by them. He could say but little at present concerning his expedition, but the public would soon be given the entire details, through official reports.

When asked as to his health, Lieutenant Greely stated that he felt comparatively well in all respects, excepting that he was at all times considerably affected by the feeling of intense weakness. He stated that he had gained rapidly in flesh since his rescue, but much of it was soft and more injurious than beneficial. He said he had a good appetite, and was slowly recovering, but anticipated that it would be some time before he would recover his wonted strength. To-day, he said, was the happiest of his life. That in one day everything on earth was restored to him, for which man could wish—home, mother, wife and honor—in one day given to a man who a few days ago was on the brink of the grave, is as much as mortal could desire.

The lieutenant looked very happy, indeed. He sat with his wife on one side and his mother on the other. His face is considerably bloated, but his cheeks is taking on a healthier color. He stands as erect as ever, but is not allowed to remain on his feet long at a time.

THE SEAMEN COMMENDED.

After his brief talk with Lieut. Greely, Secretary Chandler was conducted to the deck, where the crew of the Thetis was drawn up in line. A hardy looking set of men they were, rough and brave looking. The secretary stepped up to the crew and said: "My men, your commander tells me you have done your duty nobly, and that you have been a credit to the navy and the country. I desire to tell you that both the navy and the country appreciate your service, and on behalf of the navy department I give you my sincere thanks."

After cordially embracing Sergeants Long and Fredericks and the other two survivors of the Greely expedition, Secretary Chandler was conveyed to the Alert, where he paid his respects to Commander Coffin and inspected the crew. He also addressed the crew of the Alert in about the same words as the crew of the Thetis.

The secretary next was on board the Bear, where he and Lieut. Emery had an informal conversation. As Secretary Chandler stood inspecting the crew of the Bear, who were drawn up in line before him, a dozen genuine Esquimaux dogs rushed out of the cabin, leaping and frolicking around the seamen. These dogs were brought back by Lieut. Emery, who desires to see if the breed cannot be cultivated in this climate.

TO THE TALLAPOOSA.

After addressing the crew of the Bear in a few words of commendation, Chandler re-entered the barge, and was conveyed to the Tallapoosa, which was crowded with invited guests. Here lunch was served in the main saloon, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in such pleasures as the time and place afforded.

Just before dark Lieutenant Greely's wife, mother and brother-in-law were taken ashore in the sailing admiral's barge, and were driven to the residence of that officer, where they will remain until they go to Newburyport. The other survivors remain on board the Thetis for the present.

General Hazen, chief signal officer, accompanied Secretary Chandler on his visit to the commanding officers of the relief squadron, and pleasantly notified the survivors that they would be promoted as soon as they were well enough to occupy positions that would be opened for them.

All the programme prepared for Saturday was abandoned, owing to the unexpected arrival of the Greely fleet to-day.

THE ARRANGEMENTS.

PORTSMOUTH, Aug. 2.—The Greely relief squadron leaves for New York Tuesday night. The Bear has been ordered to Governor's island, where the bodies of the victims of the Greely expedition will be turned over to General Hancock this afternoon. The survivors of the expedition will be put under the care of the war department, represented by General Hazen.

The survivors rest quietly here to-day and to-morrow. On Monday a formal demonstration in honor of the return of Greely will be held. Organization of the naval division which will be landed to participate in the ceremonies is completed. Naval divisions of the parade will consist of six subdivisions, comprising naval cadets, naval apprentices, marines and a brigade from the North Atlantic fleet. Besides these divisions the parade will comprise military and civil organizations, fire companies, municipal governments of Portsmouth and Newburyport, and the state authorities. Monday evening a congratulatory meeting will be held at Music hall at which Secretary Chandler is expected to preside.

THE GREELY FAMILY.

Early this morning Mrs. Greely came over to the city from Admiral Wells' residence, and then took her two little daughters, who had remained during the night with their grandmother at the Rockingham house, over to the admiral's to see their father. Major Greely was overcome with emotion at the sight of his little ones.

At noon Surgeons Gunnell and Hood visited the Constitution to examine into the physical condition of the survivors of the Greely expedition.

FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

CHOLERA NOTES.

The Disease has Appeared at Rome—Six Cases at Turin—The Scourge Abating at Marseilles and Residents Returning.

MARSEILLES, Aug. 2.—Six deaths from cholera occurred yesterday between noon and 7 o'clock. There are seventy-eight cholera patients now under treatment in Pharo hospital. Of ten admitted into this hospital to-day three have died and two have been cured.

The crowds outside the Mairie cheered to-day when they saw the cholera bulletin announcing a decrease in the number of deaths. Total number of deaths in Marseilles since the outbreak is 1248. The streets of the city are again assuming their usual gaiety.

During the 24 hours ending at 9 last night there were twenty six deaths from cholera. There were eight deaths from that disease at Arles yesterday and six at Aix.

Physicians here believe that the cholera will disappear from the city within a few days.

Eight deaths from cholera here last night; two at Toulon. Residents continue to return.

ROME, Aug. 2.—Cholera is reported in from ten to twenty communes, but the epidemic is not spreading. The *Diritto* insists that the government should publish trustworthy information to prevent unfounded alarm or loss of confidence.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—Another steamer from Marseilles has arrived in Penarth Roads with a case of cholera on board. Several persons died from cholera during the passage.

TURIN, Aug. 2.—Six cases of cholera have been reported at Garfagnana; four have proved fatal. There are twenty-one cases at Pancolieri; eight have been fatal.

AT TOULON.

TOULON, Aug. 2.—There has been only one death from cholera to-day. The record of the last twenty-four hours at the Bon Recontre is as follows: Admitted 9, cured 4, deaths 4, under treatment 28. Record of St. Mandrier hospital, same time: Admitted 3, cured 5, deaths none, under treatment 11. The minister of the interior has sent to this point 44,500 francs, to be distributed among refugees.

AT MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES, August 2.—Up to noon there has been no deaths from cholera here.

MARSEILLES, Aug 2.—There have been seven deaths from cholera here since noon. The record of Pierre hospital for the last twenty-four hours is: Admitted 5, deaths 3, cured 1.

ENGLAND.

THE EGYPTIAN CONFERENCE ADJOURNS.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The Egyptian conference today, after a brief session, adjourned sine die without arriving at any agreement. This is regarded as tantamount to dissolution.

After the adjournment a meeting of the cabinet was held to discuss the result.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—In the commons this afternoon Gladstone announced the failure of the Egyptian conference to arrive at any conclusion.

Gladstone said the delegations were unanimous in their views respecting prospective changes in Egypt, and the necessity of a fresh loan, but England and France differed irreconcilably respecting charges and receipts. France refused to assent to any diminution of dividends payable under the law of liquidation, and England was unable to accept any plan which did not provide for necessary charges of administration. The French plan, Gladstone said, would have entailed financial confusion in Egypt. He expressed a hope that the idea that the government had ever proposed to constitute international control similar to dual control might be altogether dismissed. The government was unable to consider any plan incompatible with just and moderate, though firm, government of Egypt. The conference has adjourned indefinitely, and the government had no proposals to submit to the house. The Anglo-French agreement had ceased to be in force, and England's responsibility in Egypt had been greatly increased.

MARK LANE REVIEW.

LONDON, August 2.—The *Mark Lane Review* in its weekly review of the corn trade, says: "The change in the weather brought brilliant summer days, and the work of harvest is rapidly proceeding. In the foreign trade nothing is doing. The off coast trade is growing weaker, and there are no sales. Monday next being regular bank holiday no markets are open in London or Liverpool."

PIGEON STATIONS TO BE ESTABLISHED.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—It has been decided to establish a military pigeon station at all army centers, home and abroad. Captain Cahill has been sent to France and Germany to study the system of employing pigeons adopted in those countries. It is estimated that 30,000 pigeons will be required to stock the various stations.

SACRED GROUND PURCHASED.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—On appeal from Jews of Jerusalem the sultan has admitted the sale of a part of the mount of Olives, which contains the graves of the prophets. The purchasers were Russian priests. The burial places of the prophets has been secured to the Jews in perpetuity.

SANITARY PROPOSITION REJECTED.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—At a meeting of the Egyptian conference held yesterday Count Von Munster, the German embassador to England, repeated his proposal regarding the discussion of the reform of the Egyptian sanitary system. The proposition was again declined.

BRITISH POLITICS.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The leaders of the conservative party have consented that Lord Randolph Churchill shall still act as leader of the opposition in the commons whenever Sir Stafford Northcote is absent.

WILL REDUCE FORCES IN IRELAND.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The government has resolved upon a larger reduction of the forces in Ireland.

GRANTED A FURLOUGH.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—Minister Lowell takes a furlough during August.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 2.—In wheat there is not much doing. Corn is in good demand and the tendency is upward; 5s 9d.

IRELAND.

SUIT AGAINST PARNELL AND OTHERS.

DUBLIN, Aug. 2.—The final action for libel, brought by Mr. Bolton, crown solicitor of Ireland, against Parnell and other proprietors of *United Ireland*, for £30,000 damages, was begun to-day.

FRANCE.

DEFAULTERS ON THE WING.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Savary, president of the board of directors of the bank of Lyons, and Loire, of the chamber of deputies, who fled to America on account of frauds. Savary founded the bank. Morand, the secretary of the board, has also fled to America.

SHOT IN COURT.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—While Judge Puy was giving evidence today in the civil tribunal at Perpignan against his brother-in-law, for defamation of character, the latter shot him, inflicting serious wounds. The assailant was arrested.

GERMANY.

[illegible] THE [illegible] ETC.

BERLIN, Aug. 2.—The *Cross Gazette* states that the czar has abandoned his contemplated visit to Copenhagen, in consequence of the warning of the St. Petersburg police, that delegates of nihilists and anarchists at Paris and in Switzerland had gone to Denmark and were concerting another attempt upon his life.

IN BEHALF OF SCIENCE.

BERLIN, Aug. 2.—Herr Schweinfurth will start soon for Central Africa, in behalf of the Berlin academy of science.

RUSSIA.

THE SIBERIAN PLAGUE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 2.—The Siberian plague has appeared at Viborg.

THE WEST INDIES.

DEATH FROM YELLOW FEVER.

HAVANA, Aug. 2.—Marquis Vega Ynclan, governor general of Porto Rico, died yesterday of yellow fever.

CRIMINAL NOTES.

A DISGRACEFUL ELOPEMENT.

WHEELING, Aug. 2.—[Special.]—The disgraceful elopement of Harvey Woodruff, a merchant of Glen Easton, with his wife's sister, a pretty girl of 16, has created great excitement. A few weeks since, his wife, after endeavoring to find him, settled up his business, which had become badly involved, realizing from the wreck enough to insure her and her children comfortable support. A settlement had just been accomplished, when the husband returned, as mysteriously as he had disappeared. He made no explanation, beyond saying that he had been in Oregon. At an early hour yesterday Woodruff and his sister-in-law left town, and took with him all the cash his wife had on hand, and as much of her clothing and personal effects as he could.

A BUTTER FLY IN THE CITY.

Fair creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet guileless fay,
Whence flittest thou, from what bright world of flowers,
This summer day?

What quiet Eden of melodious song,
What wild retreat,
Desertest thou for this impatient throng,
This crowded street?

Why didst thou quit the comrades of the grove
And meadows green?
What Fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through [illegible]

Have nectared [illegible]
Thy [illegible]
Do woodbine [illegible]
Thy [illegible]

Oh, hie thee to the [illegible]
And [illegible]
The city is the home [illegible]
No place for thee.

PACIFIC COAST.

CALIFORNIA.

The Strangler Sentenced.

Frank E. Hutchins, the strangler, appeared in Judge Wilson's court for sentence to-day. Motions by defendant's counsel for examination by a lunacy commission and for a new trial were denied by the court, and the prisoner was sentenced to death by hanging. The judge will set the day for execution some day next week.

Pacific Coast Failures.

Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency reports 36 failures in the Pacific coast states and territories for the week ending yesterday, as compared with 15 for the precious week, and 21 for the corresponding week of 1883.

Appointed Auditor.

[Special.]—E. W. Salis, formerly of Portland, has been appointed auditor of the Oregon Improvement company, with his office in this city, and has removed here from San Luis Obispo, where he has been located for the past year.

Personal.

[Special.]—David Goodsell will return to Portland in ten days.

Stewart McClure is visiting his father at Oakland. He will return to Portland with his family next week, sailing Sunday.

The Steamers.

[Special.]—The Columbia got in at 8 o'clock. The passage down was without incident.

The State of California got off a few minutes past 10.

Shipping Intelligence.

Arrived—Steamer Columbia, Bolles, 53 hours from Portland, via Astoria 40 hours, passengers and merchandise, to O. R. & N. Co.; ship Nancy Pendleton, Pendleton, 9 days from Nanaimo, 2120 tons coal, to John Rosenfeld.

Sailed—Steamer State of California, Debney, Astoria; ship Dashing Wave, Conner, Tacoma.

Mrs. Colton's Suit.

SANTA ROSA, Aug. 1.—Testimony in the suit of Mrs. Colton vs. Stanford, Huntington and Crocker closed to-day, on the eighty-third day of the trial. Argument was fixed for November 5. The Nevada bank was appointed custodian of the securities in litigation.

Chinatown at Bakersfield Destroyed.

BAKERSFIELD, Aug. 2.—Fire early this morning destroyed the greater part of Chinatown. The estimated loss is $75,000.

UTAH.

Lynching Horse Thieves.

SALT LAKE, Aug. 2.—Seven more horse thieves have been lynched in western Montana, and their bodies were at last advices hanging to trees at the mouth of Mussel Shell. Downs and Felix are recognized among the number. They are supposed to belong to the Downs and Felix band, who have had their headquarters in that neighborhood. Some twenty of Granville Stuart's cowboys are out after another band, who have made for the woody mountains. They go fully prepared for all emergencies, and when they overtake the horse thieves there will be another hanging "bee," as the settlers and stock men are desperate over the loss of their horses. There have been over 100 horses recovered within the last week.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

News Notes from Victoria.

VICTORIA, Aug. 2.—Sailed: Steamer Santa Cruz, for Portland, with coal. Arrived: Ship Eclipse, San Francisco, Nanaimo, for coal.

Van Horne, vice president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, is expected Monday. It is supposed he will select a new Pacific terminus for his railway, and great excitement exists among land speculators in anticipation.

Charles Crocker and R. Dunsmuir returned from the east coast to-day.

The construction of the island railway will be commenced next month. Seven thousand tons of rails have been shipped from England for this road. It is intimated that Crocker is more than pleased with the country.

Extensive brush fires are raging near town, and a large quantity of fencing and cordwood has been destroyed.

Fashion's New Fancies.

Quantities of lace adorn all wash dresses.

The newest satteens have plain grounds of pale colors and are covered with enormous flowers.

Dresses of white nun's veiling with fronts of lace are popularly worn for evenings.

Some of the newest white dresses have strips of dark and very brightly colored embroidery extending down the front. The effect is outre, and anything but pretty.

Silk underclothing is used by every one who can afford it. In the end it is much cheaper than linen or muslin. It is delightfully cool, and laundries admirably.

Rattan and wicker rocking chairs are now ornamented with three or four different colored satin ribbons.

New sofas and lounges are very graceful and comfortable to lie upon. Persian rugs or old shawls that have once been handsome are used to cover them.

Brass and bronzed framed mirrors are more fashionable than those framed in plush and velvet.

Macrame is a thing of the past in fashionable houses.

Embossed leather is extensively used for dining room furniture.

The newest carpets are very dark and rich and in distinct designs.

Madras curtains come in a variety of lovely patterns. They drape gracefully and are charming additions to a room, even in summer time.

Fashionable bedrooms now have the floors either covered with matting or stained. Cheese cloth and plain swiss trimmed with lace are much used for bedroom windows.

Marble top tables or mantelpieces are now never seen. They are either covered or draped with silk, velvet or plush, or painted or grained to look like wood.

Mahogany and cherry are extensively used in the manufacture of parlor furniture. Plush in peacock blue and reds is the material most in favor.

The legs of gypsy tables as well as the tops are now covered with plush.

Nothing daintier or prettier than the tulle bonnets and hats has appeared in years. The tulle is shirred and then placed over the bonnet or hat shape. Generally oriental or escurial lace is flounced around the brim and strings of mull fasten the hat beneath the chin. These mull hats and bonnets are particularly fresh and charming when worn by young, sweet looking girls.

White has never been so popularly worn as this summer. It is seen on the street almost to the exclusion of everything else, and in the house it is worn both during the mornings and evenings. Some pretty dresses recently seen made of soft creamy mull had the skirts trimmed with two rather deep flounces of the mull edged with oriental lace about three inches wide. The drapery was arranged across the front in graceful folds and edged with the lace. At the back it was very full and caught up on the waist. The latter had a square neck with the lace jaboted, and elbow sleeves.

ALL SORTS.

Red used on a railroad signifies danger, and means "stop." So it does on a man's nose.

England is importing bells from Baltimore foundries. Those Baltimore belles always were popular.

The Sydney Herald attributes 47,000 of the 51,000 convictions in New South Wales in 1882 to intemperance.

Miss Julia Mills Dunn, of Moline, Ill., writes one of the prize stories for the Current, entitled "In the Woods of Fontainebleau."

One of the panic-stricken fugitives from Marseilles at the outbreak of cholera in that city was Mlle. Berthier, who was under an engagement at the Gymnase theatre in Marseilles. She abruptly left the house in the middle of the performance and started for Paris.

MINING STOCK REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2.

Alta	1 05	Hale & Norcross	3 95
Belcher	1 15	Mexican	2 30
Best & Belcher	2 55	Mono	25
Bodie Con.	1 75	Ophir	1 60
Bullion	65	Potosi	1 65
Bulwer	60	Savage	1 35
California	25	Sierra Nevada	2 60
Chollar	3 05	Union	1 80
Con Virginia	50	Utah	1 70
Crown Point	1 40	Yellow Jacket	2 15
Gould & Curry	2 55		

Knitting Needles.

Every year added new names to the long list of widows and orphans living in the fishing town where Jane Dumfries had her home. It had always seemed to her dreadful that so many men should be lost at sea, but it was not until her own father was one of the lost that she realized how hard it was for those who were left.

She lived with her mother and grandmother, who had managed in some way to provide what was absolutely necessary for their comfort. But their strength had failed. They were disheartened. Hungry, too, they were, as Jane well knew, when she came out of the house, and making her way to the beach, she stood for a long time shielding her eyes from the glare and looking far out to sea, and thinking of her father's last words:

"Take good care of your mother and grandmother, and remember that the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble."

Surely this was her time of trouble, but where the help? She sat down on the sands, covered her face with her hands and prayed for help. She arose, comforted, and went back to the house, although she did not see how help was to come. As she stood on the threshold of their little kitchen, she heard her mother say:

"If things were here as they used to be in the old country, we could make our living by knitting. We could all knit, and Jane could do quite as much as you or I."

This was the suggestion she needed. There was a store two miles away where a large variety of goods were sold. And the next morning, without even telling her mother what were her intentions, she hurried away. Upon entering, she met the proprietor, who asked her what she wished to buy.

"I haven't any money to buy anything, but I want some flour to keep my mother and grandmother from starving, and please will you let me knit to pay for it?" she said.

"What can you knit?" asked the somewhat surprised merchant.

"Mittens and stockings," was replied. "Mother and grandmother can knit, too, and we all want to work. It hurts me to have my mother and grandmother hungry."

"If I should let you have some yarn, would you bring me a pair of socks sometime this week?"

"Yes, sir; and then would you let me have some flour?"

"What if I should let you take the flour with the yarn?"

"I would be so glad, I could almost fly home and I would bring the socks just as quick as I could. If we had any candles we might possibly finish them to-night."

"There is no need of that. I am going to trust you, and I expect that you will do just as you promise."

"Yes, sir; I will."

She did not fly home. The basket she carried was quite too heavy for that; but she made all possible haste, and presently there was spread upon the table, tea, sugar, flour and six candles, all of which came to the hungry women as a gift from heaven.

The next day, to the merchant's astonishment, Jane Dumfries appeared at the store again, bringing the socks and a pair of mittens which she had knitted of odd bits of yarn, and for which she was paid a good price. The socks were satisfactory. More yarn was given her, and she returned home with a cheering report. On her next business call she was accompanied by her mother, with whom a contract was made by which the family would be able to live comfortably.

They worked through all the short autumn days, resting for a little at twilight, when they often repeated such passages of Scripture as they could remember, Jane always concluding with her father's text: "The Lord is a very present help in the time of trouble."

One day she came in from her long walk to the store, exclaiming:

"Mr. Rogers says I can make my fortune with my knitting needles, and I almost believe I can. He wants ever so many things knit, besides the socks and mittens; and, see! he has given me these for patterns to make them by."

The soft, fleecy articles by which she was to fashion others lay before next morning, and over these she studied and experimented until at last she had conquered them.

From that time on there seemed almost a spell of enchantment hovering around Jane's fingers and shining bits of steel. And as the summer returned and visitors thronged the beach, not only did she find it hard to keep the store stocked with the dainty novelties she planned, but more than one order came to her from the hotels.

Her mother and grandmother caught something of her enthusiasm and skill, and now, after three years of happy industry, they are living in a cottage of their own, surrounded with every comfort. Jane had not laid aside her knitting needles with which her fortune was to be made, but she spends more time with books, and is about to enter school for a thorough course of study, her expenses to be paid with knitting needles.

The Meerschaum

Mayence is about as far up the Rhine as tourists go on the steamers. It has a cathedral remarkable for its ugliness to the ordinary observer and for its beauty to the architect. Going from the river front leading to the square on which the cathedral stands is a narrow, winding street, with tall houses and a slit of blue sky overhead. At the corners are some of the most wonderful pipe stores in the world. These places are lined and hung and festooned with pipes of every description. There are the long Rhine pipes with their chromoed China bowls, and meerschaum pipes of every variety. Perhaps the most wonderful pipes to be seen there are those from the Black Forest, with bowls as big as your head. These bowls are of the knot of some tree, and they are carved with all sorts of fantastic devices, the favorite being hounds and hunter chasing a deer.

Leading from one of these pipe shops is a very narrow, creaky and uncertain stairway winding up to the roof. In the very top room, with a window projecting over the mossy, red, tile-steep roof, sits one of the most expert pipe makers on the Rhine. He has a little work-bench fixed almost in the window, and attached to it is a small lathe and vise. Chunks of white meerschaum are on a shelf, and the table is covered with the white dust that comes from the turning and carving. From that high window is a view of the muddy Rhine and the long bridge of boats which stretches across it. This workman at odd times comes down to the ordinary pipe work—the Nubian's head, the bowl in the claws of a fowl, and the other conventional shapes that meerschaum pipes in the tobacconist's windows have made us familiar with, but his general work is much ahead of that.

He is an artist in his way—a portrait artist. Before him at this time was a photograph of President Garfield, and with the bowl of the future pipe fixed in